THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCH CHOIR

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THE

Tribute of Praise:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP,

AND FOR USE IN THE

FAMILY CIRCLE AND SABBATH SCHOOL.

EDITED BY DR. EBEN TOURJÉE.

"To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the TRIBUTE OF PRAISE,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days."

NEW YORK:
NELSON & PHILLIPS.
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MAY 30 1921
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE special attention given to Congregational singing in our Churches within the past four years has been followed by the most beneficial results. Believing it to be their duty to promote in every way an element so replete with vitality and power, the Publishers take pleasure in recommending the present work, which is specially adapted for this purpose. It embodies our choicest hymns, and our most familiar and best tunes. Compiled with great care by Rev. W. M'Donald and L. F. Snow, Esq., with the valued assistance and advice of Rev. David Patten, D.D., the whole has been under the able direction and supervision of DR. EBEN TOURJEE, whose labors in behalf of the movement referred to are well known.

A Psalter, arranged for responsive reading in Churches, is issued separately and in connection with this volume, at trifling cost.

Particular attention is directed to the "Order of Service," which has been very carefully prepared, and is highly approved.

Special obligations are acknowledged to Messrs. O. Ditson & Co. for the use of tunes of Dr. Lowell Mason and others; to Messrs. Biglow & Main, for tunes of Wm. B. Bradbury and others; to Dr. H. L. Hastings, George Kingsley, F. J. Huntington, Wm. G. Fischer, S. J. Vail, O. Snow, Philip Phillips, G. F. Root, Rev. Robert Lowry, Rev. L. Hartsough, John Church & Co., W. H. Doane, the publishers of "Songs of Gladness," and others, who have kindly allowed the use of their compositions. Most of the tunes used being copyright property, parties desiring to use them in other collections will please make application to the authors or proprietors, and not to the undersigned publishers.

NELSON & PHILLIPS.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE publication of the present work will, it is hoped and believed, greatly facilitate the more general adoption in our churches and social meetings, of song as an element of worship. In its production, extensive researches have been made in both European and American Psalmody, from which the best tunes have been carefully selected. Above fifty of the most popular and useful German and English chorals, the singing of which has delighted and edified Christian hearts in all lands since the days of Luther, have been added.

Prepared with special reference to encouraging and assisting *the people* to engage in choral worship, it will be found replete with those standard familiar congregational tunes so precious for many years to the hearts of all denominations of believers, together with an extensive collection of the best and most popular productions of modern composers. Trashy and sentimental compositions have been discarded.

The Department for the Choir will be found especially rich in English and Gregorian Chants, Sentences, and Chorals, with a very choice selection of tunes. The Te Deum, Gloria in Excelsis, Gloria Patri, and Responses to the Commandments, are also included.

An important feature of the work is its collection of hymns and tunes for the use of social meetings. It comprises a large number of those most extensively known, with many others which have been greatly admired wherever introduced, and which promise to achieve an enduring popularity. Great pains have been taken to make this department complete, and it is believed that it embraces all that is essential for the musical service of prayer and conference meetings. While some of its hymns and tunes may not fulfil the requirements of the most fastidious taste, their inherent usefulness, and the devotional spirit they breathe, have secured their introduction. No hymn or tune should be discarded on account of defects in its structure, if upon trial it is found to enkindle, or give utterance to, the devotional fervor of the church of Christ.

A number of attractive Sunday school hymns and tunes have been added, to give completeness to the work.

The following suggestions must be carefully observed, in order to secure successful

CHOIR AND CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

They embody the results of a long experience, and it is believed that wherever adopted, they will be followed by gratifying results.

1. An organ and a choir are essential to the proper maintenance of singing as an element of worship in church service.

2. The organ should be of sufficient power to sustain and lead the congregation in the general song; and should contain such a variety of registers as will furnish a suitable accompaniment to the choir, and at the same time give the organist proper scope for the voluntaries. Its appropriate position is in the rear of the pulpit, or divided and placed on each side of it.*

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* The want of large pipe organs for more effective support in accompanying the congregation is greatly felt in a large majority of our churches.

3. The organist and chorister should be well fitted for their respective positions, both by their musical knowledge, and by their religious character.

4. The first organ voluntary should be dignified, devout, bringing the first offerings of adoration and prayer which arise from the assembled multitude: all mere displays of execution are out of place and inconsistent with the impressive services of the house of God. It should seldom exceed five minutes in length, and ought to be brought to a close with the softest stops as soon as the congregation are seated and the minister is ready to commence the services. In the concluding voluntary the desires and aspirations for a holier life awakened in the hearts of the people by the sermon should be deepened by the sympathetic tones of the organ. Otherwise it had better be dispensed with altogether.

5. The choir, wherever practicable, may be arranged in two divisions, one composed principally of children, with men's voices for the tenor and bass parts, another of adults, including the solo voices.* It should be located on each side of the pulpit, or in front of the body pews, *upon a level with the congregation*, its divisions facing each other. It should consist of at least twenty-four trained voices (sixty would be much better), whose duty it will be, —

First: To sing music bequeathed to us by the great masters, ancient and modern, the correct rendering of which will serve to impress the minds of the people with the sacredness and beauty of divine worship, and prepare their hearts for the prayers and songs which are to follow. All secular music should be rigorously excluded; long solos and *virtuoso* display should seldom be permitted, as their tendency is rather to produce a critical than a devotional frame of mind; in fact, each hymn, chant, or anthem should be given as an individual act of worship by every participant.

Second: To assist and lead the congregation in the general song.

Here all must remember that choir and congregation are now to become an assembly of devout worshippers, raising heart and voice in one united song of praise to a common Father and Redeemer.

6. CHANTING, which is not only the most ancient but also the most devotional method of worshipping by song, has of late years been entirely abandoned in most churches. The Psalms of David were thus sung nearly three thousand years ago, and it was the only kind of music known to the church during the first six centuries of the Christian era. A revival of this primitive, simple style of worship is highly desirable.

The chants in this work furnish a suitable variety both for choir and congregational use. The double chant, from its resemblance to the ornamental style of church psalmody, is particularly adapted to the choir, and should rarely be attempted by the congregation, while the simplicity and dignity of the Gregorian and other single chants best adapt them as a means by which "a congregation may, in a pleasing and devotional manner, read together the words of God."

The single chant consists of two divisions or strains, the first containing three and the second four bars. The double chant consists of four divisions of three and four bars arranged alternately.

The first note of each division is called the reciting or chanting note, to which most of the syllables in each line are chanted; the remaining notes constitute what is called the cadence, to which the last few syllables in each line are sung.

In correct chanting, the words must be delivered as rapidly and plainly as in deliberate reading; special care being taken to avoid drawling the notes of the cadence. The final syllable of participles and adjectives should have a precise

* Called, respectively, the "Cantores" and "Decani" choir.

articulation, as in the words bless-ed, sav-ed, redeem-ed. Observing these directions, with practice under a good leader, any congregation may as readily learn to chant as to read aloud.

7. Congregational singing should be introduced at least twice in each service. In order to prepare the people for joining generally in this exercise, "Praise Meetings" should be frequently held under the joint direction of the pastor and chorister, in which the congregation may join in singing familiar tunes. The choir should always be present at these occasions, and lend their assistance by singing with the congregation; by introducing from time to time new tunes which may be sung by the congregation at subsequent meetings; and also by occasionally singing appropriate select pieces. The pastor should frequently intersperse the singing exercises with short addresses, containing incidents concerning the hymns or tunes, and other remarks appropriate to the occasion. As far as practicable, they should be divested of all formality, and rendered social and attractive.

When properly conducted, such meetings cannot fail to awaken the people to a new interest in church music, infuse them with the spirit of song, quicken their religious life, and give a new impetus to every department of church labor. Indeed, so great has been their influence, that, in several instances, powerful revivals have resulted from their introduction. The regular weekly prayer meeting may be most appropriately and profitably prefaced by a half hour's service of this character.

8. The tunes which the congregation are expected to sing should be selected by the chorister with reference to their adaptation to the hymn and to their familiarity to the people. If the tune set to the hymn is not generally known, another which is familiar should be chosen, and its name, and the page where it may be found, announced by the minister.

Fugue tunes are quite unsuited for congregational use. A few have, however, been introduced into this volume in deference to the earnest wish of friends to whom they are exceedingly precious. In general, the tune upon the opposite page may be substituted.

9. The minister and chorister ought to mutually confer with each other with reference to the selections to be used, and all the arrangements should be completed beforehand, so that the utmost promptness may be secured in the commencement and progress of the service. A grave responsibility rests upon the minister in connection with the musical exercises of the church, which he should be competent to direct, if necessary. If he is indifferent or unsympathetic, they will rarely be carried on with efficiency.

10. The organist should give out the tune by playing the melody upon the great organ with loud stops, and the harmony upon the swell or choir organ. The *tempo* must never be taken so fast but that the congregation can easily join.

11. *The minister and congregation should rise while the organist is playing the last line of the prelude*, the congregation always facing the pulpit.

12. At the conclusion of the prelude, let the organist begin the tune upon the great organ with full harmony, giving the first chord as an arpeggio from the pedal note upwards, and the choir and congregation immediately join together upon the first note of the tune.

The choir may sing either the harmony or the melody, but *the congregation should invariably sing the melody.* In order to facilitate this, the key of the tunes has been arranged, wherever practicable, so that the melody shall not ascend above E. The organist should accompany the choir and congregation generally with the full organ, and confine himself solely to the notes of the tune.

13. The last note of each line should be sustained whenever the musical structure of the tunes will admit.

14. Interludes savor of display, and divert the attention of the worshipper, and should be omitted, the pedal note being continued between the verses.

15. At the conclusion of the hymn the organist may play a few chords, giving a *decrescendo* effect while the congregation are being seated.

16. The congregation should be invited, encouraged, and exhorted, if necessary, to join with heart and voice in this delightful service. *All* should sing, and sing "lustily"; and all endeavors to produce artistic effects should be avoided.

17. Wherever practicable, it is desirable that the singing should be accompanied by one or more brass instruments. The congregation are thereby sustained and borne along, and the devotional effect is very greatly improved.

18. FINALLY, it is indispensable to the success of congregational singing, that each pew should be liberally supplied with tune books.

The subscriber records, with profound gratitude, the increasing favor with which congregational singing is everywhere regarded. If this work shall hasten on the day, when from every church in the land shall ascend one general song of praise from the united voices of choir and congregation entire, we shall feel that our labor has not been in vain.

E. TOURJÉE.

BOSTON, January 1, 1873.

Order of Worship.

Morning Service.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.*

MINISTER. (*All standing.*) I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.

PEOPLE. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE. The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.

MINISTER. O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

PEOPLE. For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. (*All bowing down.*)

MINISTER. O Lord, we beseech thee, mercifully hear our prayer, and spare all those who confess their sins unto thee; that they whose consciences by sin are accused, by thy merciful pardon may be absolved, through Christ, our Lord.† Amen.

‡MINISTER AND PEOPLE. O most mighty God and merciful Father, who hast compassion upon all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made; who wouldst not the death of a sinner, but that he should rather turn from his sin and be saved; mercifully forgive us our trespasses; receive and comfort us who are grieved and wearied with the burden of our sins, who meekly acknowledge our vileness, and truly repent us of our faults, and so make haste to help us in this world that we may ever live with thee in the world to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

MINISTER. O Lord, open thou our lips.

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* See Introduction, page iv, paragraph 4.

† People unite in saying Amen.

‡ The prayer for evening service may be substituted if preferred. See page ix.

PEOPLE. And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.
MINISTER. (*All standing.*) Praise ye the Lord.
PEOPLE. The Lord's name be praised.
MINISTER. People and Choir unite in singing —

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
(*Without organ prelude.*) *

(Minister announces the Psalter, before reading which, the Choir sings, "Glory be to thee, O Lord.")

LESSON FROM THE PSALTER, read by Minister and People responsively (*all standing*), and at the close is sung by the Choir, or Choir and People, the ancient doxology, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

THE SCRIPTURE LESSON is here read by the Minister. (*People seated.*)

CHOIR WILL SING A CHANT, Te Deum, Gloria in Excelsis, or Anthem, announced by the Minister, or a psalm may be read and chanted by Minister and Choir responsively.

PRAYER. (*People bowed down.*)

SHORT RESPONSE BY THE CHOIR. "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline thine ear to hear our prayer."

NOTICES AND COLLECTIONS.

HYMN, announced by the Minister (*without reading*) and sung by the Choir and People to a familiar tune. (*People rising as the organ commences the last line of tune.*) †

SERMON.

HYMN, announced by the Minister (*without reading*) and sung by Choir and People. (*All standing.*)

PRAYER FOR A BLESSING ON THE WORD‡ offered by the Minister, following which, while the People are bowed down, he pronounces the BENEDICTION.

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* The APOSTLES' CREED (see page x) may here be introduced or omitted, at the discretion of the Minister. If introduced, it may be followed by the Minister announcing the Psalter, and then the singing, by the Choir, or Choir and People, of the ancient doxology, Glory be to the Father, etc.

† See Introduction, page vi, paragraph 14.

‡ May follow the sermon, if preferred.

Evening Service.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

MINISTER. (*All standing.*) O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before him, all the earth.

PEOPLE. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

MINISTER. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE. (*All bowing down.*) Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE unite in repeating the LORD'S PRAYER. (See page vii.)

MINISTER. O Lord, open thou our lips.

PEOPLE.* And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

MINISTER. (*All standing.*) Praise ye the Lord.

PEOPLE. The Lord's name be praised. †

MINISTER ANNOUNCES THE PSALTER, after which the Choir (or Choir and People) sings the ancient Doxology, "Glory be to the Father," etc. (*People remain standing.*)

LESSON FROM THE PSALTER is read by Minister and People responsively, and at the close is sung by the Choir, or Choir and People, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will to men," etc., or other selection, announced by the Minister. A portion of Scripture may here be read or omitted, at the discretion of the Minister. If read, it may be followed by a chant sung by the Choir, or Choir and People.

PRAYER. (*The people bowed down.*)

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* A Choir may sing these responses if desired.

† The Apostles' Creed (page x), or the Commandments (page xiii), may be here introduced or omitted at the discretion of the Minister.

Short Response by Choir.

Notices and Collections.

Hymn, announced by the Minister (without reading) and sung by the Choir and People, the People rising as organ begins the last line of the tune.

Sermon.

Hymn, announced by the Minister, and sung by Choir and People. (*All standing.*)

Prayer for a blessing on the word is offered by the Minister, following which, while the People are bowed down, he pronounces the

Benediction.

Communion Service.

Short Organ Prelude.

The Commandments (page xiii) are read by the Minister, after each of which (excepting the tenth) the following response may be said or sung: —

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

After the tenth commandment, the following response should be used: *Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.*

Prayer.

Address by Minister, when sermon is omitted.

Any persons who are to be admitted to the church on confession of faith, are invited to present themselves before the Congregation, and are then received according to the forms prescribed in the Church manual.

Any persons to be received by letter from other churches, are invited to rise from their places and are then received according to forms prescribed in the Church manual.

The Notices are read by the Minister.

A Hymn is read by the Minister and sung by the Choir and Congregation (*all standing*).

Minister and People remain standing, and unite in repeating the Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth; and in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the

third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into Heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of GOD the FATHER ALMIGHTY; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sin; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

SINGING OF THE ANCIENT DOXOLOGY ("Glory be to the Father," etc.), by Choir and People.

The SACRAMENTAL COLLECTION for the poor is taken, the Minister reading select portions of Scripture.

INVITATION BY THE MINISTER: If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. Therefore, ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways; draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort; and devoutly kneeling, make your humble confession to Almighty God.

GENERAL CONFESSION BY MINISTER AND PEOPLE. (*All bowed down.*) Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men: we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy Divine Majesty, provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; for thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past; and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Each church, in the CONSECRATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE ELEMENTS, may follow its prescribed manual, or disciplinary form of service.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE unite in repeating the LORD'S PRAYER.

The Choir (or Choir and People) sing "Glory be to God on high," etc., or a Hymn, announced by the Minister.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

N. B If the Minister is straitened for time, he may omit any part of the service, at his discretion.

Short Communion Service.

TO BE USED AFTER A SERMON.

SHORT ORGAN PRELUDE.

OPENING HYMN, announced by the Minister, and sung without reading by Choir and People (*all standing*).

MINISTER. I have received of the Lord Jesus that which also I deliver unto you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto the disciples, saying, This do in remembrance of me. Let us affectionately imitate his example, and reverently obey his command.

Minister reads select passages of Scripture, appropriate to the occasion.

PRAYER OF CONFESSION AND INVOCATION by the Minister.

Any persons who are to be admitted to the church on confession of faith, are invited to present themselves before the Congregation, and are then received according to the forms prescribed in the Church Manual.

Any persons to be received by letter from other churches, are invited to rise from their places and are then received according to forms prescribed in the Church Manual.

The NOTICES are read by the Minister, and an invitation to Christians present to commune with the Church, is extended.

THE PRAYER FOR THE DIVINE BLESSING on those who partake of the consecrated elements is offered by the Minister (*all bowed down*), and the BREAD is afterward broken and distributed.

THE PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING is offered by the Minister (*all bowed down*), and the Cup is afterwards distributed.

MINISTER. They sang an hymn before they went out into the Mount of Olives. Let us in like manner sing together. A HYMN is then announced by the Minister and sung, without reading, by the Choir and People (*all standing*).

THE COLLECTION FOR THE POOR is taken, during which the Minister reads appropriate portions of Scripture.

CLOSING PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

N. B. Should time permit, the Lord's Prayer (page vii), the Apostle's Creed (page x), the Commandments (page xiii), or other portions of the longer Communion Service may be introduced, at the discretion of the Minister.

Commandments.

God spake all these words, saying,
I am the LORD thy GOD, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.

V.

Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.

Thou shalt not kill.

VII.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.

Thou shalt not steal.

IX.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: —

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

THE TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

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DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Sprit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven!

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

L. M. 6 lines.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died·
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

H. M.

To God, the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son,
And to the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

7s. 6 lines.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky;
Praise him all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

8s & 7s.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above;
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

8s, 7s & 4.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

7s & 6s. Iambic.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wond'rous love and favor
Each ransom'd spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

6s & 4s.

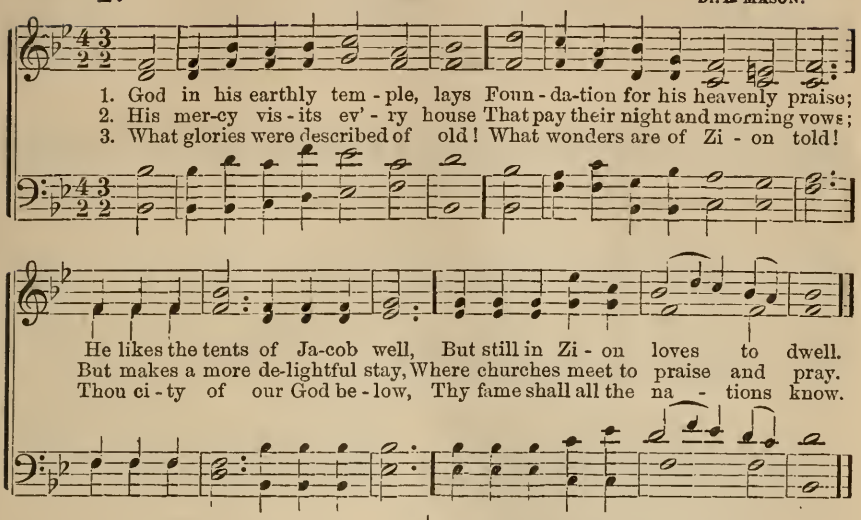
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven!

THE

TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

1. AMES. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



2.

Heavenly zeal.

1 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less num'rous than thy mercies are.

2 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal,
So, fearless, shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

3.

All things are now ready.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready,—come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,—
The dead 's alive! the lost is found!

4.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God.

1 Come, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known:
The mind which was in thee impart:
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

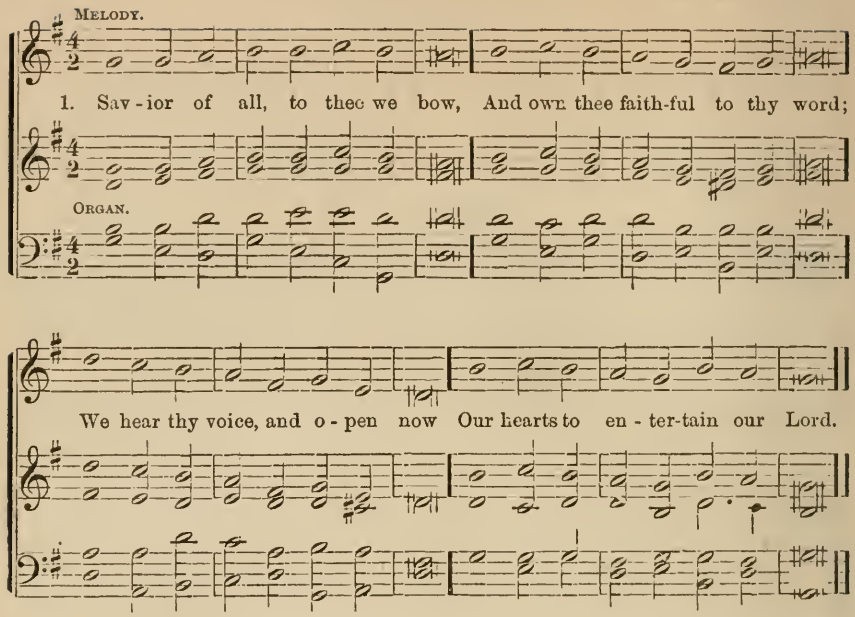
2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease,
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

5. BAVA.* L. M.

German Psalter, 1562.



2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest;
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers;
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit;
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

6.

The vow sealed at the cross.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

7.

The spirit of the ancient worthies.

1 O for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old:
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,—
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

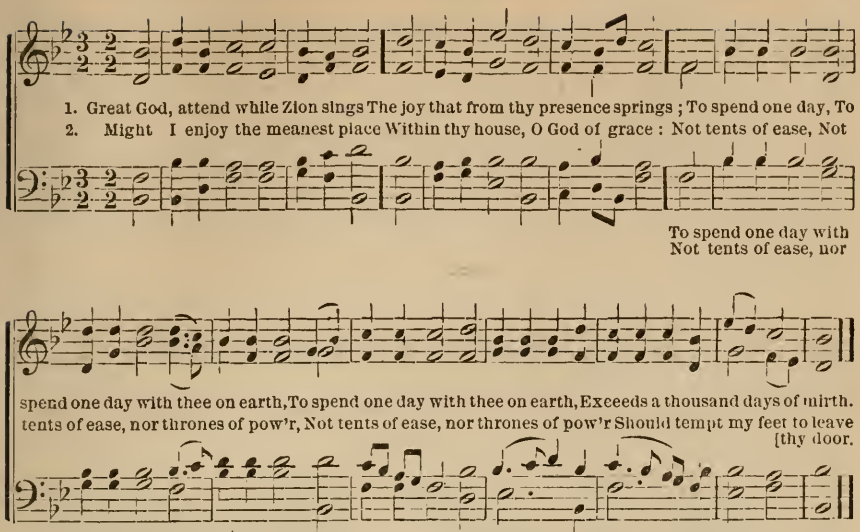
2 Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?—

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love and taught thy ways?
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endur'd the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

* This tune is found in the best collections of Psalmody. From its constant publication in all the olden collections, it may be supposed to have been a special favorite. It is fully equal in every thing but recollections and associations to the "Tune of Tunes," even "The Old Hundreth."



3 God is our Sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way,
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

---

9. *The joys of the Sabbath.*

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part ;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished b low ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

10. *The gospel Feast.*

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest :
Ye need not one be left behind.
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all :—
Come all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live :
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

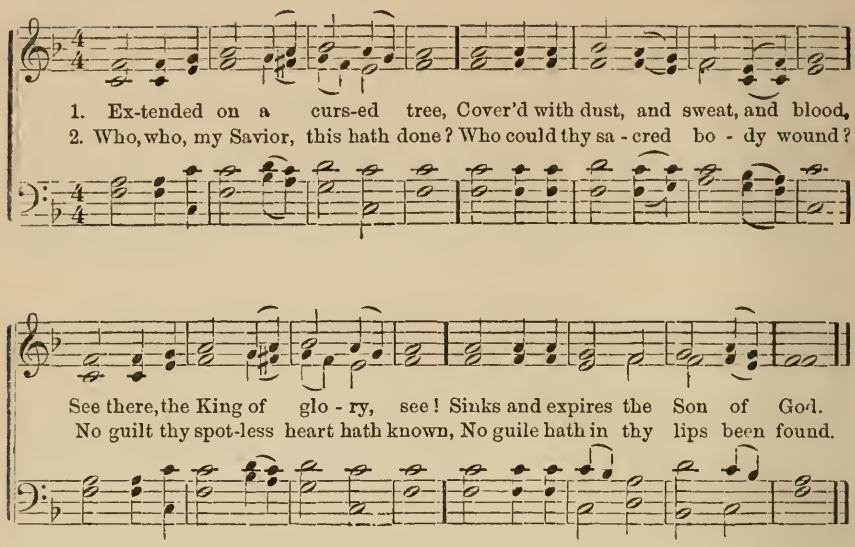
5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice :
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

11. HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Dr. L. MASON.



3 I, I alone have done the deed;
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,—
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.

4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me, thou hast borne the pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 My Savior, how shall I proclaim,
How pay, the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.

6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy signs,
O erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till, loosed from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

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12. *Original and actual sin.*

1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

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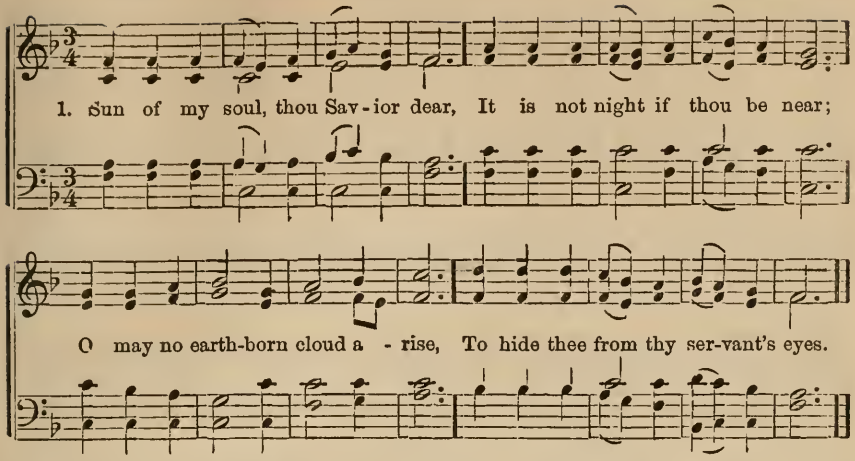
13. *Sustaining grace prayed for.*

1 Taught by our Lord, we will not pray
Out of the world to be removed;
But keep us, in our evil day,
Till patient faith is fully proved.

2 From sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
The members of thy Son defend,
Till all thy character we bear,
And grace matured in glory end.



2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

3 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

---

15. *The only plea.*

1 Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

16. *Seeking deliverance and rest.*

1 Awaked from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppress'd,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,
Look down upon my soul in love;—
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,
And make my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruin'd nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

---

17. *Helpless, in sin and misery.*

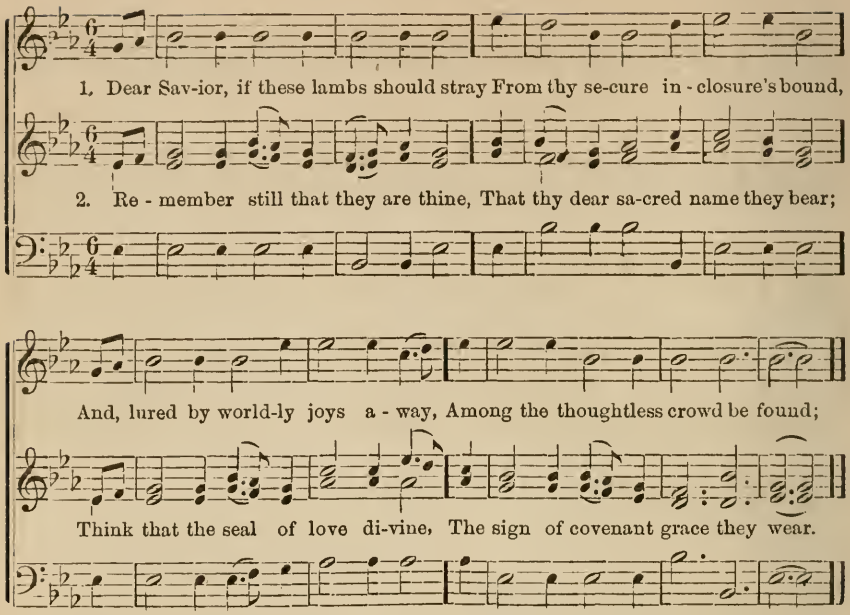
1 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcast to receive:
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out,—
A helpless soul, that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure:
I want,—do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.

4 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might:
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

18. WOODWORTH. L. M. Wm. B. BRADBURY, 1849.



3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be!
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

---

19. *Trust in Christ at the hour of death.*

1 Jesus, in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

2 How soon, O Lord, will life decay!
How soon this world will pass away!
Ah! what can mortal friends avail, [fail?
When heart, and strength, and life shall

3 O, then, be thou, my Savior, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine!

---

20. *With Christ in heaven.*

1 As when the weary traveler gains
The hight of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize

3 "'T is there," he says, "I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away."

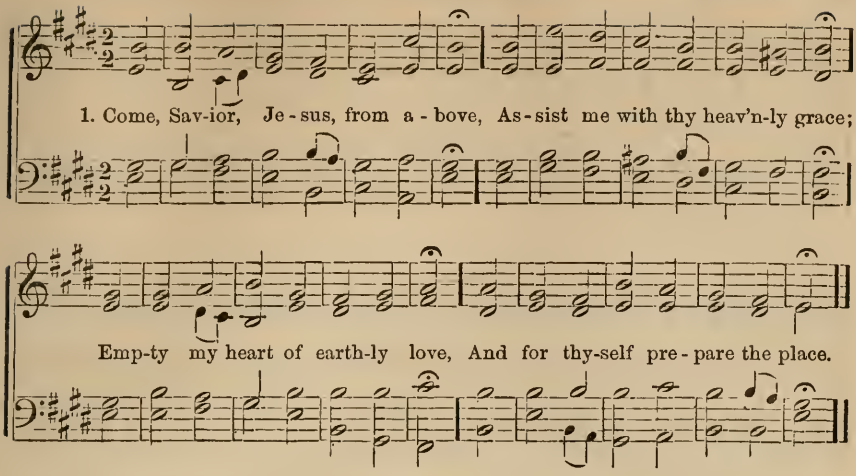
---

21. *"There am I in the midst of them."*

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Savior, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love



2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Savior's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

---

23. *Just as I am.*

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

---

24. *Long suffering.*

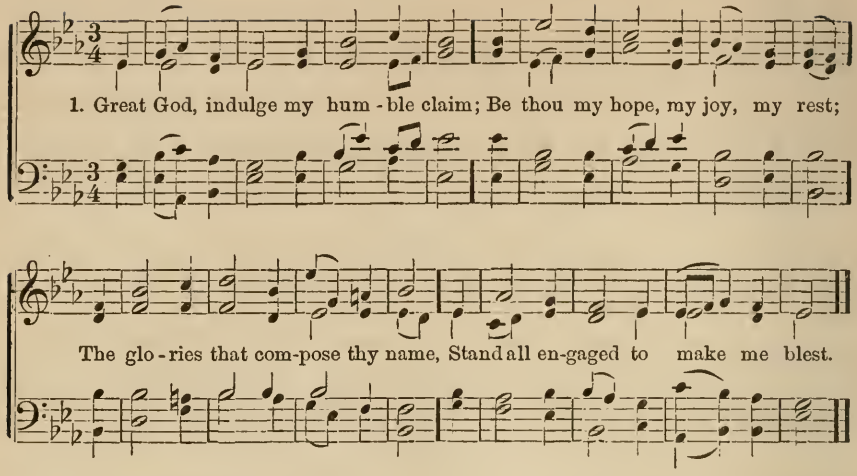
1 God of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song:
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

25. MILLER. L. M.

C. P. E. BACH.
Arr. by Dr. MILLER, 1790.



2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

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26. *Light for those who sit in darkness.*

1 Though now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wand'ring tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

---

27. *Anticipating the Heavenly Sabbath.*

1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

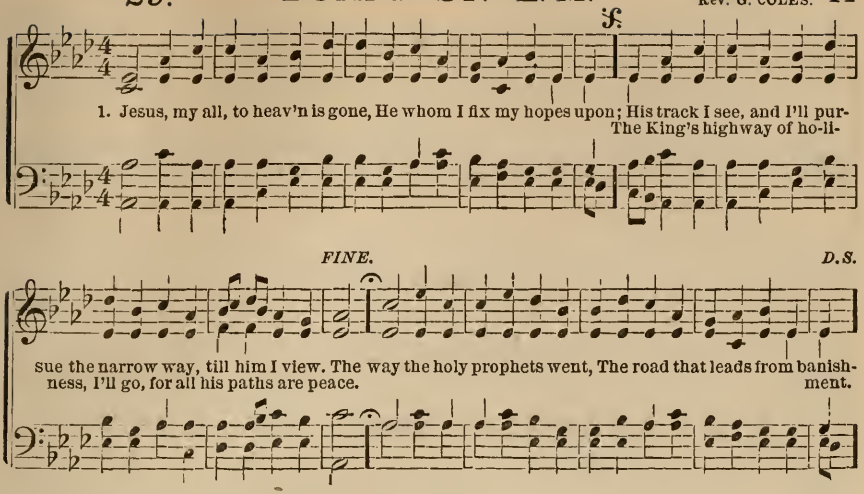
---

28. *Self-dedication to the Lord.*

1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.

3 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.



3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

30. *The Unspeakable Gift.*

1 Happy the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows the Savior died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,—
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,—
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

31. *The New Covenant.*

1 O God, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

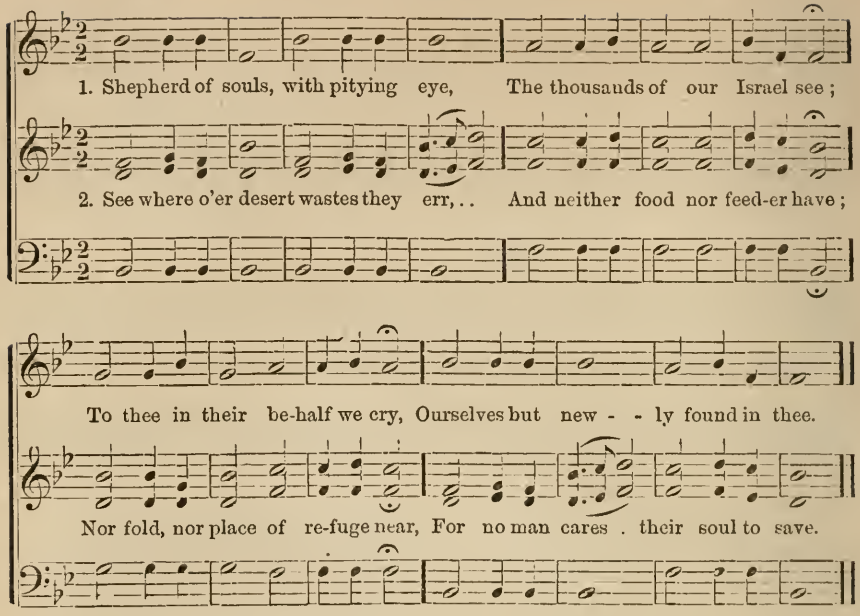
2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Savior's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fullness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That I may them no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murm'ring thought and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
I cannot of my cross complain,—.
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,—
My God in Jesus pacified.



3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh ;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought ;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans :
The meed of all thy suff'rings these ;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones !

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33. *The light yoke and easy burden.*

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone ;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

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34. *The vow sealed at the cross.*

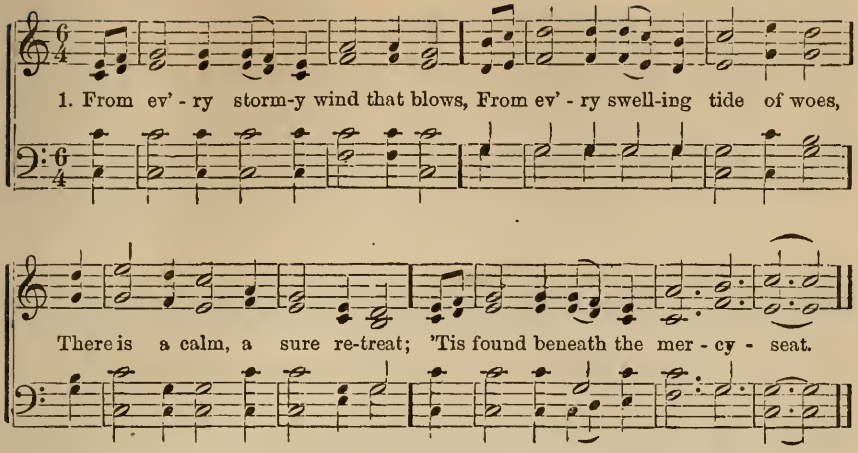
1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine :
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thine thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,—
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live—thine would I die :
Be thine through all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood,
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform ;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet, —
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

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36. *Blessings of Prayer.*

1 What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But often wishes to be there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

37. *For the Savior's protection.*

1 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee, —
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, — my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

2 Uphold me, Savior, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call, —
Only by faith in thee I stand.

---

38. *His loving-kindness is better than life.*

1 O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown, —
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

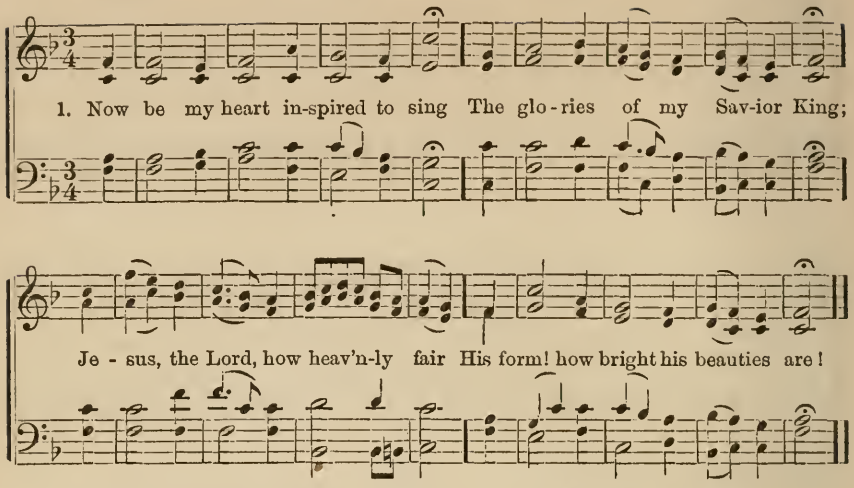
2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember, on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself, thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared to thee.

4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice, —
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

39. BRENTFORD. L. M.

English Melody.
Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.



2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

---

40. *The divine Teacher.*

1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace;
While list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

41. *All-sufficiency of his grace.*

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive:
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

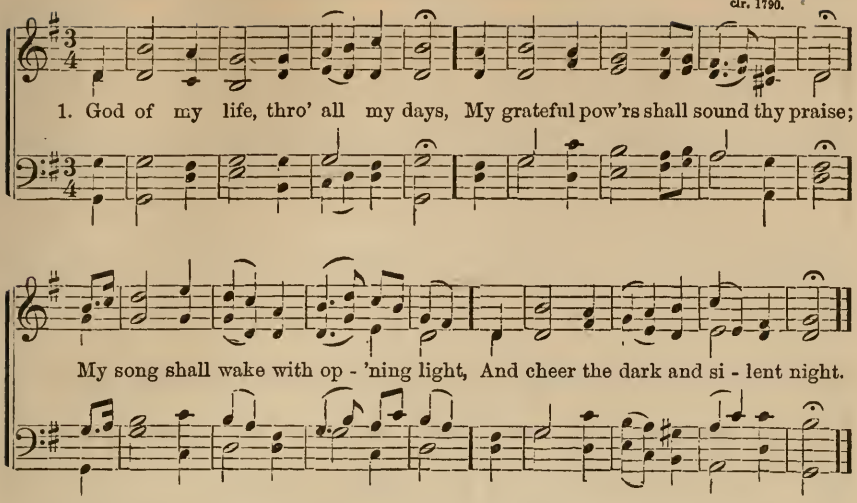
---

42. *No success without God's blessing.*

1 Except the Lord our labor bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,--
Early to rise, and late to sleep;—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.



2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo thro' the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

---

44. *Christ and his Church.*

1 The King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen, arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies!
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

4 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

---

45. *Seeking the pastures of Christ.*

1 Thou, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,—
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

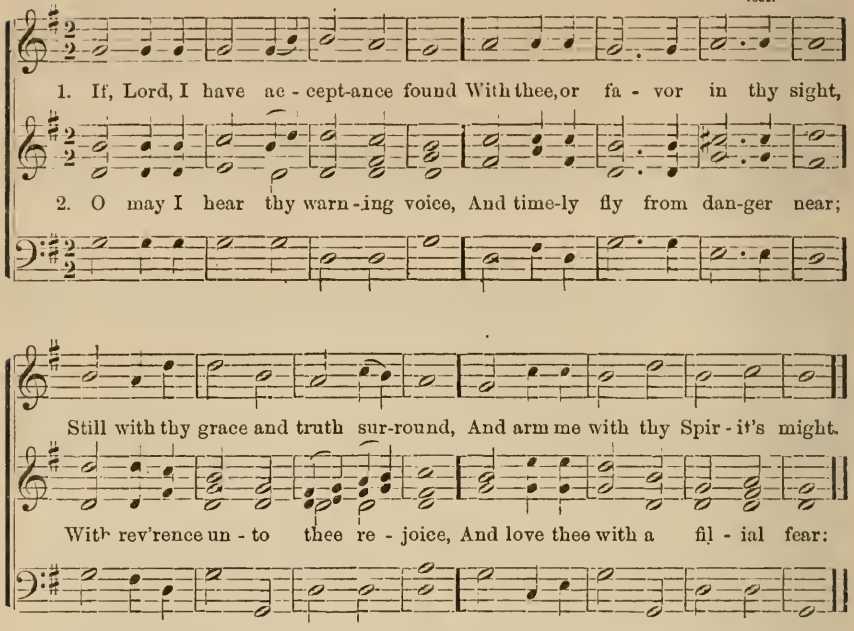
3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,—
Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares, [tears.
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here, to these hills, my soul would come
Till my Beloved lead me home.

46. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. 1832.



3 Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide:
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on every side.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increase;
Finish the work begun in me;
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
And let me always rest on thee.

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47. *The hidings of the Father's face.*

1 From Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Savior! every mournful word
Bespeaks my soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,—
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

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48. *Morning and evening mercies.*

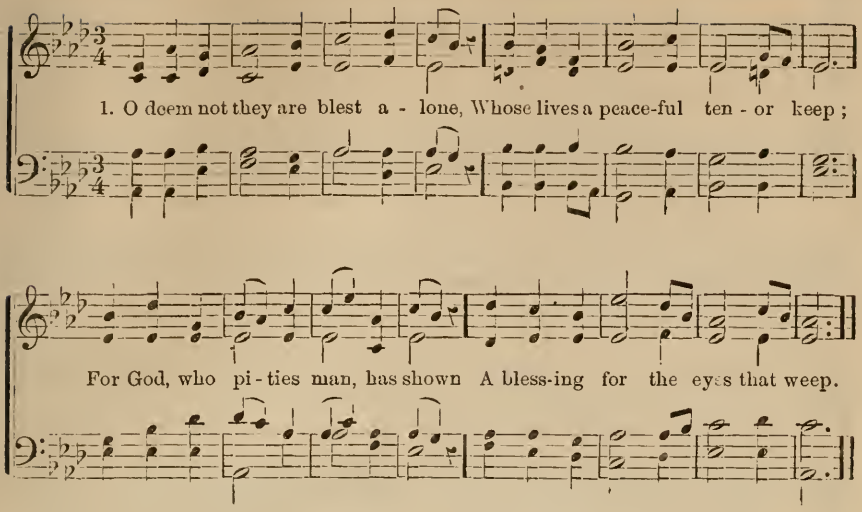
1 My God, how endless is thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears:
And weary hours of woe and pain,
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear;
And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

---

50. *Vows remembered and renewed.*

1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.

5 High heaven, that heard the solem vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear

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51. *Rejoicing at the table, with godly sorrow.*

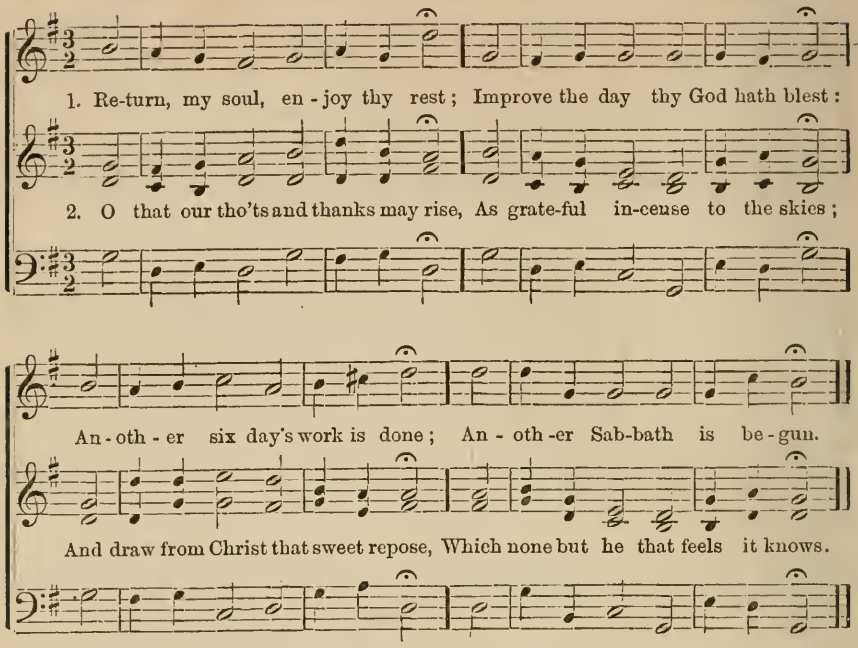
1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
The name by heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let humble, penitential woe,
In tears of godly sorrow flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart

52. ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Dr. L MASON, 1830.



3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

---

53. *Love which passeth knowledge.*

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, – he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Je us, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

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54. *The bliss of assurance.*

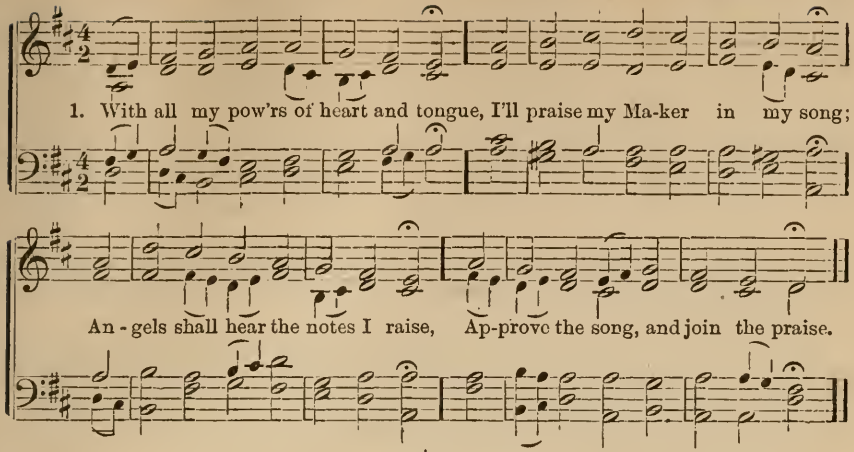
1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin; [sea.
Should storms of wrath shake earth and
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the' heavenly hills
Where groves of living pleasure grow
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.



2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

56. *Jesus reigns.*

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain:
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sov'reign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinn'd, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

57. *Living bread.*

1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

58. *The sacramental seal.*

1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordain'd by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind,—
Sent to baptize into thy name,—
We now thy promised presence find.

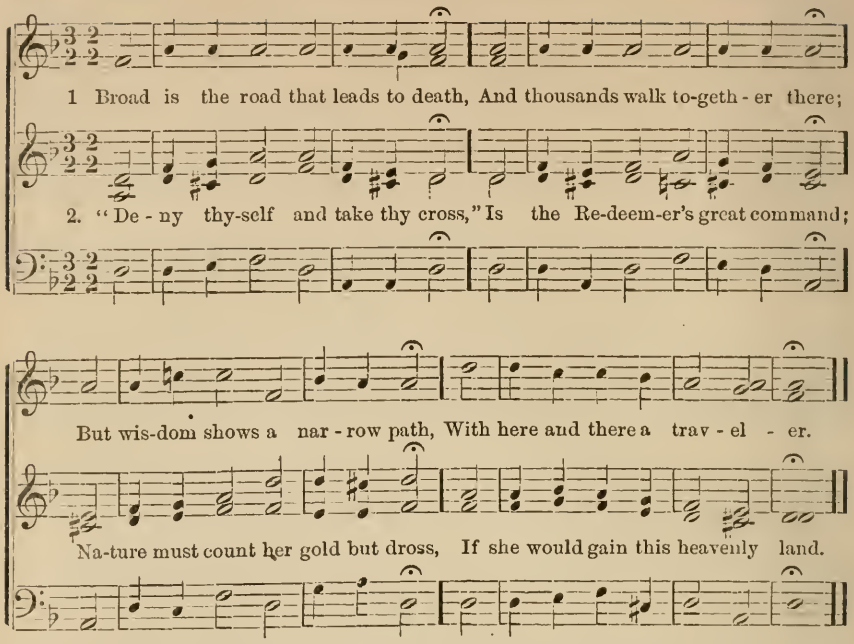
3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
Effectual make the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

59. WINDHAM. L. M

D. READ, 1785.



60.

The sinner's only Hope.

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Who would himself to thee approve,
Must take the path thyself hast trod;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just,—but O, thy Son hath died!

61.

Deprecating eternal Death.

1 FATHER, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire:
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire.

2 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

3 I deprecate that death alone,—
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who suffer'd, wept, and bled for me.

62.

The sacrifice of a broken heart.

1 THOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
Thou God of grace, wilt thou despise
A broken heart for sacrifice?

3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die.

63. *Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.*

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

64. *The fountain gushing from his side.*

1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man—
The Man of griefs condemn'd for you:
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear;
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

3 Behold his temples, crown'd with thorn;
His bleeding hands, extended wide;
His streaming feet, transfix'd and torn;
The fountain gushing from his side!

4 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move;
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

65. *Condemned, but pleading the promises.*

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Art not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

66. *The dreadful day.*

1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

67. *The grave shall restore its trust.*

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust:
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful slumber here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

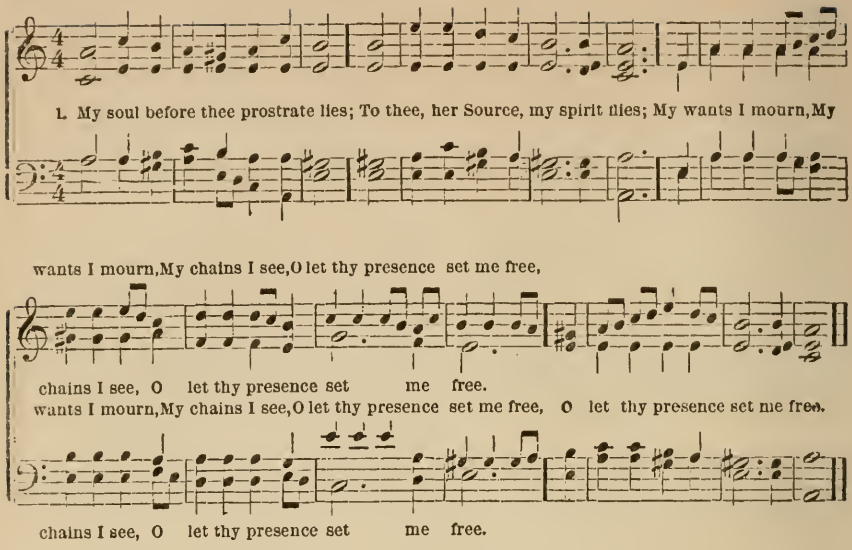
4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

68. *Disembodied saints.*

1 The saints who die of Christ possess'd,
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in Paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.



2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 Already springing hope I feel,—
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.

4 One only care my soul shall know,—
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel, what endless years shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

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70. *An Advocate with the Father.*

1 Jesus, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,—

2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fulness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heaven thou art;—
O might I feel thee in my heart.

---

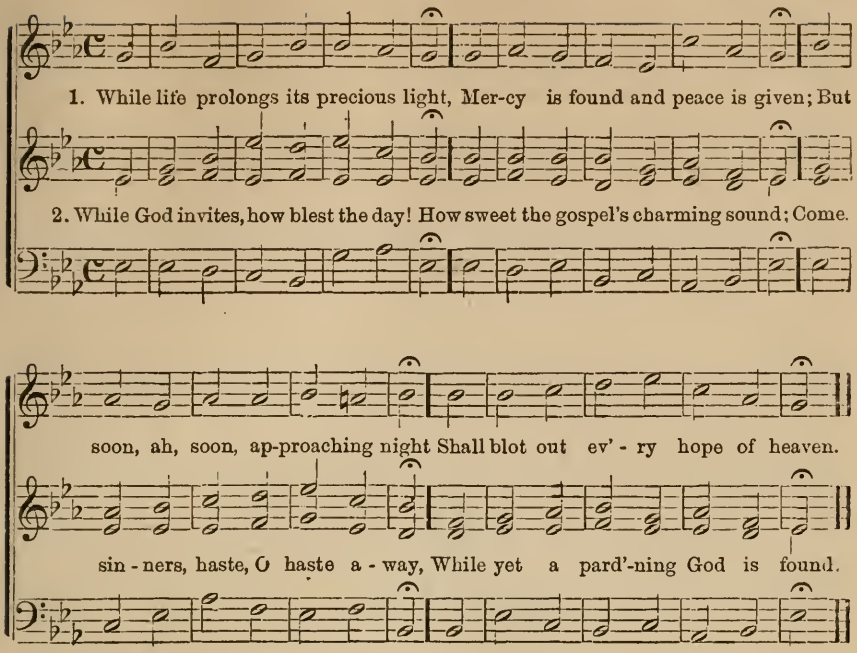
71. *For sustaining grace.*

1 My hope, my all, my Savior thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

4 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.



3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

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73. *Shut up in unbelief.*

1 Light of the Gentile world, appear;
Command the blind thy rays to see:
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive pris'ner free.

2 Me, me who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Deliver from this gloomy pit,—
This dungeon of despairing grief.

3 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the gen'ral sin away;
And to my ransomed spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

---

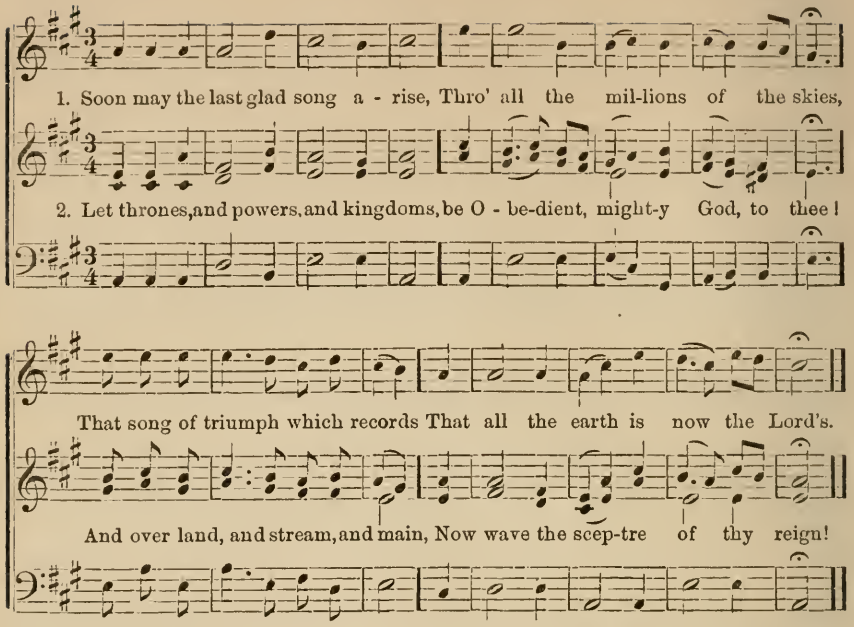
74. *The inevitable doom.*

1 Tremendous God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
The word unchangeable we hear—
Thy sov'reign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of God Most High;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born to lament, and toil, and die.

3 Submissive to thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove,
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be love.

4 Whisper thy love into my heart·
Warn me of my approaching end;
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to thy arms ascend.



3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns!

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76. *The King of glory.*

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky:

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!

4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,—
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;—
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;—
The King of saints and angels too;—
God over all, forever blest!

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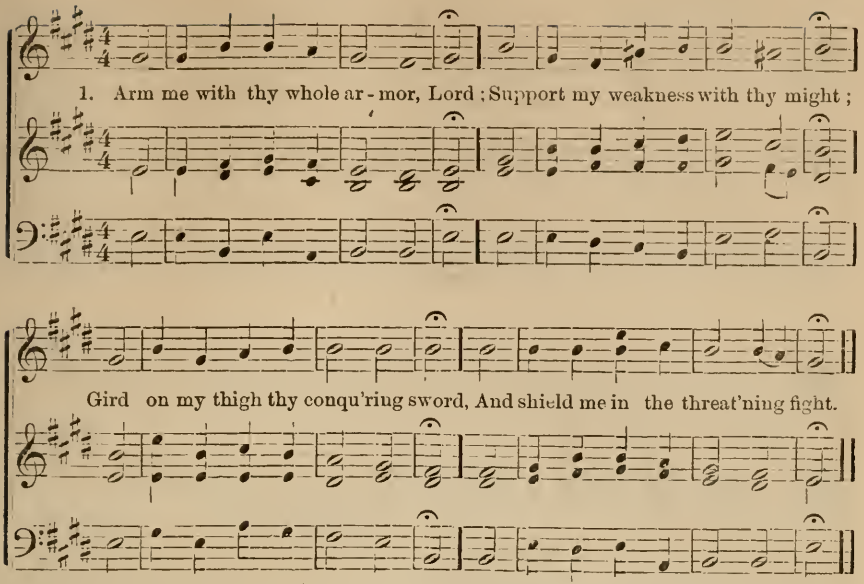
77. *The heavenly Zion.*

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days appear!
(The sacred annals speak thy fame;)
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass thro' death triumphant home

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.



2 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

79. *True worship everywhere accepted.*

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

2 Not now on Zion's hight alone
The favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung;
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

80. *The plenitude of His grace and power.*

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path:
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

81. *Faith reveals God's presence.*

1 NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears;
Nor seraph tongues responsive cry,
Holy! thrice holy! in our ears:—

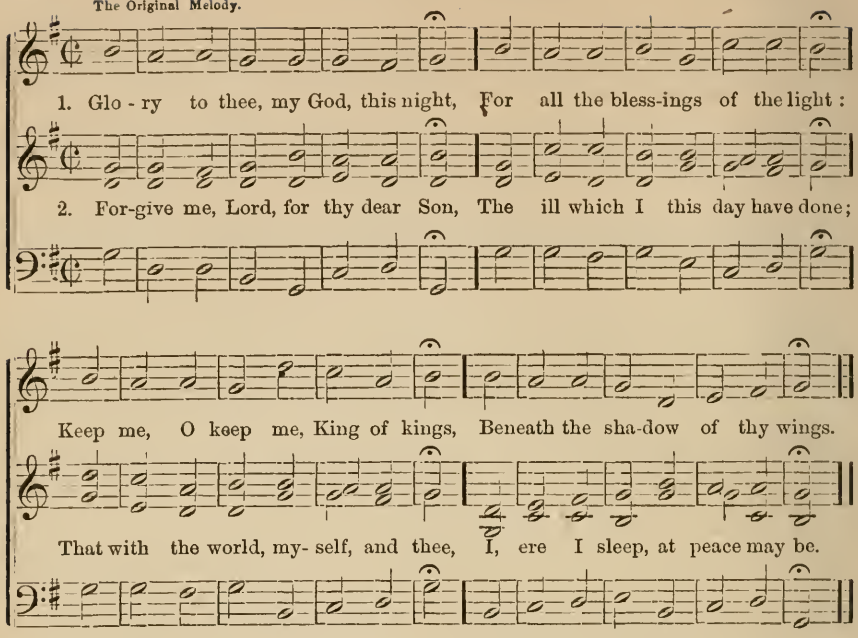
2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veiled in serener majesty;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.

3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls revealed,
When blind and deaf and dumb were brought
Lepers and lame—and all were healed.

4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

82. EVENING HYMN.

The Original Melody. T. TALLIS. Obit. 1585



3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

---

83. *Your life is hid with Christ in God.*

1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove :
By actions show your sins forgiven :
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ your head to heaven

3 There your exalted Savior see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place ;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live ;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

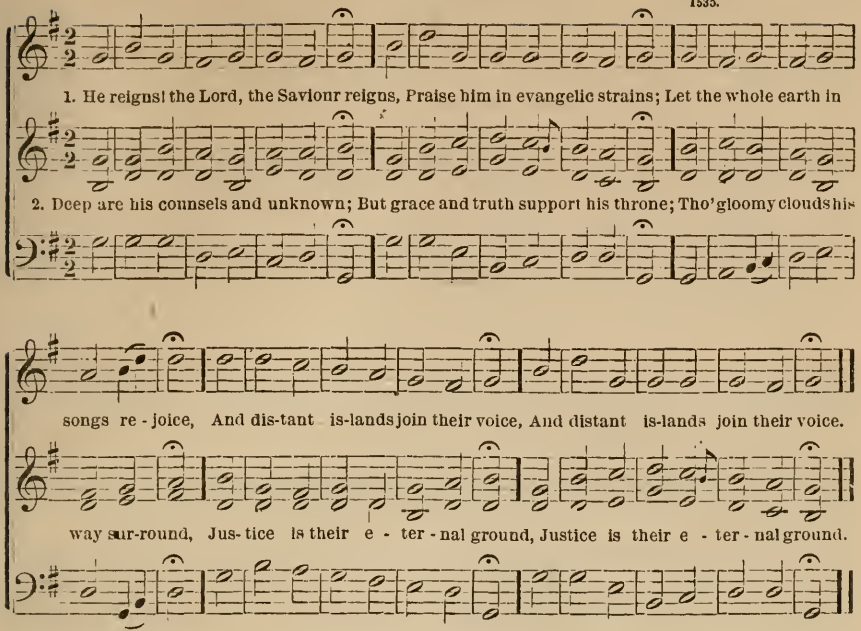
---

84. *Graven on the palms of His hands.*

1 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head;—
'Tis finish'd ! he hath died for me.

2 See, where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer;
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

3 He ever lives for me to pray ;
He prays that I with him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say;
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.



3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;—
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints! on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

86. *Holiness.*

1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,—
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

87. *Dedication.*

1 When Israel trod the desert way,
God dwelt within the curtain'd tent;
There gath'ring tribes repair'd to pray,
And found his gracious ear attent.

2 But, when fair Salem's towers arose,
And massive walls her hosts surround—
When God had scatter'd Zion's foes,
And peace and plenty reign'd around—

3 Then Lebanon's tall cedars came.
And polished stones majestic rose;
While lofty turrets tipp'd with flame,
Point upward to the saint's repose.

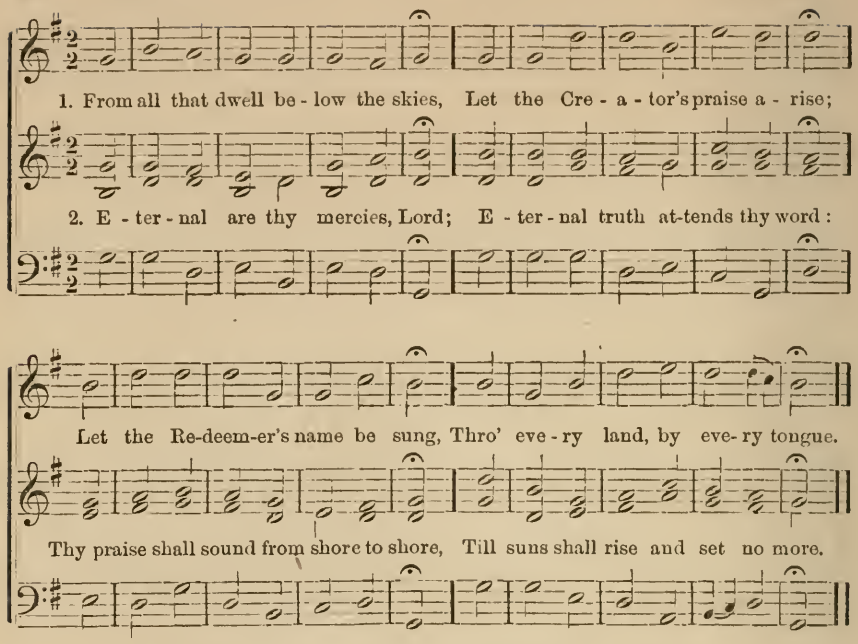
4 But vain were glitt'ring gems and gold;
And blood, in vain, from altars ran;
Till the unfolding glory told,
Jehovah comes to dwell with man.

5 Thus here, O God, our off'ring lies.
Cold in its beauty—cold and dead!
O, living fire—burst from the skies—
On us thy hallowing influence shed.

6 Thy priests shall feel its quick'ning power,
Thy people catch the rising flame;
While all confess, to time's last hour,
Jehovah here records his name.

88. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Wm. FRANC, 1543



3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

89.

Grateful adoration.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

90.

Solemn reverence.

1 Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:

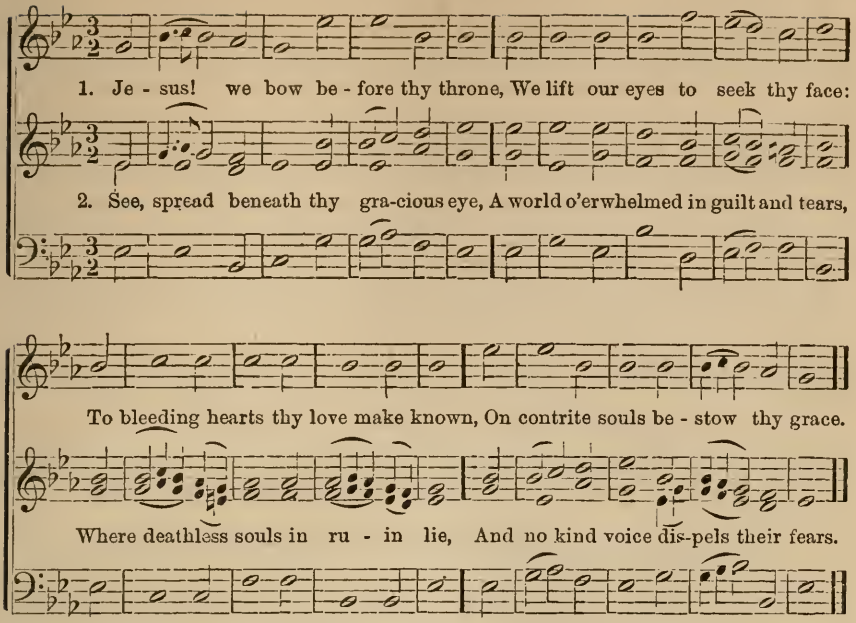
2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



3 Lord! arm thy truth with power divine;
Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 O rise! ye ransomed captives, rise!
Peal the loud anthem here below!
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.

92. *Welcome to Church fellowship.*

1 Brethren in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give:
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 Jesus, attend: thyself reveal;
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel;
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

4 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

5 Though but in part we know thee here,
We wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And be forever lost in love.

93. *God, the nation's guardian.*

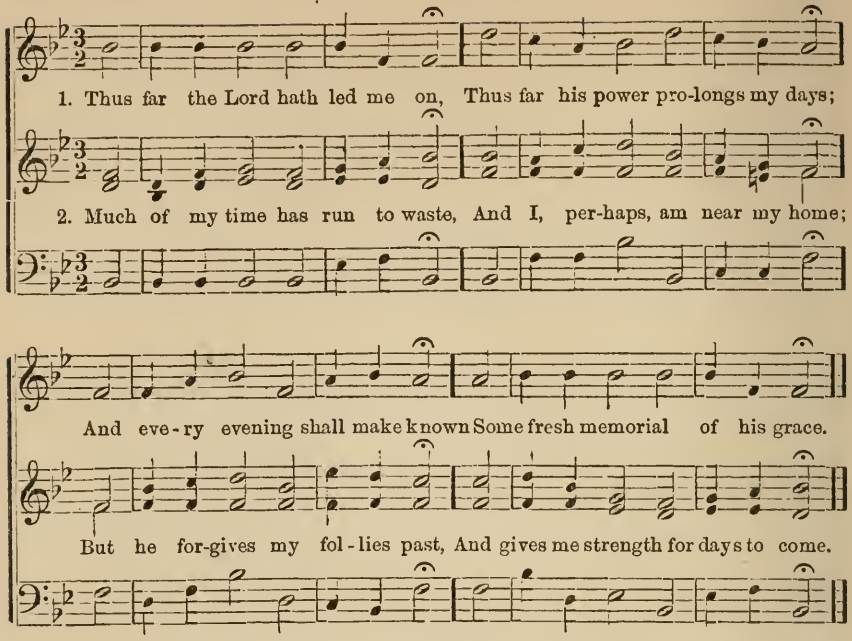
1 Great God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth s extended kingdoms lie;
Whose fav'ring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherish'd by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our guardian, guide and friend
O still thy shelt'ring arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kingdom last.



3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

95. *The riches of his grace.*

1 What am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou thy mercy hast bestowed
On me, the vilest sinner, me?

2 Me, in my blood, thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye:
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded,—live!

3 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
Received the blessing from above,
And pardon in thy mercy found,
Astonish'd at thy boundless love.

4 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pard'ning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad.

5 I magnify thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name:
Thy Name let every soul adore;
Thy power let every tongue proclaim.

96. *The realizing light of faith.*

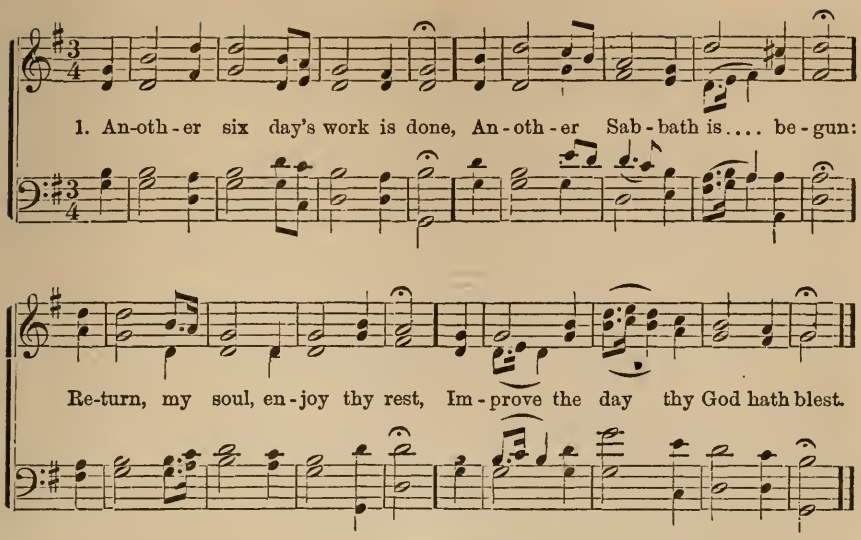
1 Author of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same:—

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Savior thou:)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future, and past, subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy Name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.



2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The ends of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

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98. *In the sanctuary.*

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Savior see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above;
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Savior, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

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99. *Design of prayer.*

1 Prayer is appointed to to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

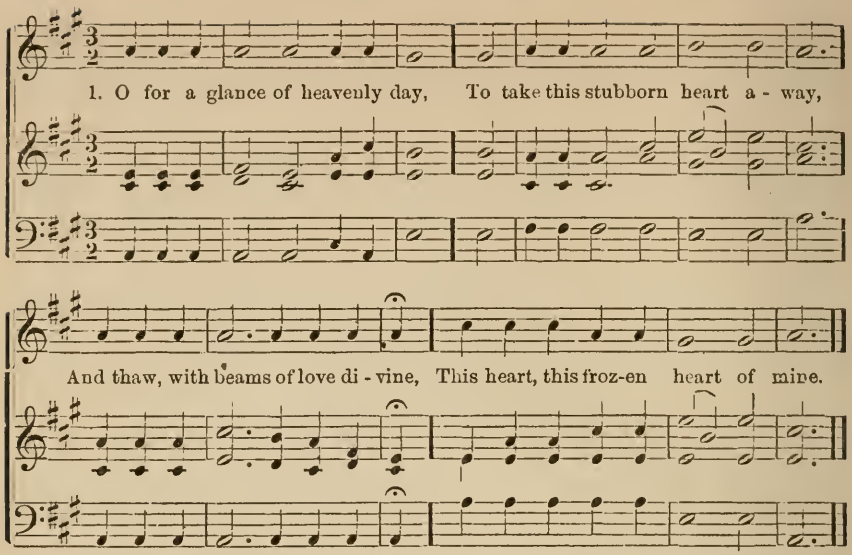
2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak:
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known:
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Dozology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear,—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

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101. *Zeal implored.*

1 O THOU, who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

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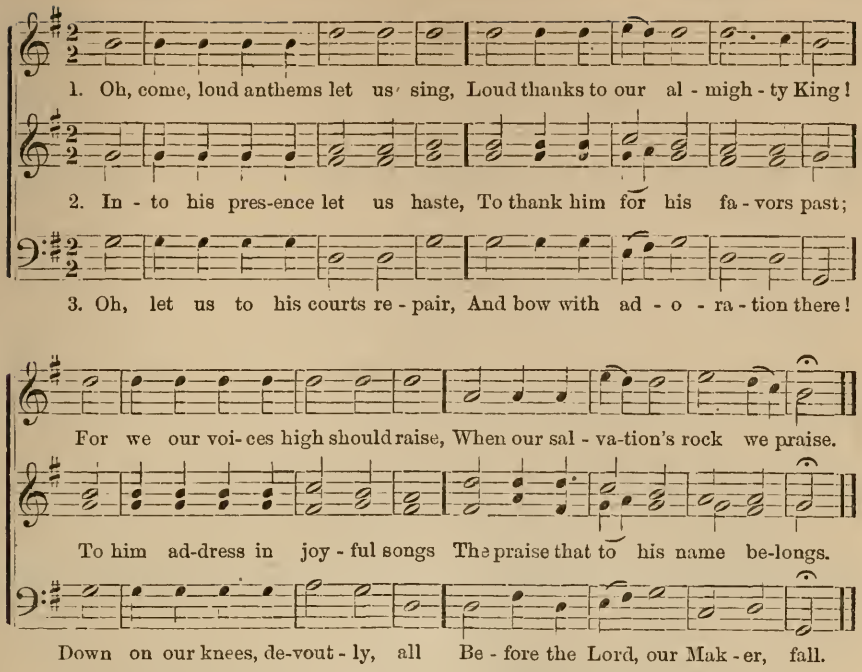
102. *Rejoicing in forgiving love.*

1 My soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise:
And all my ransom'd powers combine
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace
His acts of mercy and of grace:
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;—

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Pour'd balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.



104. *"Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne."*

1 He reigns! the Lord, the Savior reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice!

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,—
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire!
The mountains melt, the seas retire!

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh!

---

105. *"God so loved the world."*

1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

---

106. *Christ, the good Physician.*

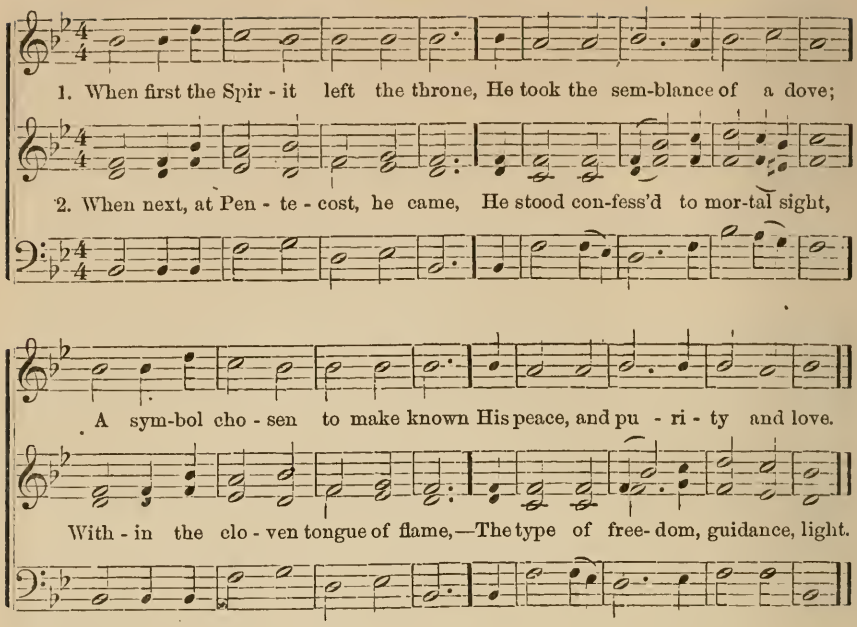
1 Jesus, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy Name, thy all-restoring Name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Savior still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

From a Scotch tune by Dr. L. MASON, 1830.



3 Vouchsafe, celestial Dove, thy peace,
That we at perfect peace may be;
Within our hearts thy love increase,—
Within our thoughts, thy purity.

4 O Light divine! direct our feet,
Which long in error's paths have trod;
Our prison'd souls with freedom greet,
Convince of sin, and lead to God.

---

108. *He careth for you.*

1 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he 'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

109. *The evidence of perfect love.*

1 Quicken'd with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord ascend with thee;
Redeem'd from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Pure love to God thy members find;
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Savior, our heaven on earth we gain.

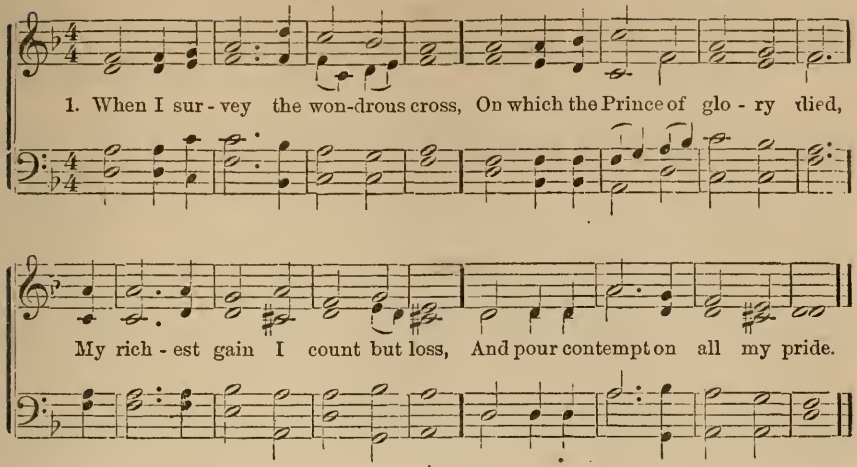
---

110. *For the fire of divine love.*

1 O thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

3 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

112. *The hidings of the Father's face.*

1 From Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Savior! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

113. *The only plea.*

1 Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole:
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died.

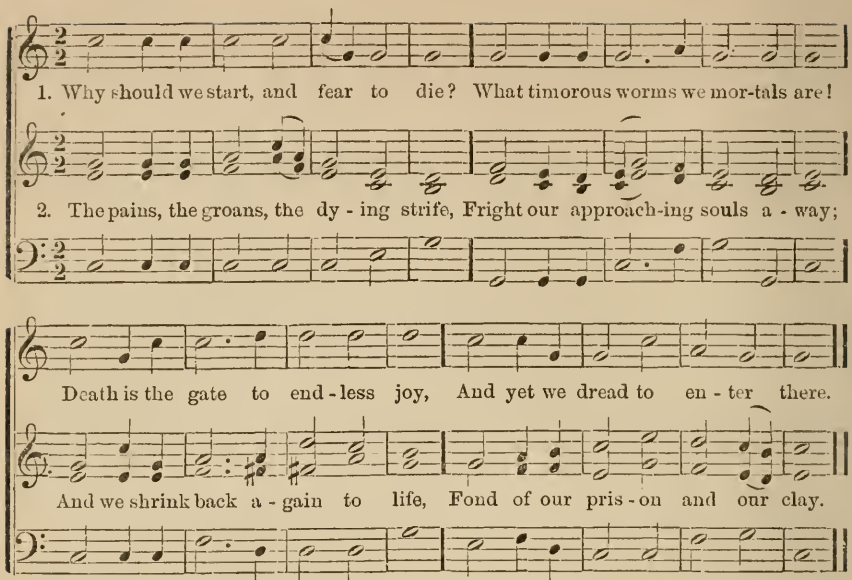
114. *I am going the way of all the earth.*

1 Pass a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

115. ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 O would the Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are:
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

116. *Hope in God.*

1 God of my strength, in thee alone,
A refuge from distress I see;
O why hast thou thine aid withdrawn?
Why hast thou, Lord, forsaken me?

2 O let thy light my footsteps guide;
Thy love and truth my spirit fill:
That in thy house I may reside,
And worship at thy holy hill.

3 Then will I at thine altar bend;
My harp its softest notes shall raise,
And from my lips to heaven ascend
The song of thankfulness and praise.

4 Why then, my soul, art thou cast down?
Why art thou anxious and distress'd?
Hope thou in God, his mercy own,
For I shall yet enjoy his rest.

117. *It is I; be not afraid.*

1 When power divine, in mortal form,
Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,—
Lo, it is I! be not afraid.

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm:
He rules the seraph and the worm:
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know, or know him not.

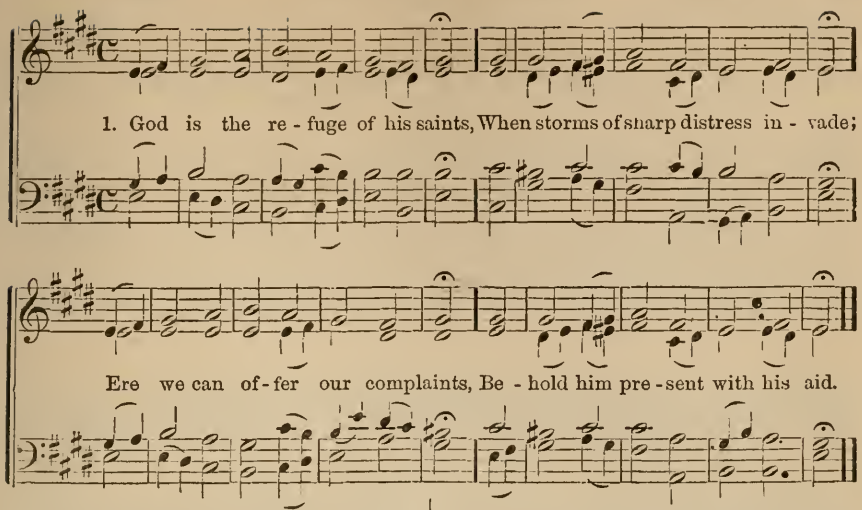
4 And when the last dread hour shall come,
And shudd'ring nature wait her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead,—
Lo, it is I! be not afraid.

118. *Jesus every-where present.*

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew:
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.



2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled,
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

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120. *Christ's Invitation to Sinners.*

1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest, who learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is easy to his neck,
"My grace should make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

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121. *How dreadful is this place!*

1 O thou, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

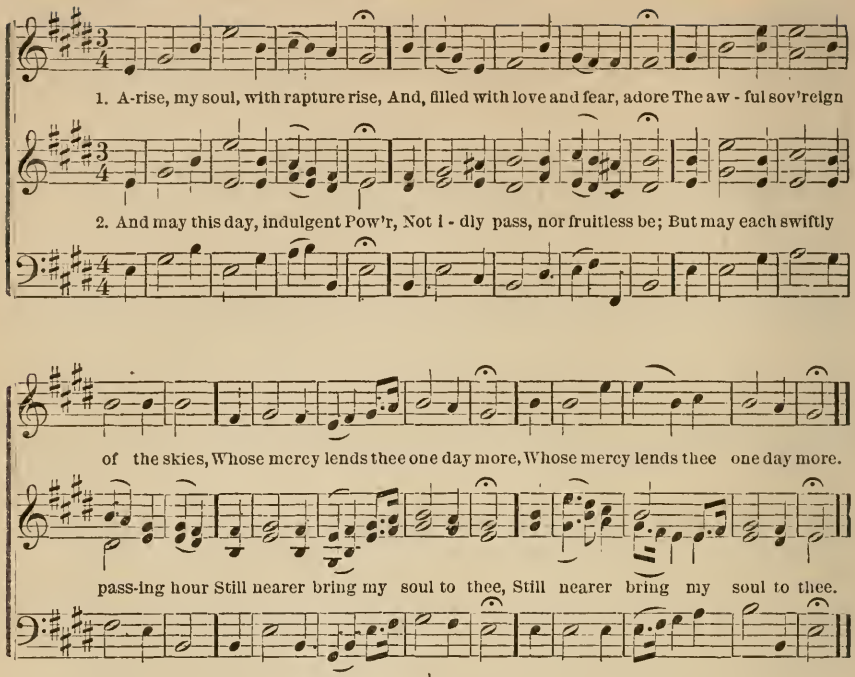
3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way.
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the gen'ral Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

122. ROTHWELL. L. M.

WM. TANSUR, cir, 1743.



123.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

1 What are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Savior comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise:
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord, their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

124.

Infinite in wisdom.

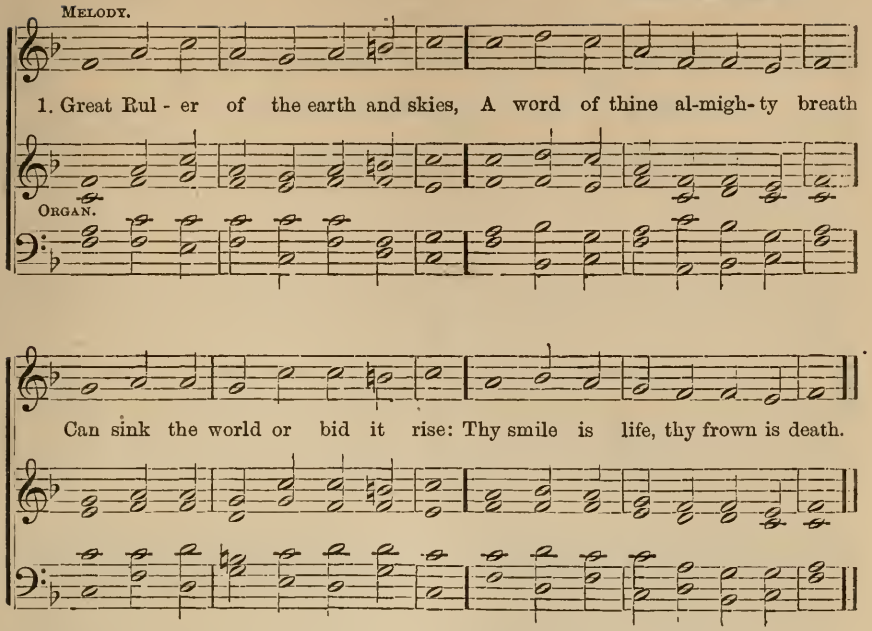
1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd

3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who spreads the clouds along the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or war-like horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.



2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,—

3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 To thee we pay our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

126. *Not ashamed of Jesus.*

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain;
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

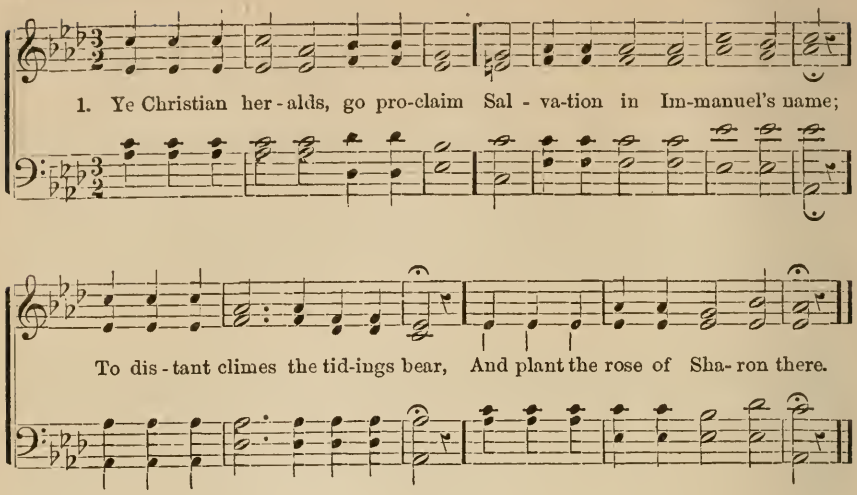
127. *God's presence with his people.*

1 When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her Father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, tho' now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night
Be thou, long suff'ring, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.



2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more:
Meet, with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

129. *His way is in the sea.*

1 Lord of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind and sea controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls.

2 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

3 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

130. *Security and safety.*

1 God is our refuge and defence;
In trouble our unfailing aid:
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid!

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock:
They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river, pure and bright, [plains,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly
Where in eternity of light
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

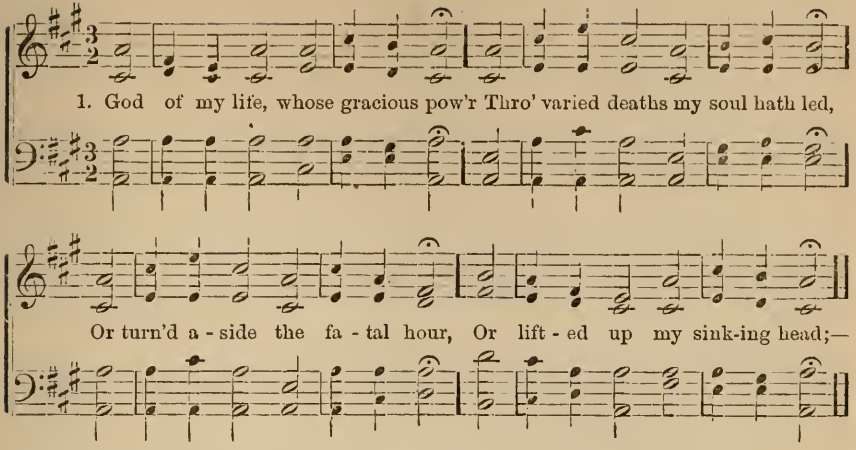
131. *The redeemed in heaven.*

1 Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Savior face to face;
They sing the triumphs of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless pra
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.



2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Savior's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

133. *The Promised Comforter.*

1 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,—
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,—
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

3 If every one that asks may find,—
If still thou dost on sinners fall,—
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine:
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

134. *Only Jesus.*

1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,—
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

3 When from the arms of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

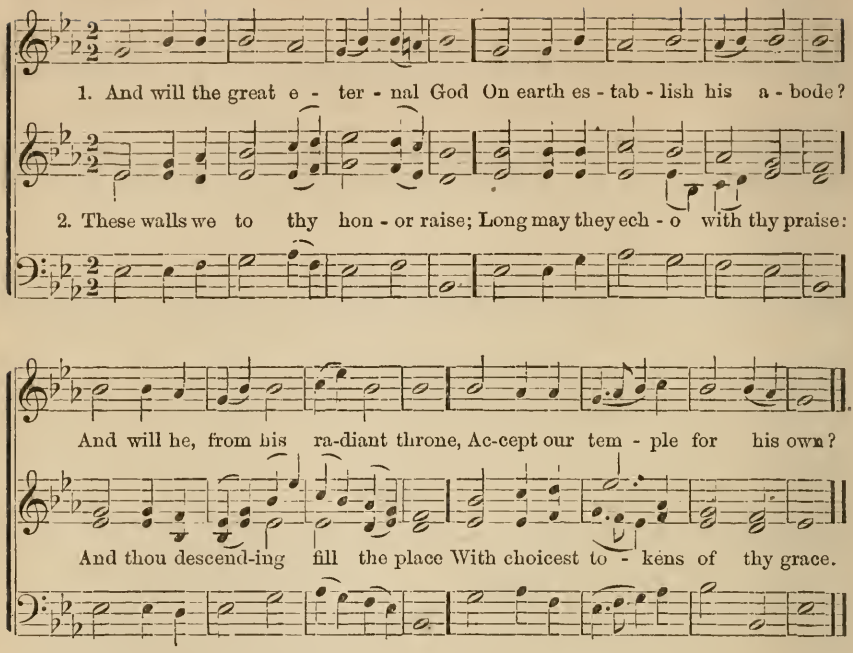
135. *The Land of Rest.*

1 Thy loving Spirit, Lord, alone,
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
The bondage break in which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

2 Now let thy spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,—
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same;
The same thy truth and grace endure,
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Savior, come, and make me whole
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul!—
To perfect holiness and love.



3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

137. *The Savior's coming expected and prayed for.*

1 Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O! come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne b · hurl'd,—
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

138. *Dying, rising, reigning.*

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

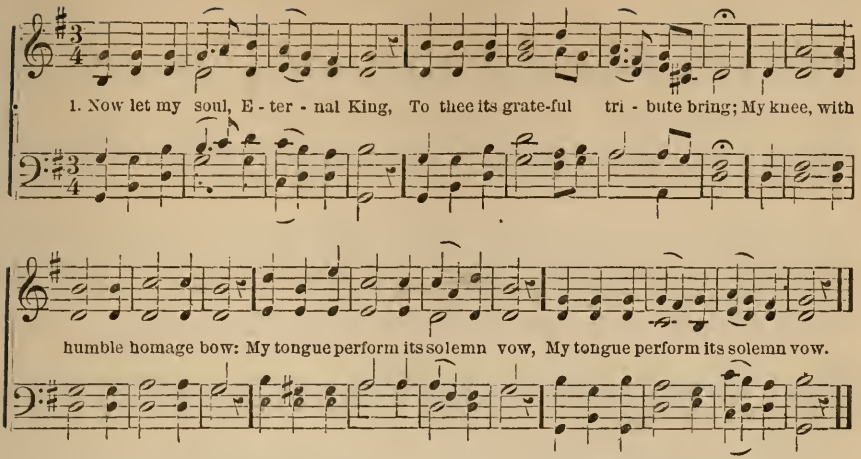
2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of purer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:

6 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!



2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

140. *Sacrifice of praise and prayer.*

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall [wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and [will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

141. *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

1 To us a child, of royal birth,
End of the promises, is given;
Th' Invisible appears on earth,—
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Savior born, in love supreme,
He comes, our fallen souls to raise;
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Fill'd with the Holy Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold!
And Lord of all the world adore.

4 The Lord of Hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne, on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

142. *Christ's Universal Kingdom.*

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

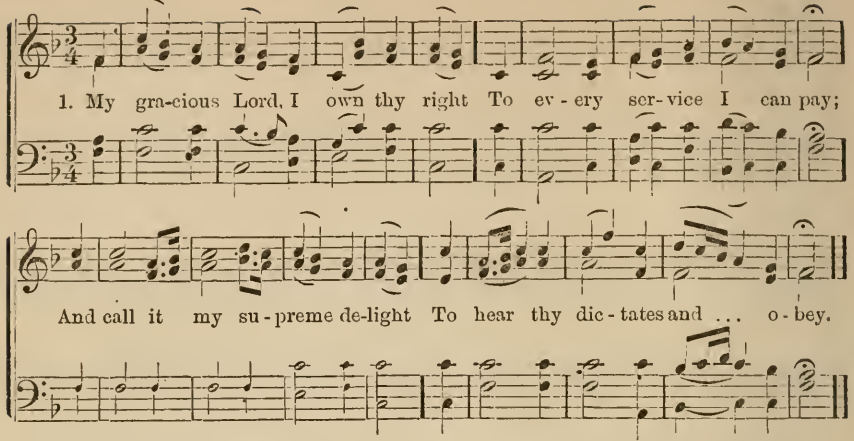
2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

143. EFFINGHAM. L. M.

English Melody



2 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

144. *Rejoicing at return of Sabbath.*

1 My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of this returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,—
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strain which angels sing.

145. *Morning; The Lord is my portion.*

1 O God, my God, my all thou art:
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sov'reign light within my heart,
Thy all-enliv'ning power display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And, hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee, with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy Name belongs,
Hourly, with lifted hands, I 'll pay.

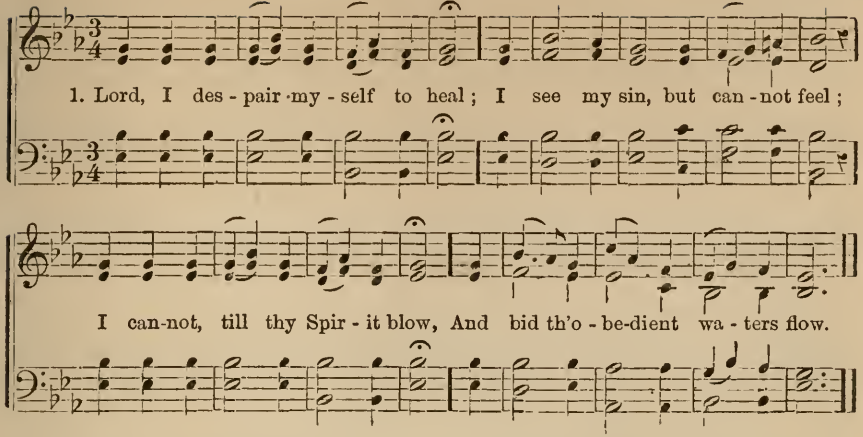
146. *The River of Life.*

1 Great Source of being and of love!
Thou wat'rest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

4 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crown'd;
Flow on to earth's remotest bound,
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.



2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive,
Here, then, to thee, I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal,—are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,—
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord—my sickness cure,—
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

148. *For the Lambs of the flock.*

1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm, and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 In safety lead thy little flock,—
From hell, the world, and sin, secure,
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their going sure.

149. *The Atonement completed.*

1 'TIS finished! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,—
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made:
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell, and sins are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given:
And lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

150. *Meekness and Patience.*

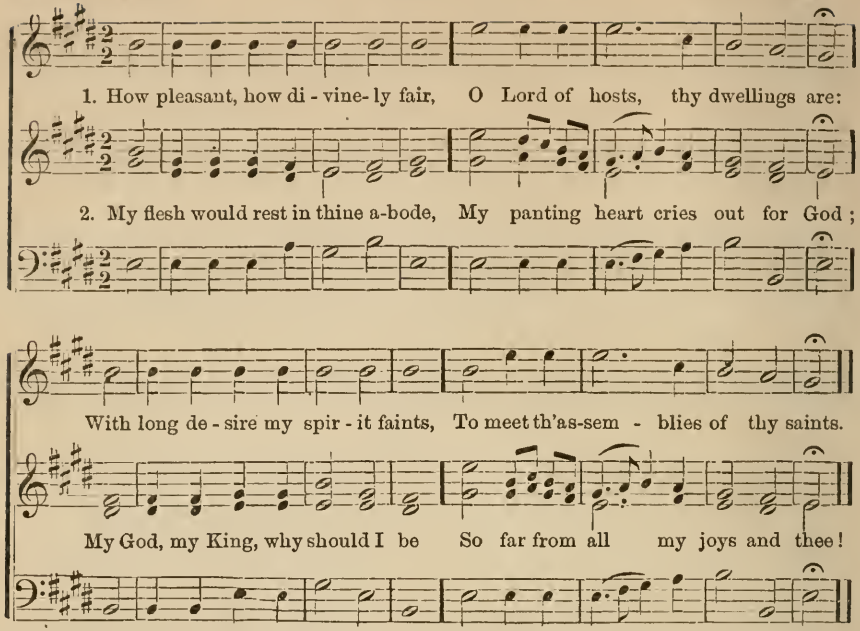
1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace:
O make me in thy likeness shine.

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow where my Lord doth go.

5 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.



3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

---

152. *The joys of the Sabbath.*

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

---

153. *Sown in weakness, raised in glory.*

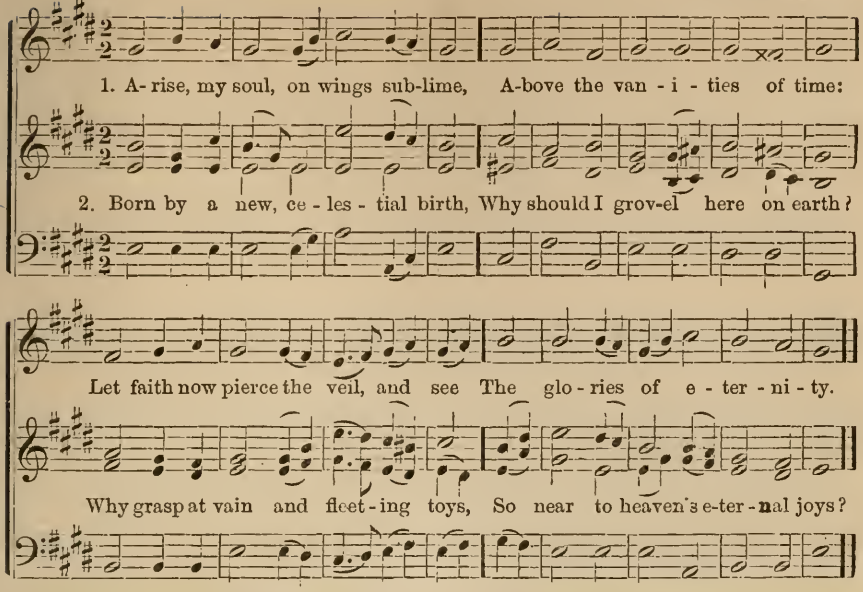
1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.



3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

155. *For lowliness and purity.*

1 Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride,—the plague expel;
Jesus, thine humble self impart;
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow;
Touch me, and make me the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Savior, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine:
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

156. *Constraining love of Christ.*

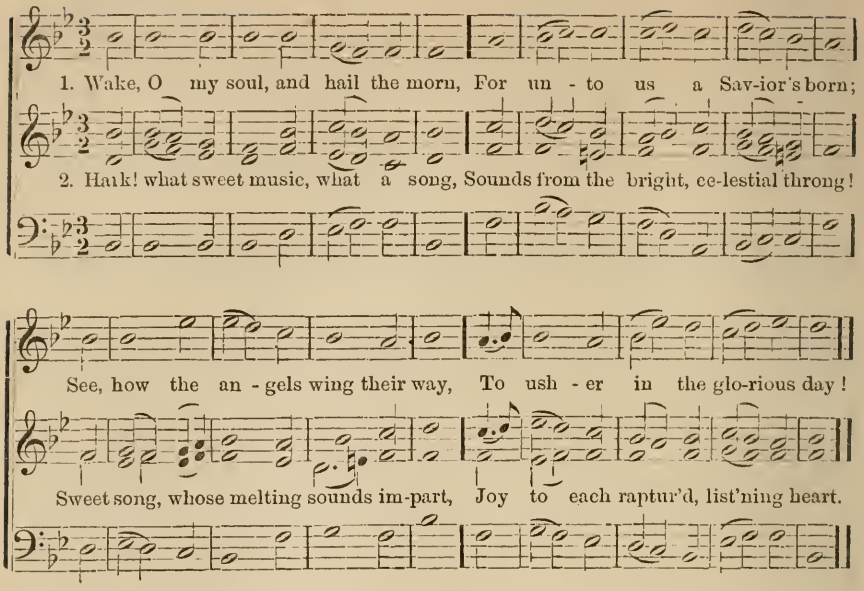
1 Give me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like, praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again:
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pard'ning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Savior known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.



3 Come, join the angels in the sky;
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

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158. *Seeking a tabernacle.*

1 When to the exiled seer were given
Those rapt'rous views of highest heaven,
All glorious though the visions were,
Yet he beheld no temple there.

2 The New Jerusalem on high
Hath one pervading sanctity;
No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,—
God and the Lamb its temple are.

3 But we, frail sojourners below,
The pilgrim heirs of guilt and wo,
Must seek a tabernacle where
Our scatter'd souls may blend in prayer.

4 O Thou! who o'er the cherubim
Didst shine in glories veil'd and dim,
With purer light our temple cheer,
And dwell in unveil'd glory here.

---

159. *The restoration of Israel.*

1 Arise, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal;
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Lord, shall thy wrath forever burn?
And will thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

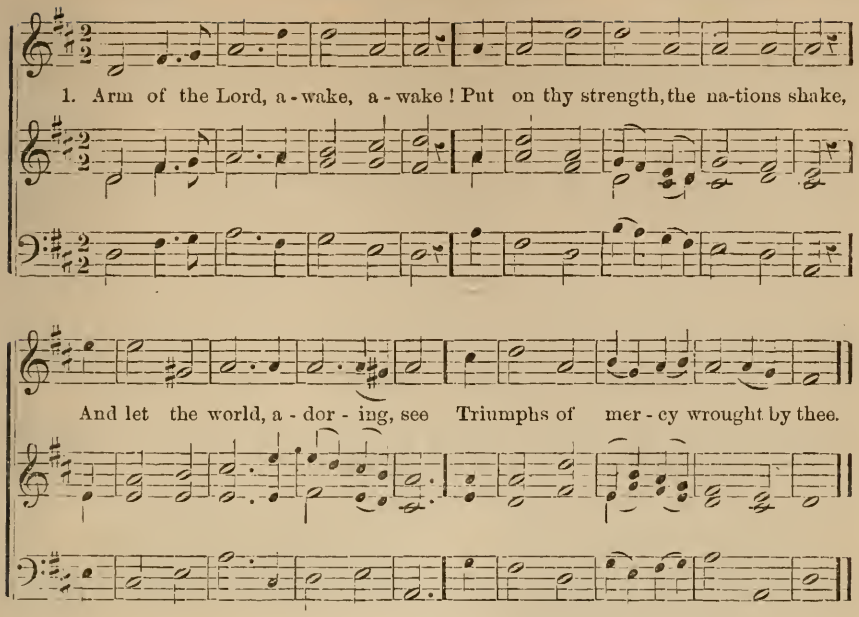
---

160. *"Glad homage."*

1 With one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Oh, enter ye his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press:
And stil your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

3 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.



2 Say to the heat'en, from thy throne,
I am Jehovah—God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let creature blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

---

162. *Calm in the storm.*

1 GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous winds arise;
Glory to thee, the sov'reign Lord
Of air, and earth, and sea, and skies.

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform:
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gath'ring storm.

3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.

4 Rage, while our faith the Savior tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will;
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise,
But fall when he shall say,—Be still.

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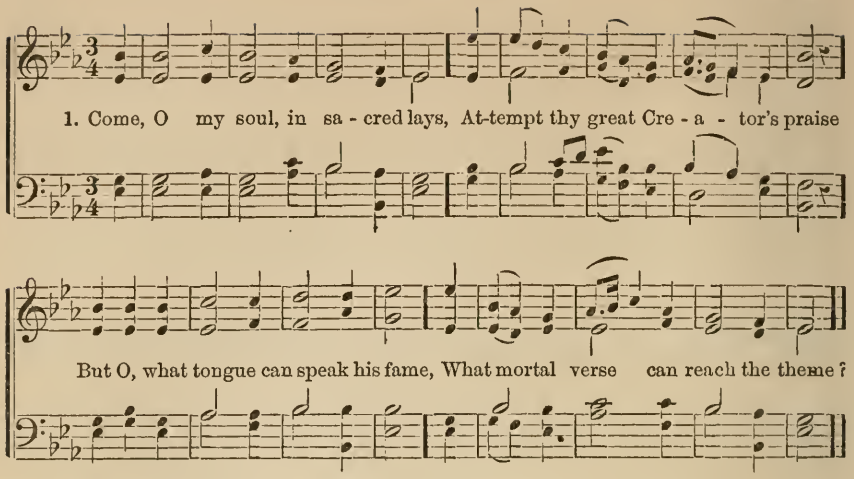
163. *The bond of love.*

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee:
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, now thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great bond,—the love of thee.

4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes,
With beams of everlasting day.



2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his Name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

---

165. *The glories of Jehovah.*

1 Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious Name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.

2 Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving Name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.

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166. *The heavens declare his glory.*

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:

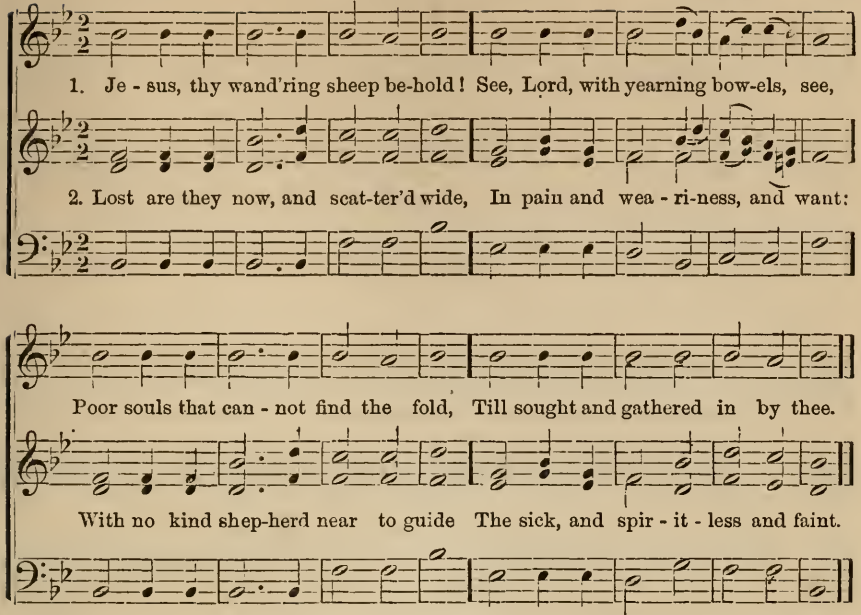
2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pol to pole.

5 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid he radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.



3 Thou, only thou, the kind, and good,
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of gen'ral grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;
Preachers who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Thine only glory let them seek;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

168. *Embracing the Savior by faith.*

1 Into thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me by thy grace.
Now righteous through thy grace I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,—
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy flight from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray;
Let thy word richly in me dwell,—
Thy peace and love my portion be:
My joy t' endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

169. *Infinite indebtedness.*

1 Great God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty Name;
Thy hand revolves the circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence our being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 Our life, and health, and friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

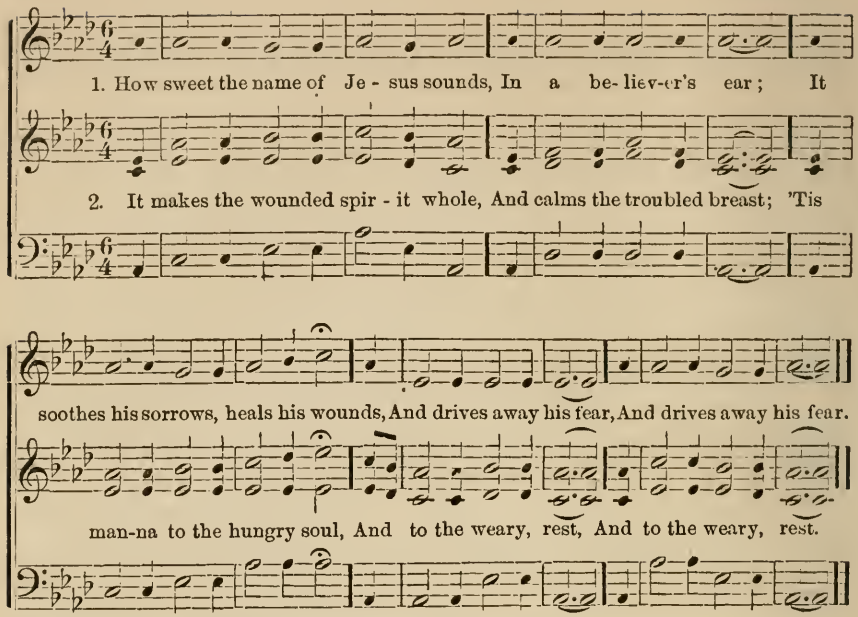
4 Thus may we sing till nature cease,—
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

170. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS. 1837.



3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

---

171. *United—though separated.*

1 Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

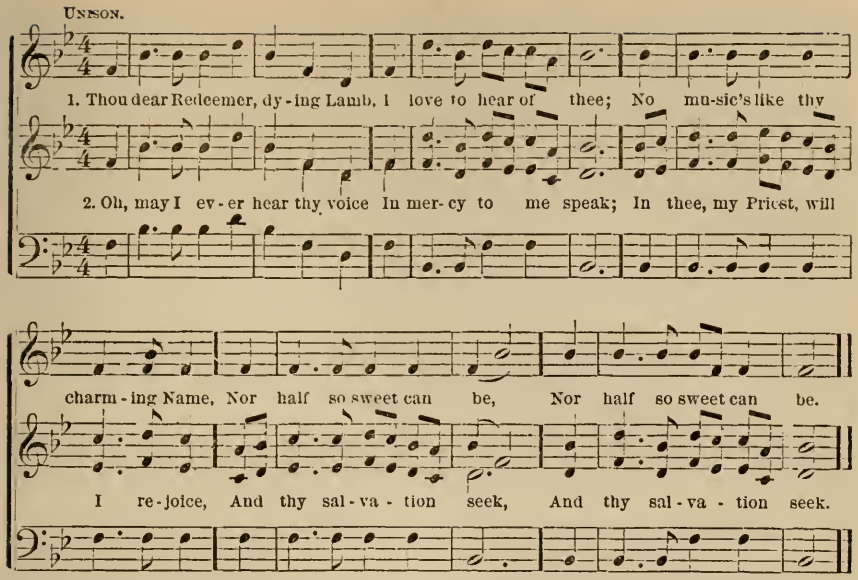
---

172. *Light upon the narrow path.*

1 Bright was the guiding-star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,—
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! the Scriptures' clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.

3 O let us tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
And thus escape the coming wrath,
And reign with him in heaven.



3 While Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

---

174. *At evening time it shall be light.*

1 We journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,—
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light!

3 Though earth-born shadows now may [shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd,—
At eve it shall be light.

---

175. *The goodly city in prospect.*

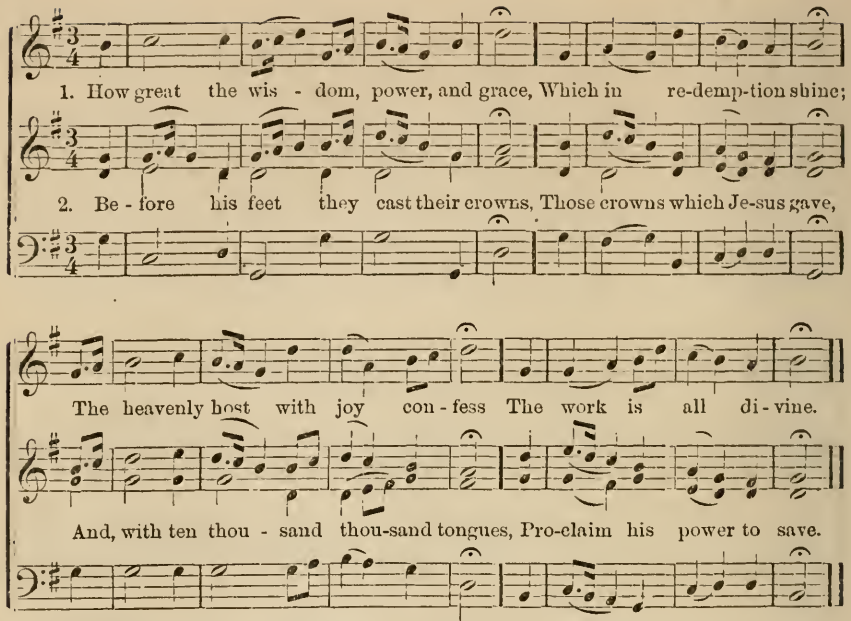
1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.



3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The suff'rings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,—
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

177. *Thy will be done.*

1 Thy presence, Lord, the place shall fill;
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice,
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home:
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

178. *The Lord, my portion.*

1 Eternal Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O! could I say,—the Lord is mine!
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O! speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

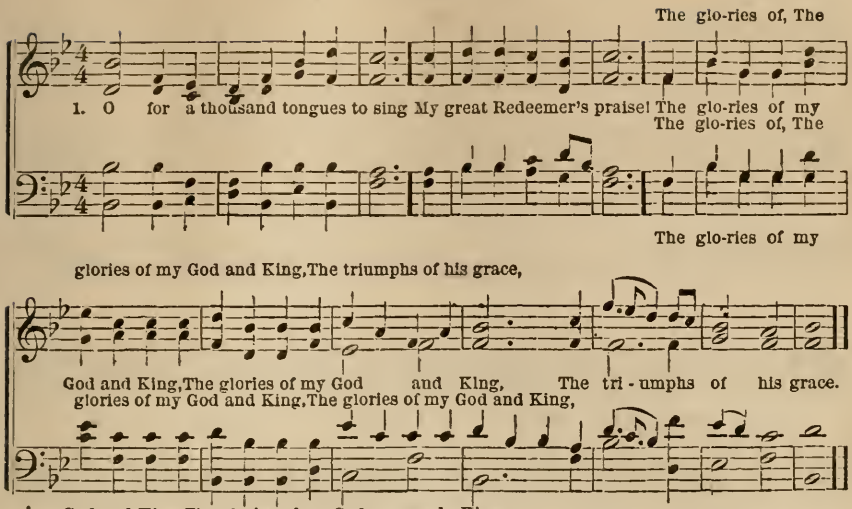
3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice,
To spread thy praise abroad.

179. *The entire surrender.*

1 O Savior, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne:
Bid every rival, Lord, depart,
And reign, O Christ, alone.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign:
My longing heart, O Savior, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide
I give it all to thee.



2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin;
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks,—and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

181. *God, my all-sufficient portion.*

1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

182. *All-sufficiency of the Gospel.*

1 The gospel! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

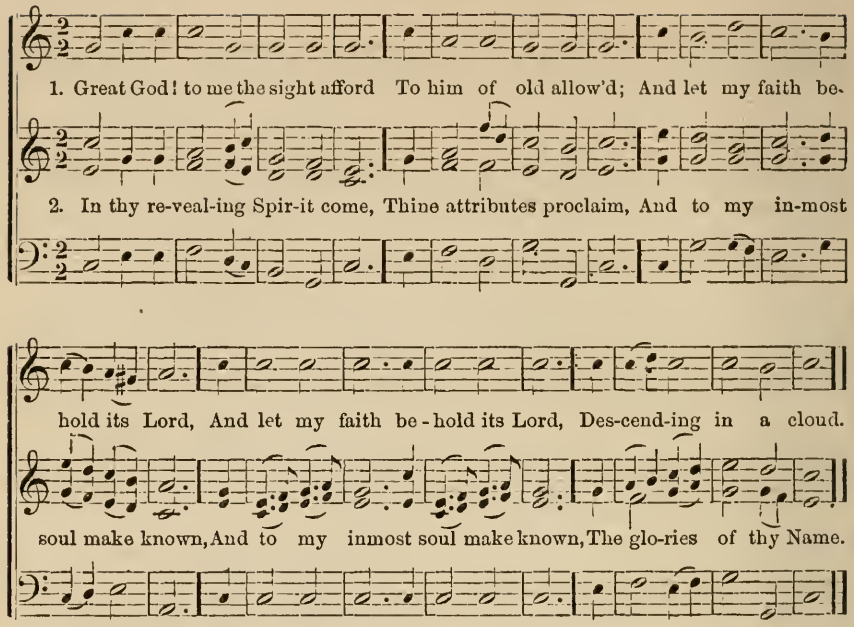
3 Th' Almighty Former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wond'ring eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine—
Thy fulness I implore.

5 On thee alone my help relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all.

183. LANESBORO'. C. M.

English Melody.



3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be;
Fountain of being and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art,
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That fav'rite name of love.

---

184. *Strength renewed by waiting upon the Lord.*

1 Lord, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Savior's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

185. *Joining the song of the Church triumphant.*

1 Sing we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

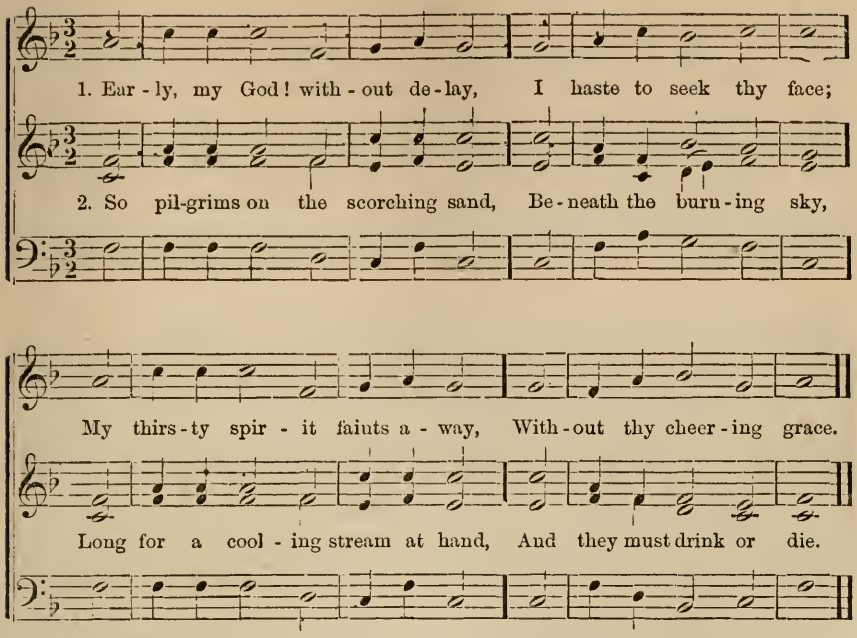
2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Savior and his flock, appear,
One shepherd, and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suff'ring, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the song in heaven.



3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

---

187. *Grace implored in baptism.*

1 Celestial dove, come from on high,
And on the water brood:
Come, with thy quick'ning power apply
The water and the blood.

2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figure still.

3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew;
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
The work we have to do.

188. *Unwearied earnestness.*

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

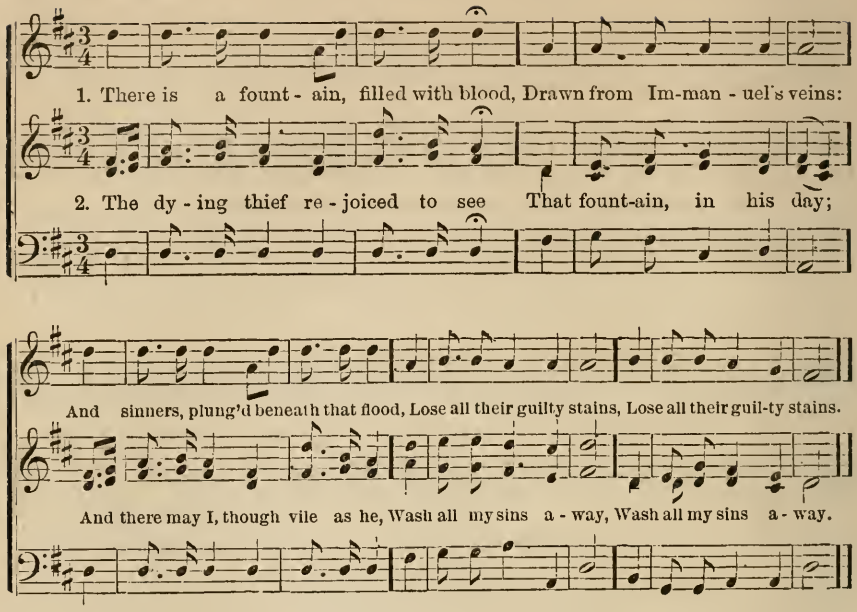
2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live:
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face:
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.



3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

---

190. *Grateful remembrance.*

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

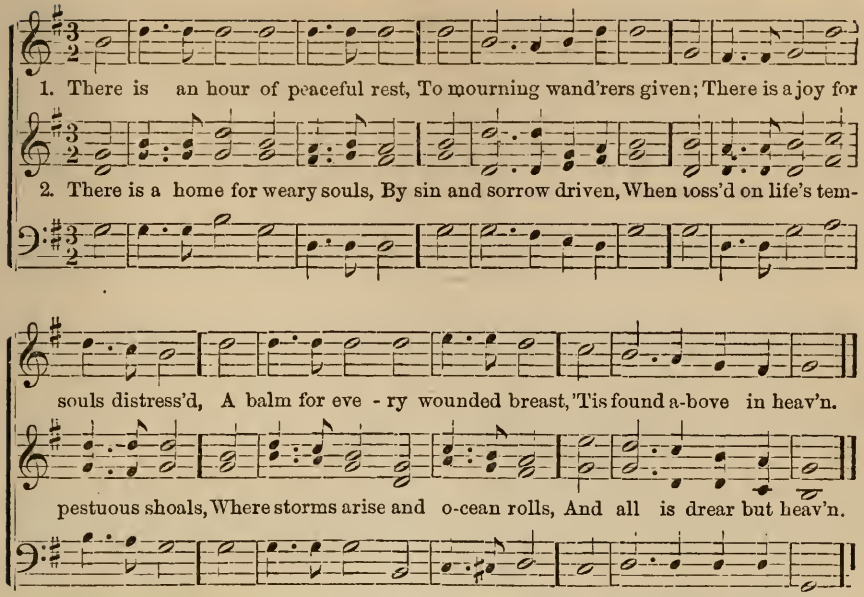
---

191. *He is faithful that hath promised.*

1 Jesus, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

2 O when wilt thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,—
A perfect rest from sin?

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfill'd.



3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

193. *Evening.—Solitude.*

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away,
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

194. *The wanderer recalled.*

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

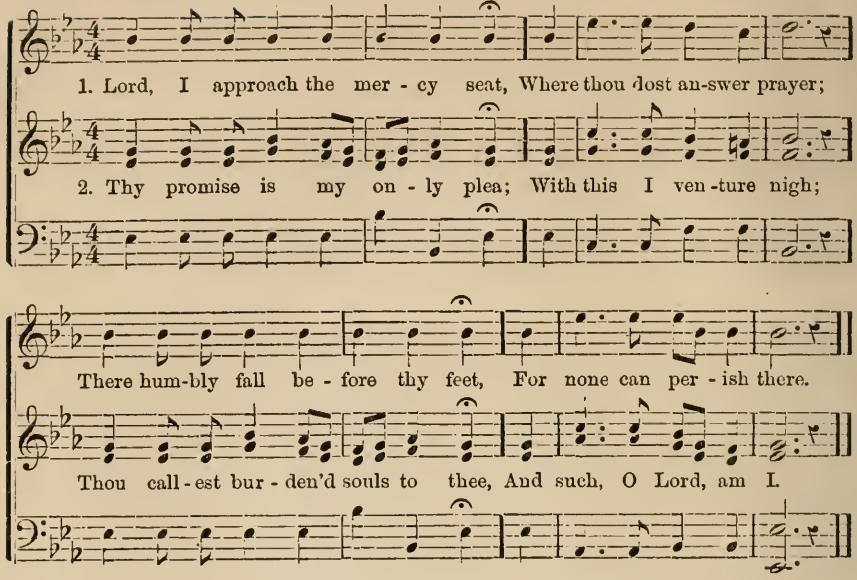
3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest;
The Savior's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

195. NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L MASON, 1836.



3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace,—
In Jesus crucified.

5 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

---

196. *Fear of hell.*

1 Terrible thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin forever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:—

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah! no;—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

---

197. *The leper.*

1 Jesus, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,—
Present to heal,—in me display
The virtue of thy Name.

2 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

3 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

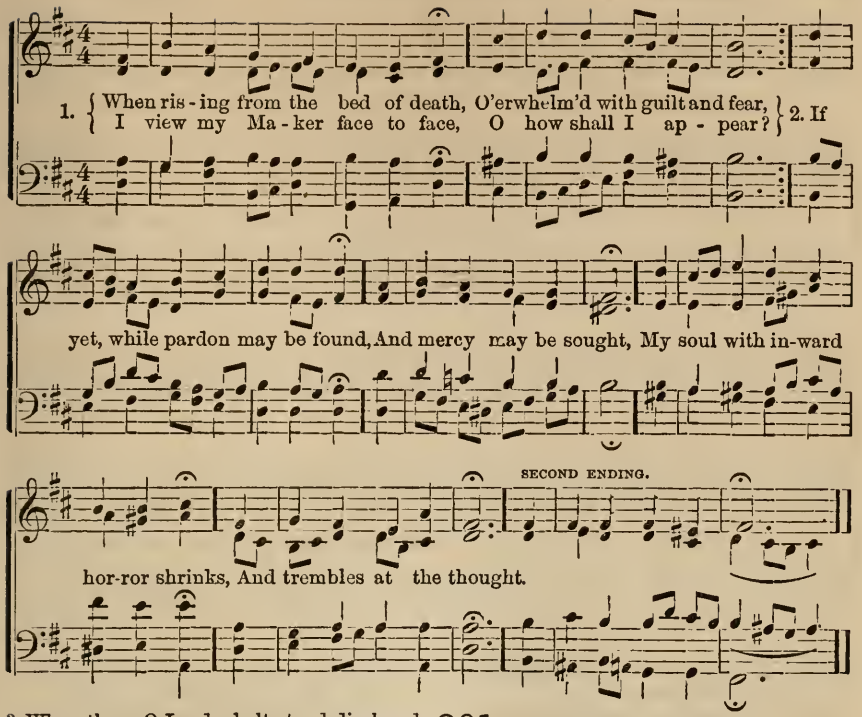
---

198. *Self-loathed; Christ exalted.*

1 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,—
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love.

2 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

3 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.



3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,—
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament;
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.

200. *Knocking at the door of mercy.*

1 Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart, and downcast eye
Thy favor we implore.

2 Without thy grace, we sink oppress'd,
Down to the gates of hell;
O give our troubled spirits rest,—
Our gloomy fears dispel.

3 'Tis mercy, mercy, now we plead;
Let thy compassion move;
Mercy, that led thee once to bleed,
In tenderness and love.

4 In mercy, now, for Jesus' sake,
O God, our sins forgive;
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can break,
And, breaking, bid us live.

201. *Determined Importunity.*

1 Because for me the Savior prays,
And pleads his death for me,
God hath vouchsafed a longer space,
And spared the barren tree.

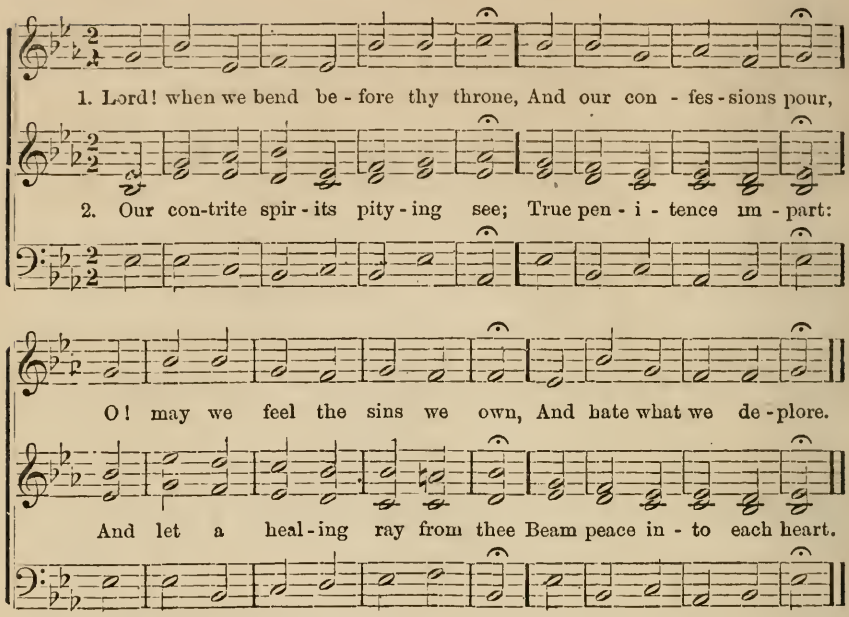
2 Time to repent thou dost bestow;
Now, Lord, the power impart,
And let mine eyes with tears o'erflow,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 I now from all my sins would turn,
To my atoning God;
And look on him I pierced, and mourn,
And feel the sprinkled blood:—

4 Would nail my passions to the cross,
Where my Redeemer died;
And all things else account but loss
For Jesus crucified.

5 Giver of penitential pain,
Before thy cross I lie;
In grief determined to remain
Till thou thy blood apply.

6 Forgiveness on my conscience seal;
Bestow thy promised rest;
With purest love thy servant fill,
And number with the blest.



3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share;
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too.

---

203. *He justifieth the ungodly.*

1 Lovers of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
For you the Savior spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him who died for thee;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

---

204. *Comfort from the Bible.*

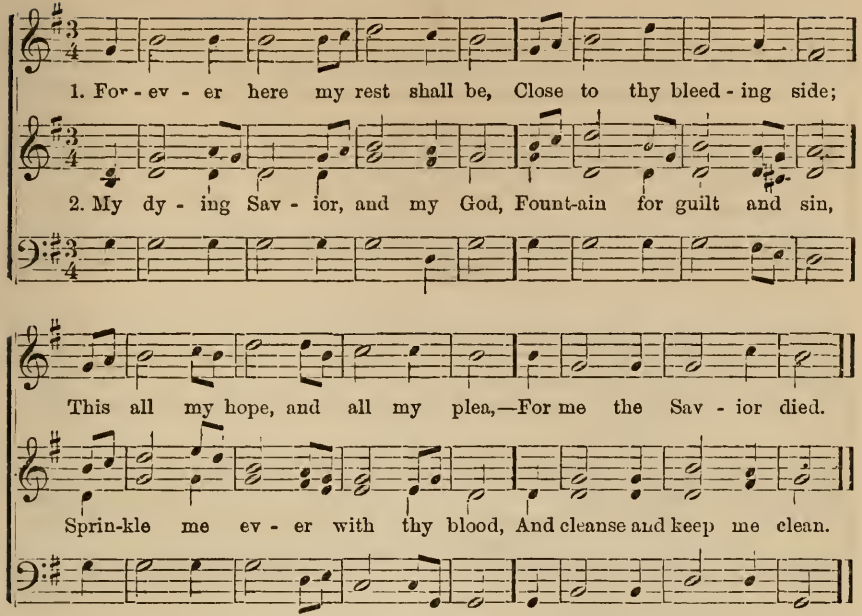
1 Lord! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
These shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies:—

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest:—
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

206. *Safety in union.*

1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

207. *Lord, help my unbelief.*

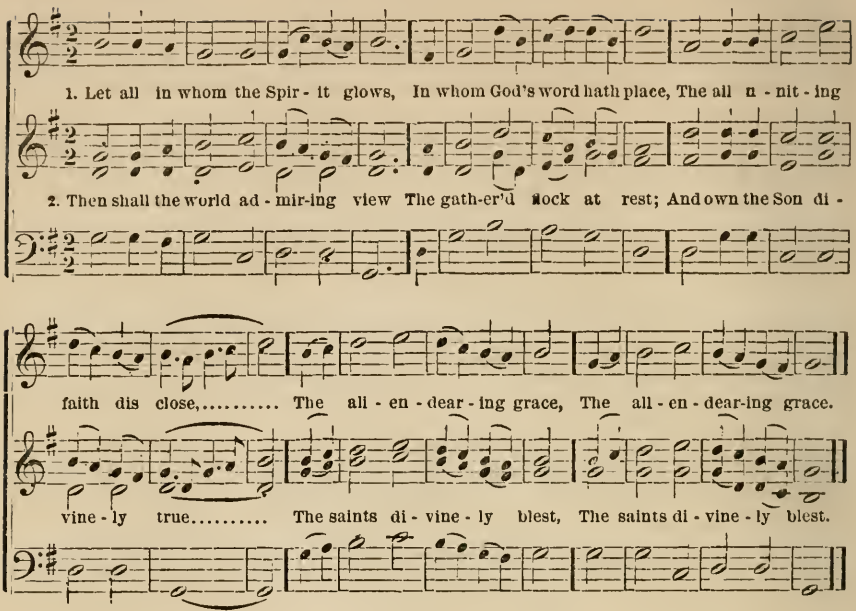
1 How sad our state by nature is;
Our sin, how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness
My Jesus, and my all.



209. *The type of everlasting rest.*

1 Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

210. *The Lamb worshiped on earth and in heaven.*

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

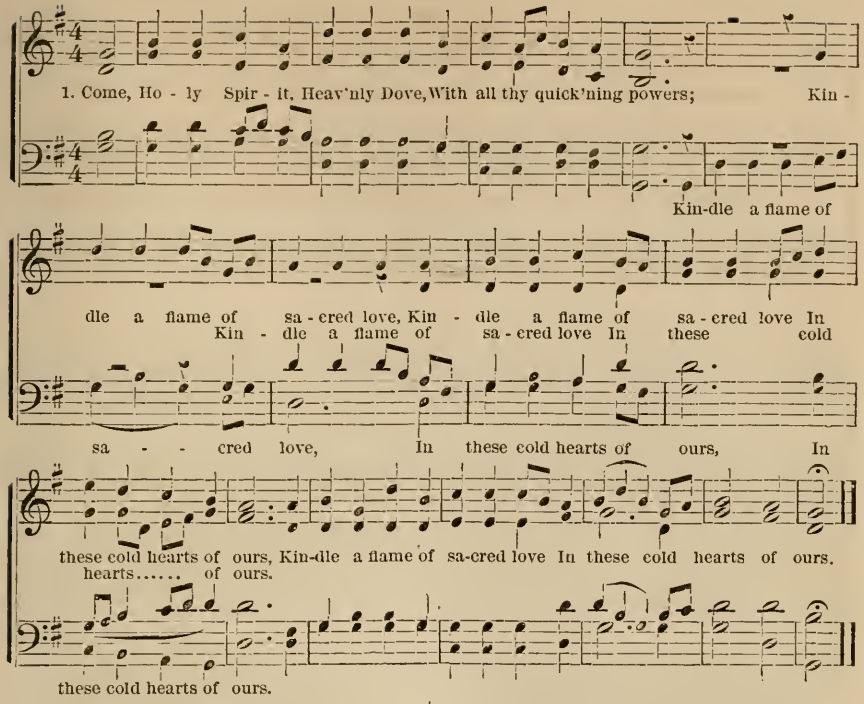
211. *Praise,—delightful.*

1 My Savior, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.



2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs, —
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

213. *The race for glory.*

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Savior! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

214. *Life, light, and love.*

1 Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Savior, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

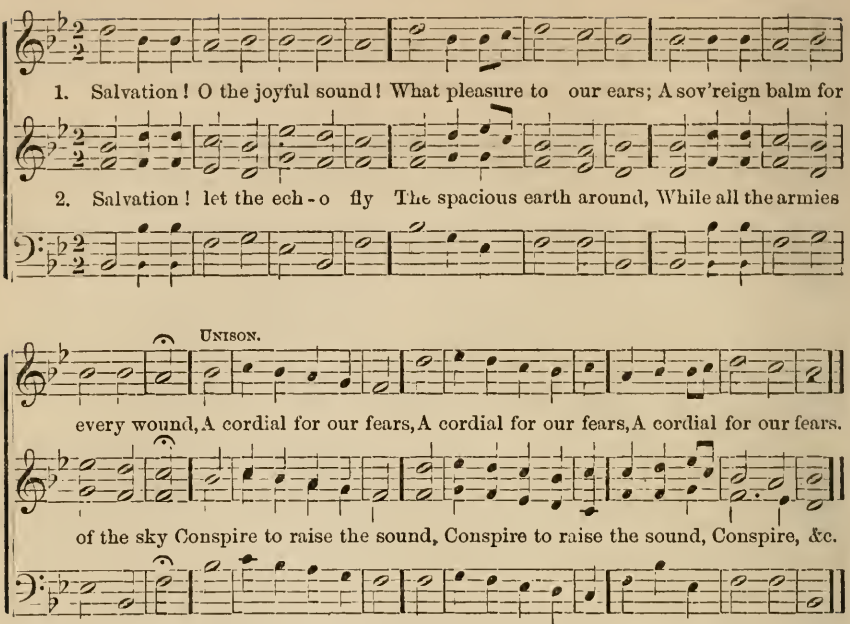
3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

* Not suited for congregational use.

215. CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

Dr. JOHN RANDALL, 1790.



3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

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216. *Returning to Zion with songs of praise.*

1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, —Give up thy charge!
And,—Keep not back, O north!

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

217. *The universal bond of love.*

1 The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

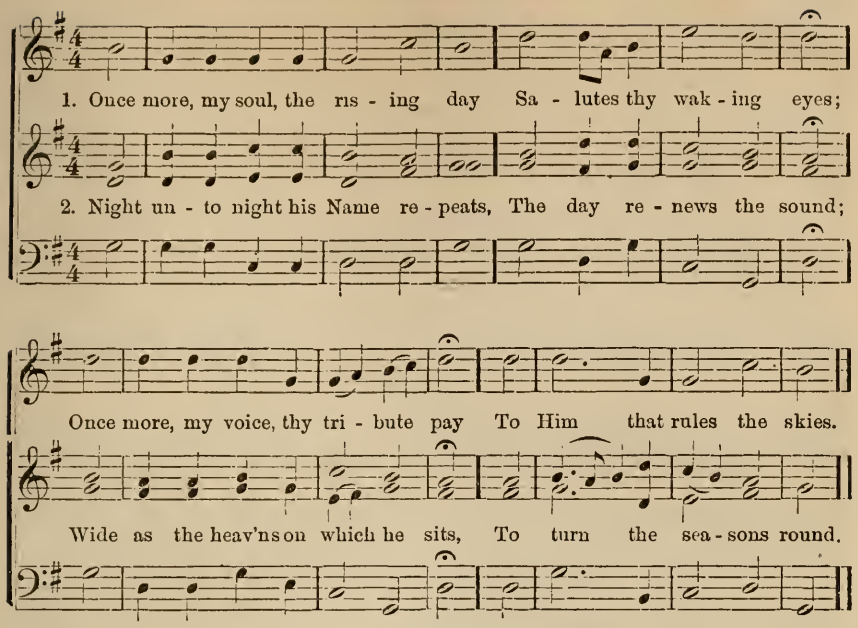
2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.



3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

---

219. *The exceeding great reward.*

1 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this be given!
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

2 Come, O my Savior, come away;
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

3 The bliss thou hast for me prepared,
No longer be delay'd:
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

220. *Source of light and joy.*

1 Great Spirit, by whose mighty power,
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail! Source of light! arise and shine,
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Savior glorified.

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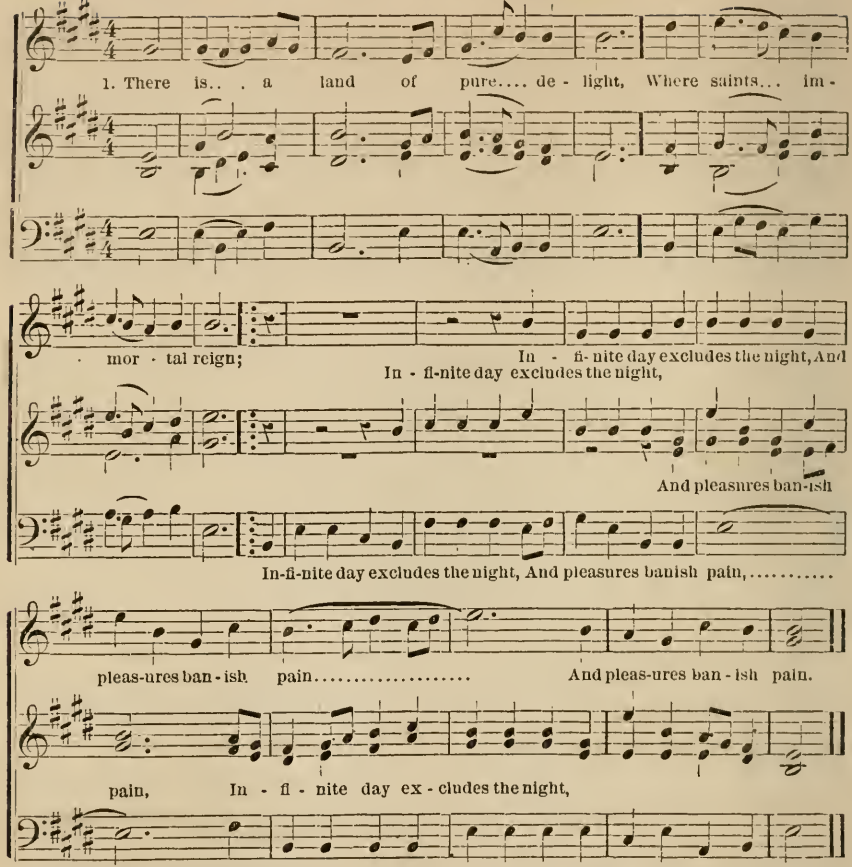
221. *The Holy Spirit witnessing with ours.*

1 Eternal Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love—
The pure celestial fire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing,
With guilt and fear oppress'd;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

222. EXHORTATION.* C. M.

HIBBARD.



2 There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

---

223. *The Promised Land.*

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

* Not suited for congregational use.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay,
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

224. *The Gospel feast.*

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

225. *The invitation.*

1 The King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast
And bless the Founder's name.

226. *The loadstone of His love.*

1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

227. *"Jeausalem, my happy home."*

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

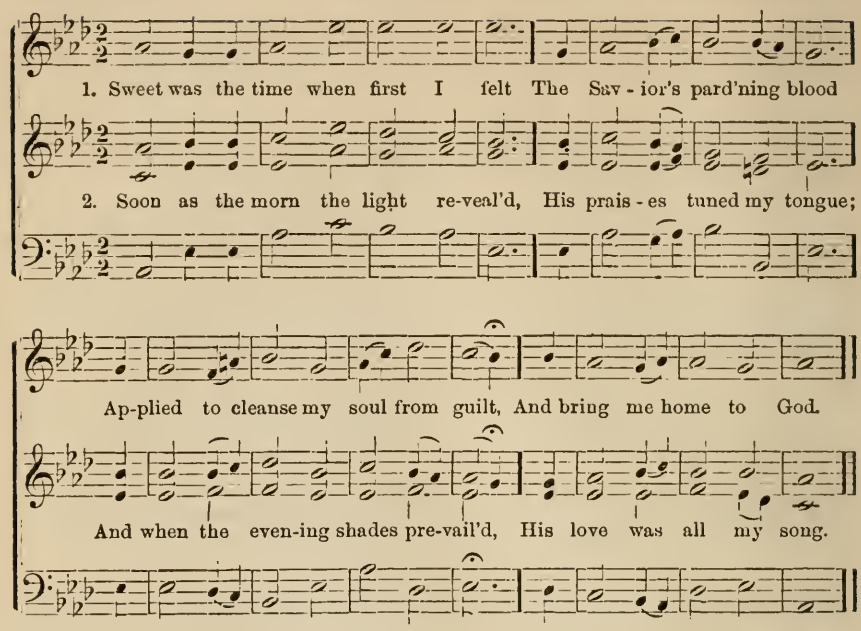
3 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

4 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

228. DEDHAM. C. M.

Wm GARDINER, 1830.



3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share.

---

229. *The pastoral office.*

1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th'alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Savior's hands.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

---

230. *Come, Lord Jesus.*

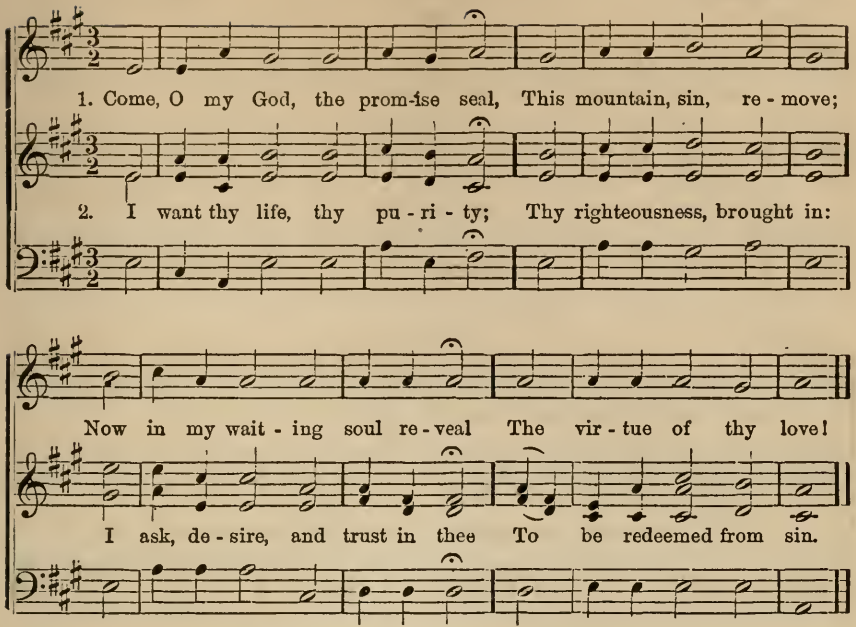
1 O Jesus! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restored to our unsinning state,—
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Savior, from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us truly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin
And pure as those above;
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfill;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given
Thy love diffused abroad:
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever fill'd with God.



3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out;
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display:
I can no longer doubt.

4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Savior, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Savior, thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

---

232. *Invoking God's presence and blessing.*

1 Within thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart:
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

---

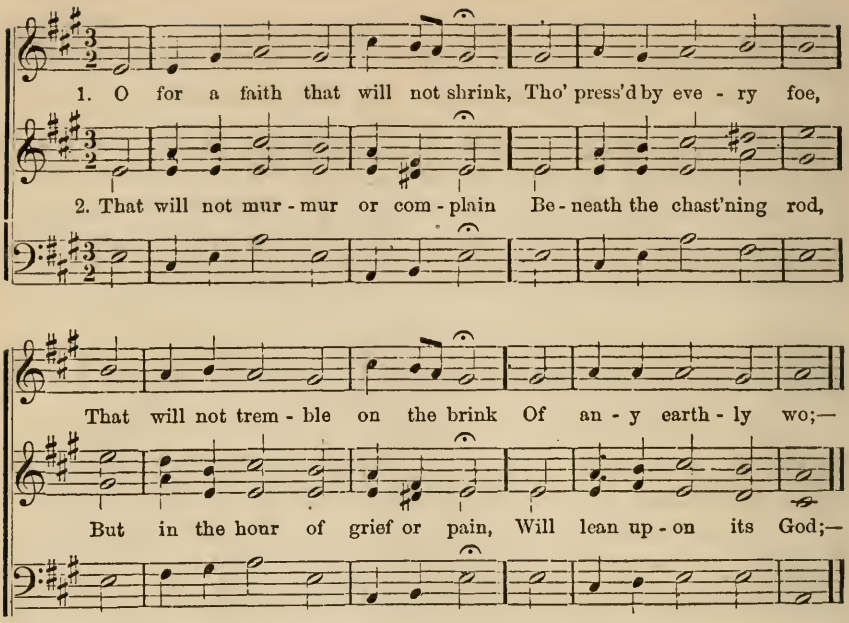
233. *The blessedness of adoption.*

1 And can my heart aspire so high
To say,—My Father, God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father, God, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart
In my Redeemer's name.



3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

---

235. *The garner of God.*

1 Come, thou omniscient Son of man,
Display thy sifting power;
Come, with thy Spirit's winn'wing fan,
And thoroughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, th' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven:
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

4 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved to the utmost, saved below,
And perfected in thee.

---

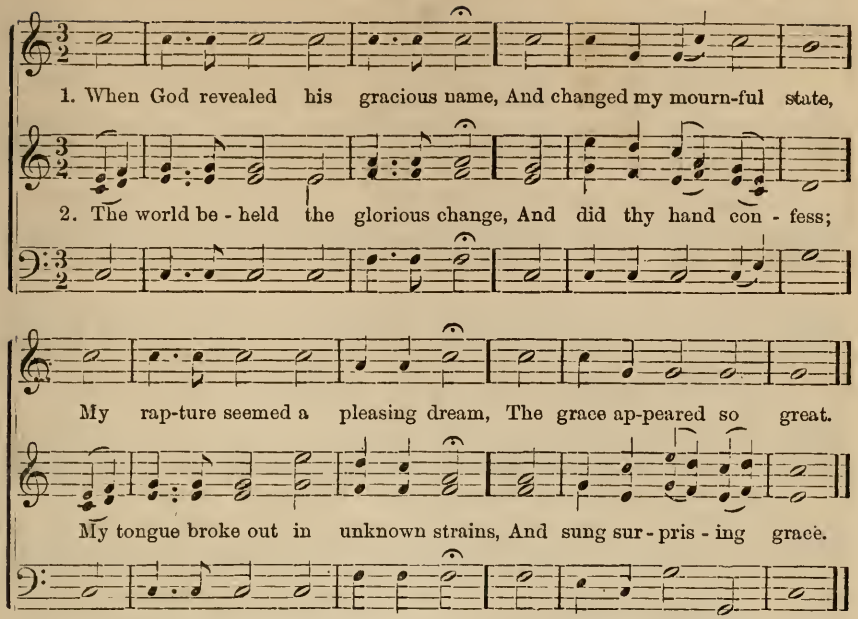
236. *Easter Sunday.*

1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.



3 "Great is the work!" my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work!" my heart replied,—
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come:
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

238. *Anniversary.*

1 Hosanna, be the children's song,
To Christ the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer, still
Woods echo through the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

239. *Children in heaven.*

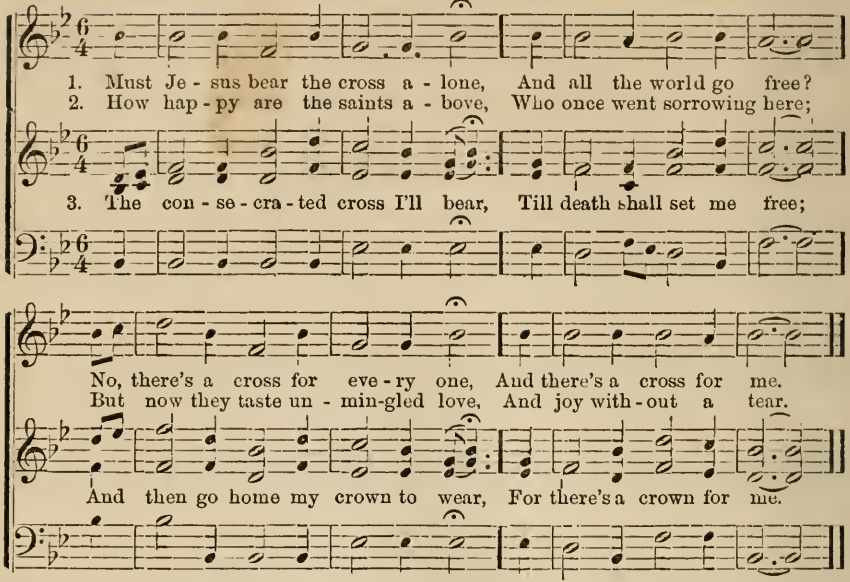
1 There is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark, amid the sacred songs,
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frame decay:
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this serious thought,
To-day on every breast:
That both the teachers and the taught,
May dwell among the blest.



241. *Pleading the promises.*

1 Mercy alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die:—

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me?—No:
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.

4 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe:
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

242. *Struggling into liberty.*

1 Jesus, Redeemer, Savior, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me.

3 Faith to be healed thou knowest I have,
For thou that faith hast given;
Thou canst, thou wilt, the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

243. *The shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*

1 Now to the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high.

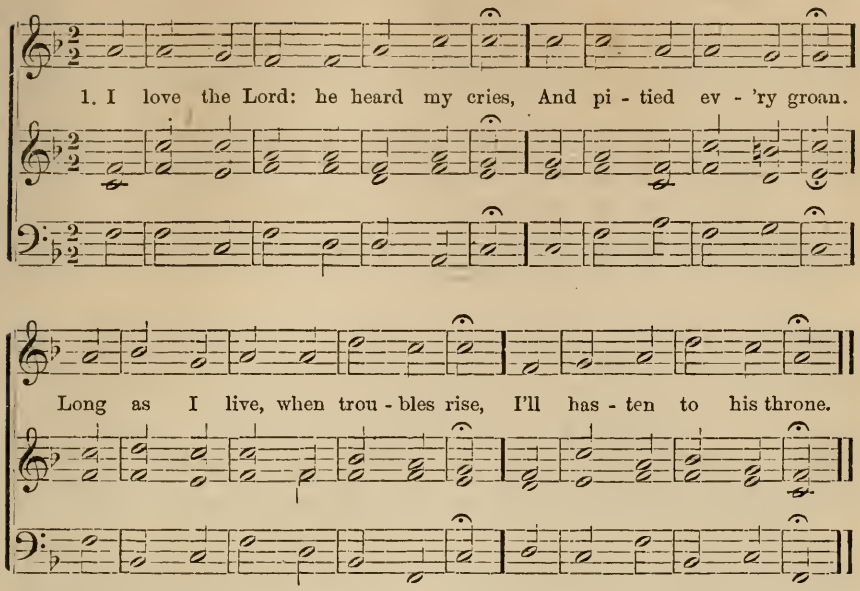
2 Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be:
Hide me, my Savior, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

3 As welcome as the water-spring
Is to a barren place,
Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4 As o'er a parched and weary land,
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Savior, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

5 In all the times of my distress
Thou hast my succor been;
And in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;

6 How swift to save me didst thou move
In every trying hour;
O still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.



2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my grief away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me, sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove:
Return my soul to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

245. *The returning prodigal.*

1 The long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,—
In pensive silence mourn,—
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
The long-lost son is found.

246. *Light shining out of darkness.*

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

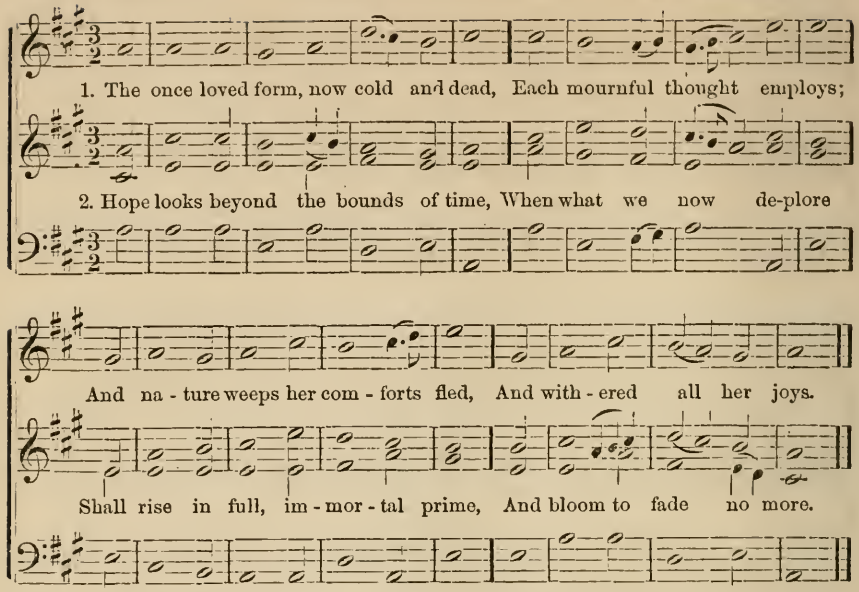
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.



3 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears!
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that can not die.

248. *Glory, mercy, grace.*

1 Father, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy Name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:

4 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

249. *National deliverance ascribed to God.*

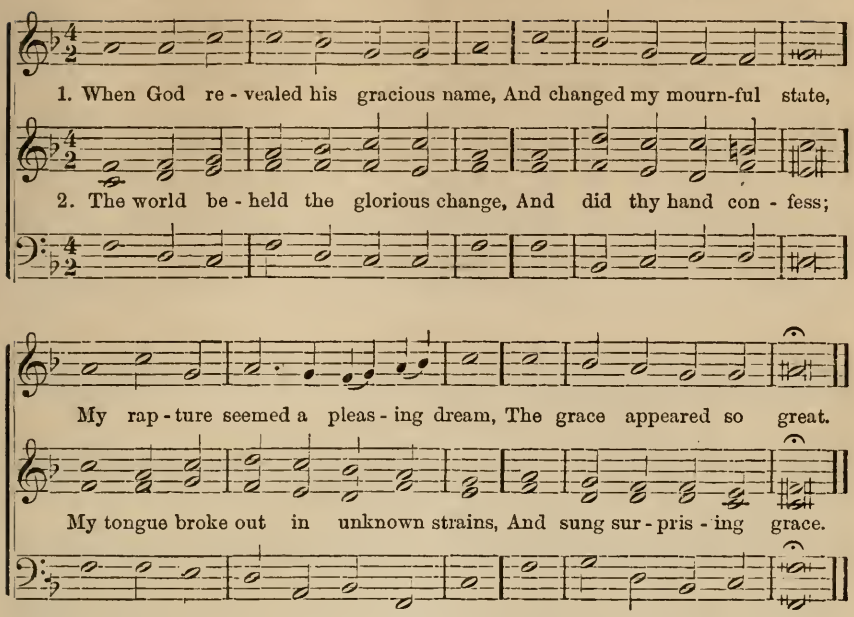
1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, or their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, or their strength,
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored,—
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great Name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy Name.



3 "Great is the work!" my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work!" my heart replied,—
"And be the glory thine.

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come:
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
'Twill not deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

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251. *God's pavilion.*

1 GRANT me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
Forever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet:—

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

3 Seek ye my face;—without delay,
When thus I hear thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God! remember me.

---

252. *To God all things are possible.*

1 O THAT thou wouldst the heavens rend,
In majesty come down,—
Thine arm omnipotent extend,
And seize me for thine own.

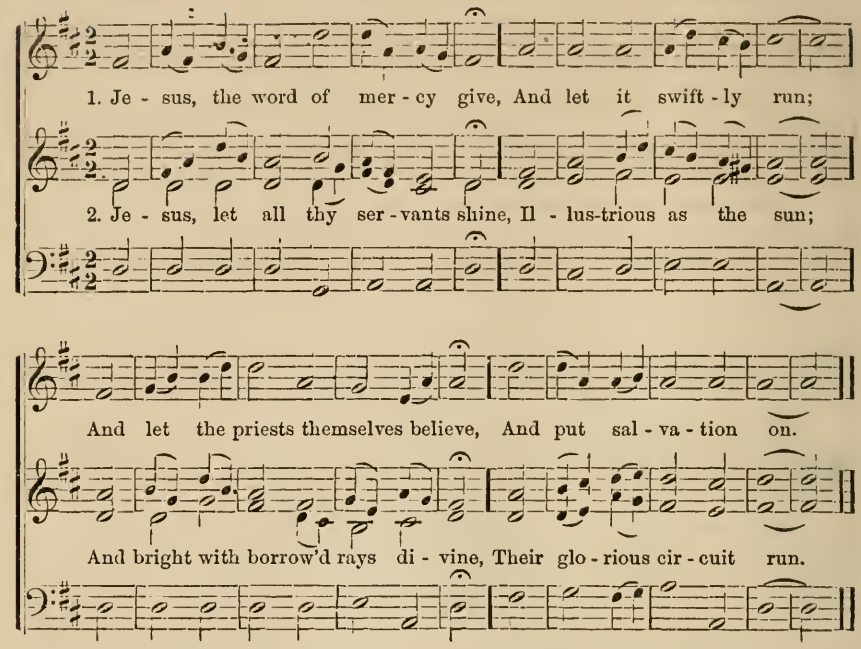
2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

253. WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY
Circ. 1810.



3 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

4 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

5 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

254. *Sunday morning: Preparing for worship.*

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,—
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

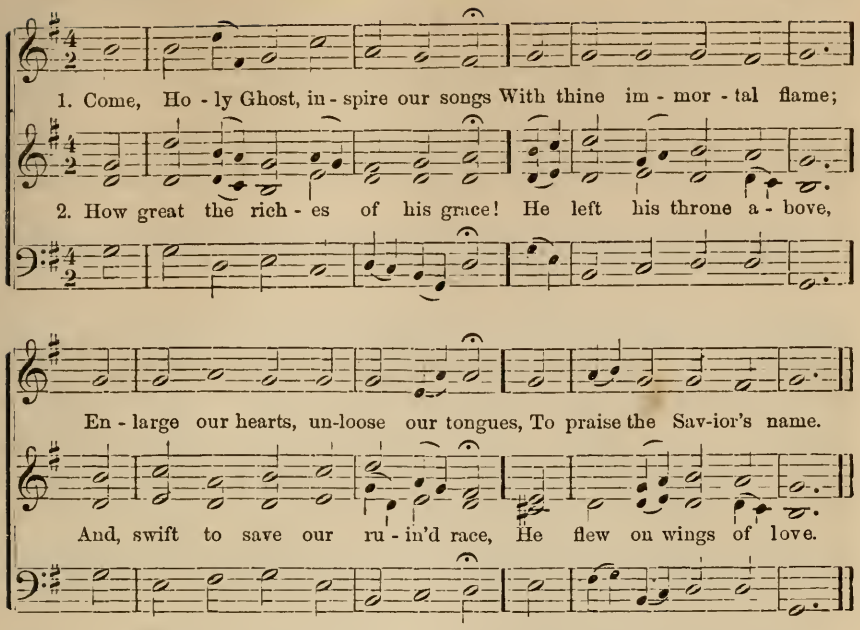
255. *On earth as it is heaven.*

1 Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfill.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.



3 Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

4 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our low abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of such transcendent love.

257. *The world has lost its charms.*

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

258. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

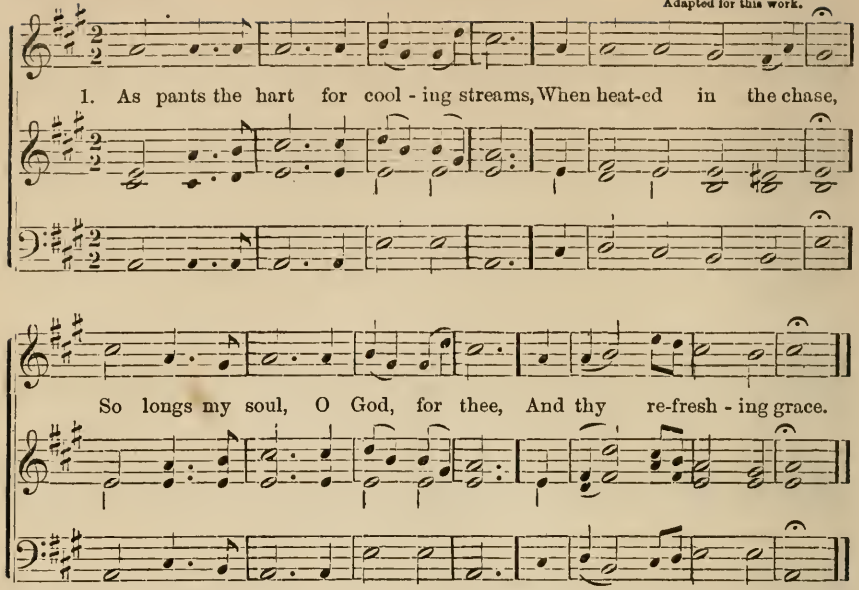
2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—Oh! amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

From Modern Harp.
Adapted for this work.



2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Savior, and thy King.

260. *Longing to be dissolved in love.*

1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Savior, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is Heaven.

261. *The immensity of His grace.*

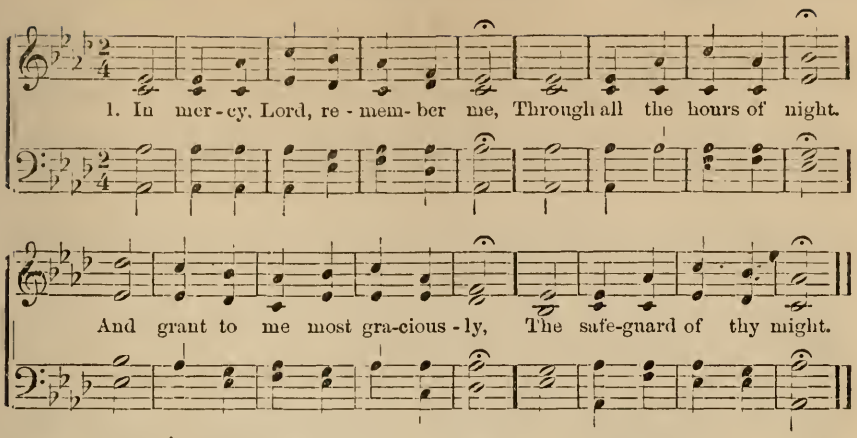
1 What shall I do, my God, to love?
My loving God to praise? [prove,
The length, and breadth, and height to
And depth of sov'reign grace?

2 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

4 My trespass was grown up to Heaven:
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

5 The depth of all redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable.



2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

263. *The fullness of God.*

1 Being of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask: we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will;
Turn and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Savior's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

264. *Peace in Believing.*

1 Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,—
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

265. *The loadstone of His love.*

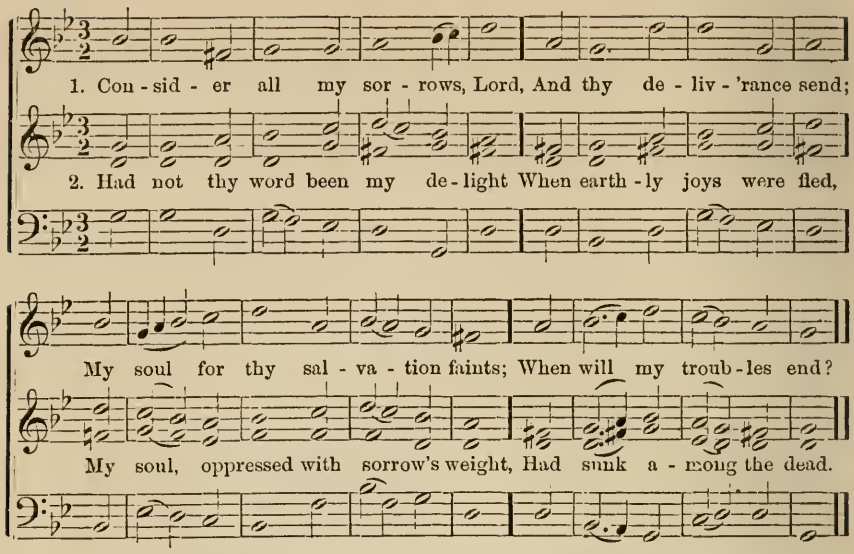
1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,—
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.



3 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

267. *Impending judgments.*

1 Come, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

268. *Overwhelming grief.*

1 O thou, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy suff'ring Son,-

2 O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief
Or, to the chasten'd, let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief.

3 And thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,—
Father, thy will be done:—

4 By thy meek Spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourn'd the chief,
Blest Savior, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this whelming grief.

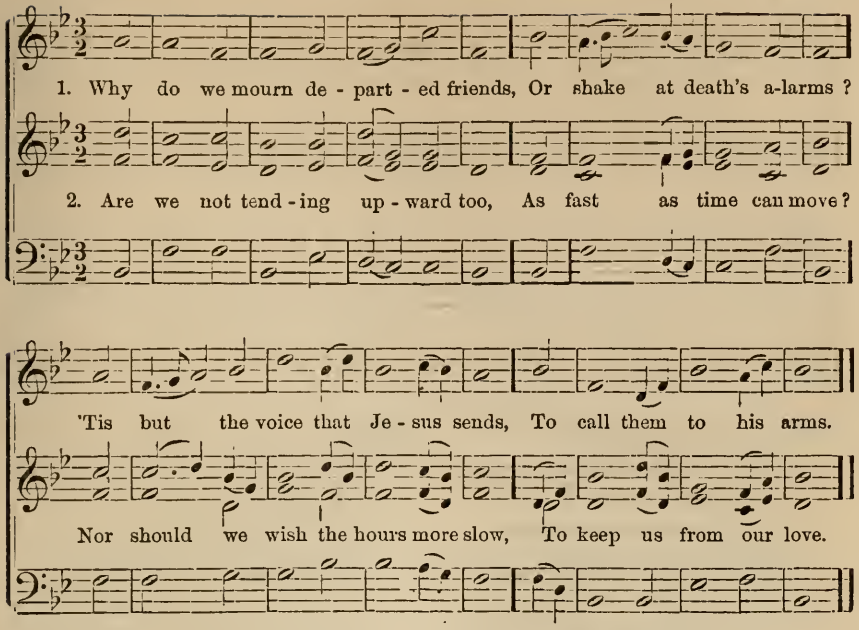
269. *The death of a pastor.*

1 To thee, O God, when creatures fail,
Thy flock, deserted, flies;
And on th' eternal Shepherd's care,
Our steadfast hope relies.

2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust
Thy saints assembled mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O Zion's God, return!

3 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through each succeeding race.

4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless;
And change to strains of cheerful praise
Our accents of distress.



3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:—
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints ascend the skies.

---

271. *Unwearied earnestness.*

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

---

272. *The earnest, and pledge, of joys to come.*

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

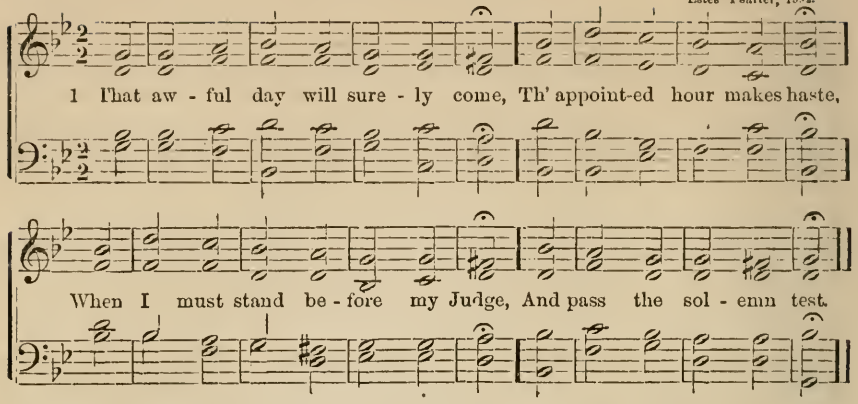
2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

273. WINDSOR. * C. M.

GEORGE KIRBY, Estes' Psalter, 1592.



2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, Depart!

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?—

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

---

274. *Secrets of the heart made known.*

1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

275. *Timely Penitence.*

1 When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,—
O how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:—

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,—
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament;
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Savior's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

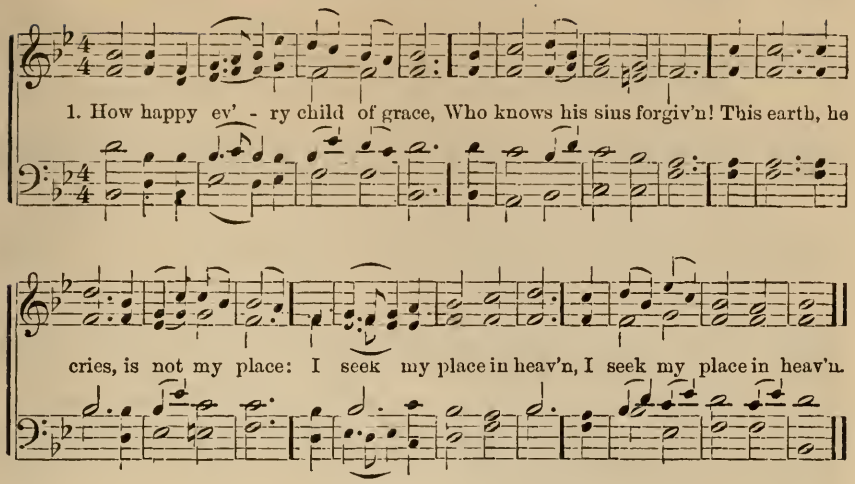
---

276. *Vain Repentances.*

1 Times without number have I pray'd,—
This only once forgive;
Relapsing when thy hand was stay'd,
And suffer'd me to live:

2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

* Dundee is the old name of this tune. The Scotch claim it as a national tune. Burns has reference to it in the line, "Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise;" and another poet said of it, "Could I, when being carried to my grave, wake up just to hear what tune would be sung at it, I should like it to be Dundee or as we call it, Windsor."



2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:

4 We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

5 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;

6 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity.

278. *Faith counted for righteousness.*

1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,—
My Savior, and my Head,—
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abra'm's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised Seed.

4 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from the grave,
And speakest worlds from naught.

5 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given:
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

279. *Victorious faith.*

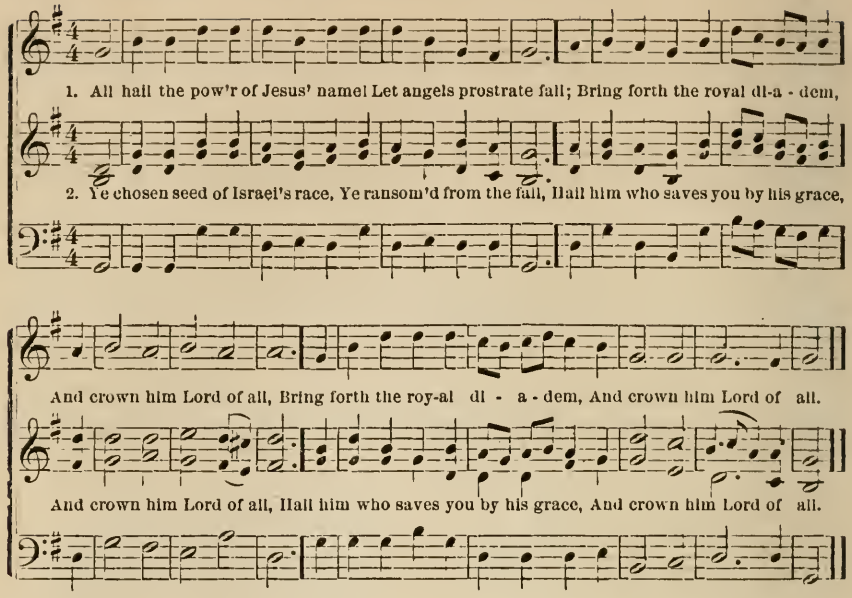
1 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desp'rate, I believe,—
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up;
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.

2 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—It shall be done!

4 To thee, the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give:
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.



3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

---

281. *The refining fire of the Holy Spirit.*

1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My stedfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

---

282. *Perfect harmony, and joy unspeakable.*

1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace;
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree
United all through Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,—
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

---

283. *Praises to the Incarnate Son.*

1 O FOR a thousand seraph tongues
To bless th' Incarnate Word!
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honor of my Lord!

2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore th' eternal Son.

---

284. *Faith sees the final triumph.*

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

---

285. *The minister's only business.*

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,—
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry,—Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name:
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb.

---

286. *The good pleasure of His will.*

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,—
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

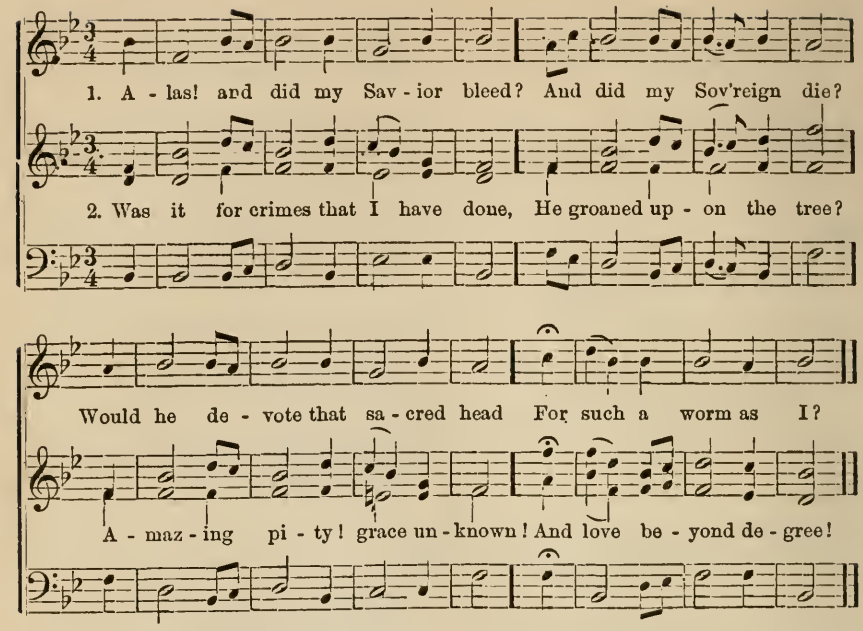
3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Dozology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

---

288. *He died for thee.*

1 Behold the Savior of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine.

---

289. *Approaching the table.*

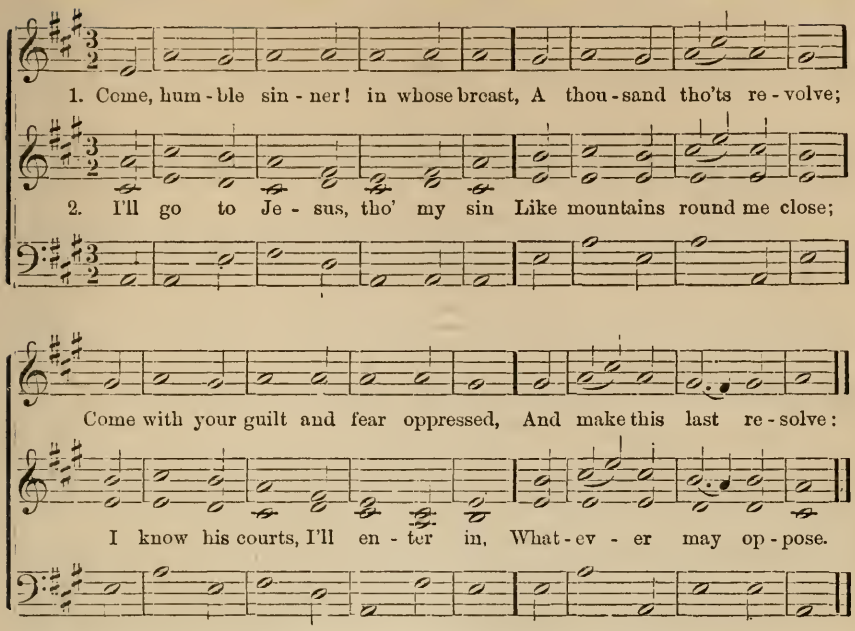
1 Jesus, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.

2 Now, Savior, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

5 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.



3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer,
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go —
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

---

291. *A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.*

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

---

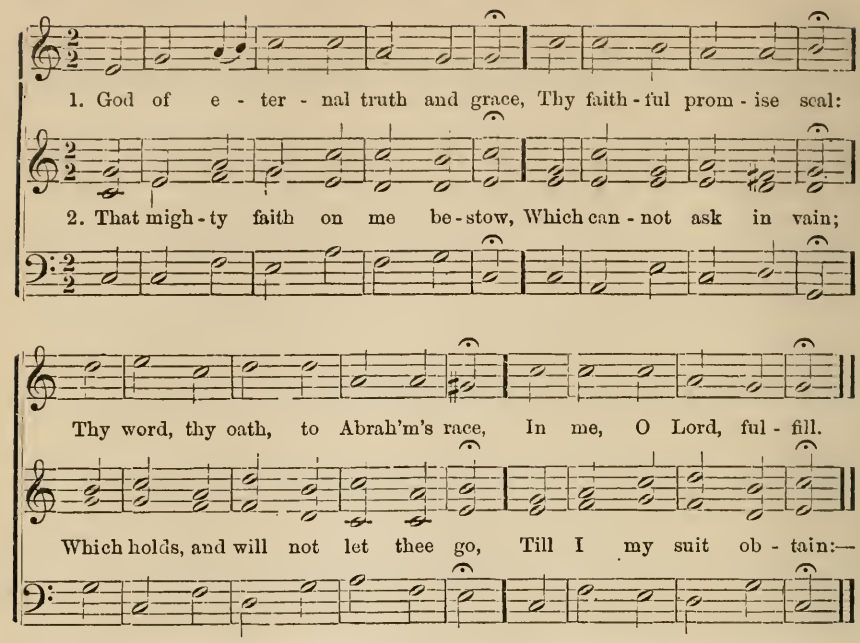
292. *The kingdoms are but one.*

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church, triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.



3 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown ;
And tell my infinite desire,—
Whate'er thou wilt, be done.

4 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move ;
And all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

---

294. *And so fulfill the law of Christ.*

1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up ;
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride :
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

---

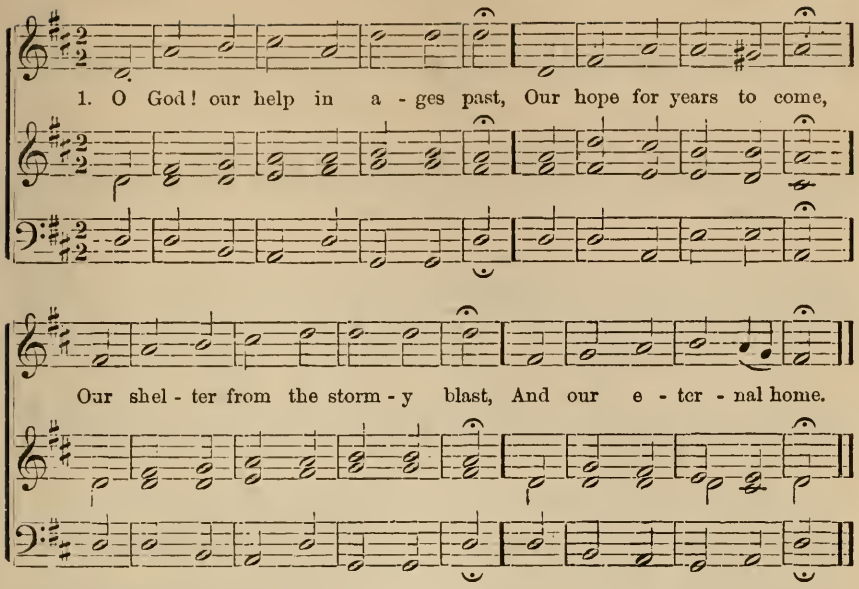
295. *Victory over the fears of death.*

1 O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,—
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;
Death has no sting beside :
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.



2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

297. *The affections crucified.*

1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Savior, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
That would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,—
A temple built by God!

298. *Trusting in the mercy of God.*

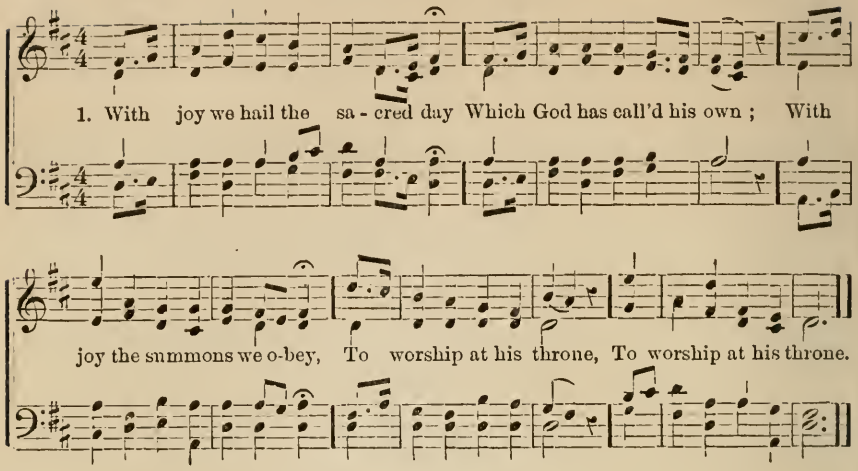
1 Why, O my soul, O why depress'd,
And whence thine anxious fears?
Let former mercies fix thy trust,
And check thy rising tears.

2 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows sweep,
I know the Lord can save.

3 His grace and mercy trust, my soul,
Nor murmur at his rod:
In vain the waves of trouble roll,
While he is still thy God.

299. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

From HANDEL, 1685–1769.



2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

---

300. *A Blessing on the Word.*

1 Once more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

---

301. *Triumphant Joy.*

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe,
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

---

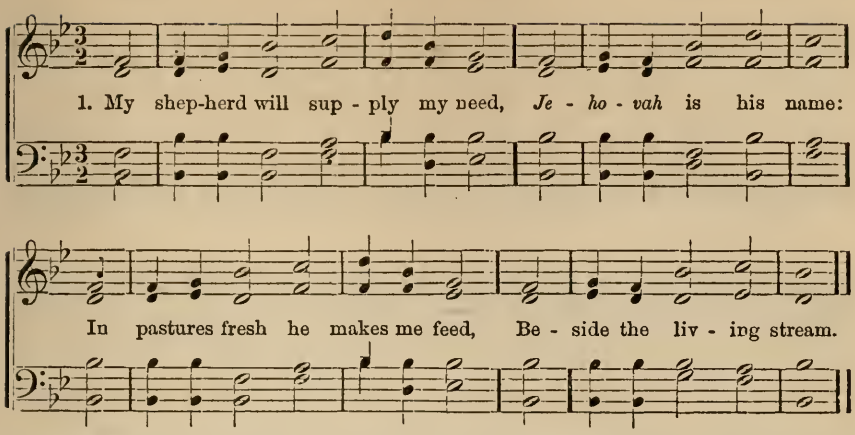
302. *Waiting upon the Lord.*

1 Still, for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will;
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say,—Be still!

3 Be still! and know that I am God;—
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below.

4 I wait my vigor to renew,—
Thine image to retrieve:
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.



2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

---

304. *The only solace in sorrow.*

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimm'd and vanished too;

5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love,
Come brightly waiting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

6 Then sorrow touch'd by him, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

---

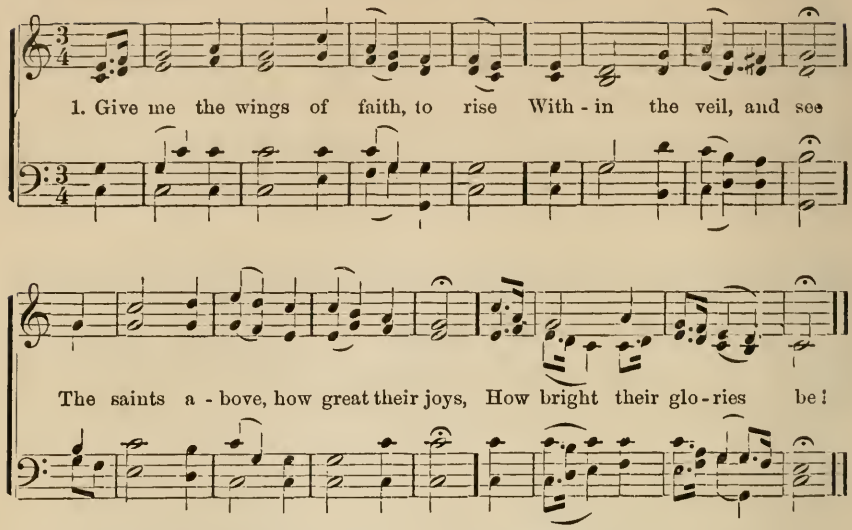
305. *Secret communion with God.*

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utt'rance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend,
And answer, silent prayer.



2 Once they were mourning here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb —
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps he had trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given:
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

---

307. *Sufficiency and freeness.*

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here:
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will — O gracious word! —
May of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

---

308. *The refining fire of the Holy Spirit.*

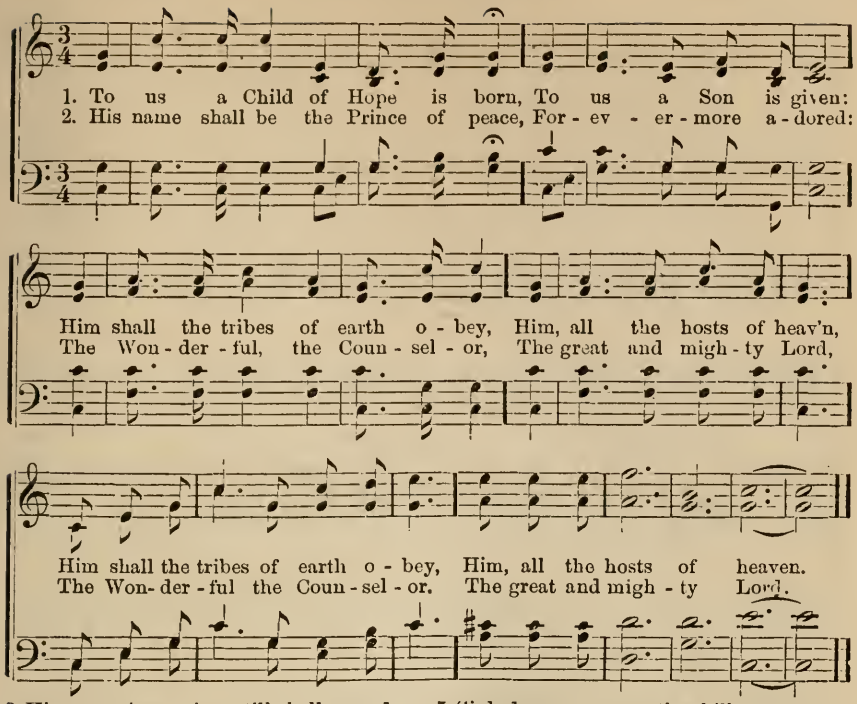
1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul:
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.



3 His power increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given —
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of Heaven.

310. *The rapture of love.*

1 O, 'tis delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name:
My spirit leaps with inward joy;
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,-
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

5 Sink down, ye separating hills;
Let sin and death remove:
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

311. *The desire of nations.*

1 Come, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise;
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.

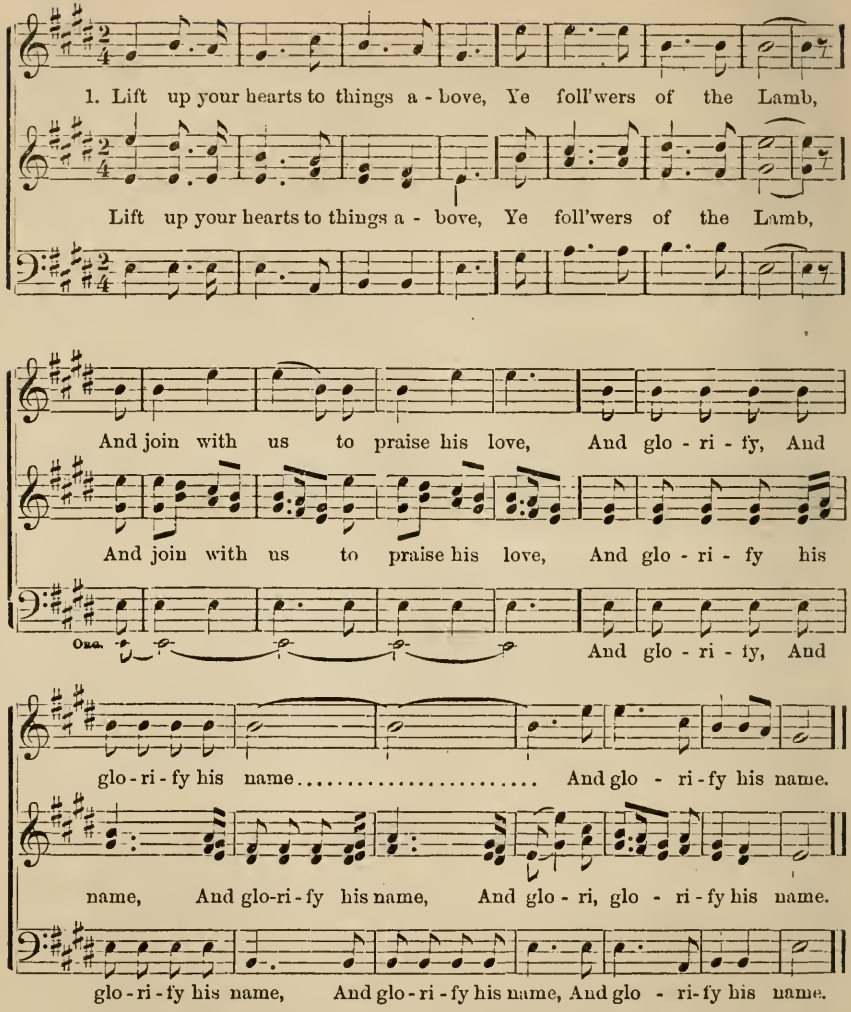
3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Now, Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

312. ANTIOCH. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.
Arr. by Dr. L. MASON, 1836.



2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,—
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:—

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

313. *Glory to God in the highest.*

1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we repeat,—
Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die.

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

---

314. *Design and object of His advent.*

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior, promised long,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

315. *Christ the conqueror.*

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

316.

Worthy of ceaseless praise from all his creatures.

1 Praise ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

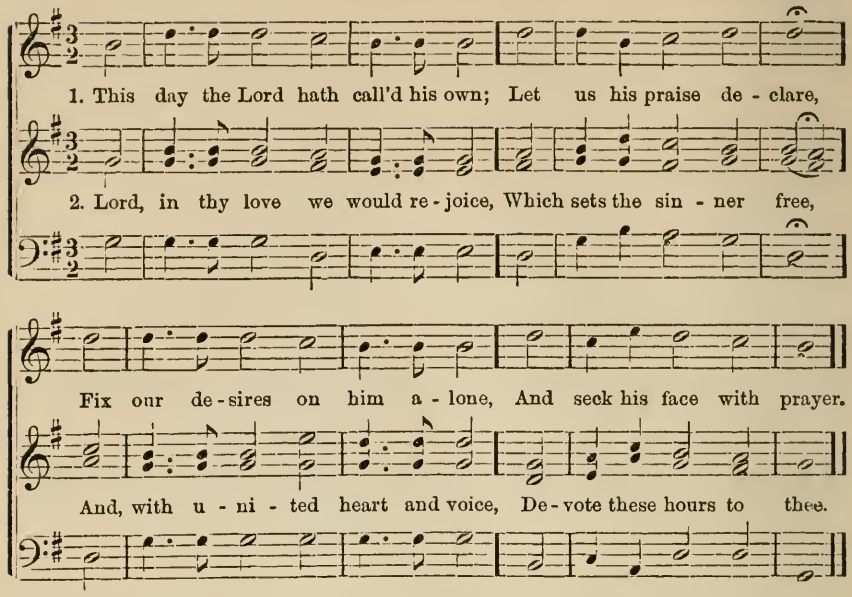
2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.



3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our thoughts employ,
But faith be taught to stretch her wings
Tow'rd heaven's unfailing joy.

4 O let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for our rest.

318. *Pray without ceasing.*

1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let thee go:—

4 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

5 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

319. *The covenant with Abraham.*

1 How large the promise, how divine
To Abrah'm and his seed,—
I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

2 The words of his unbounded love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Cov'nant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

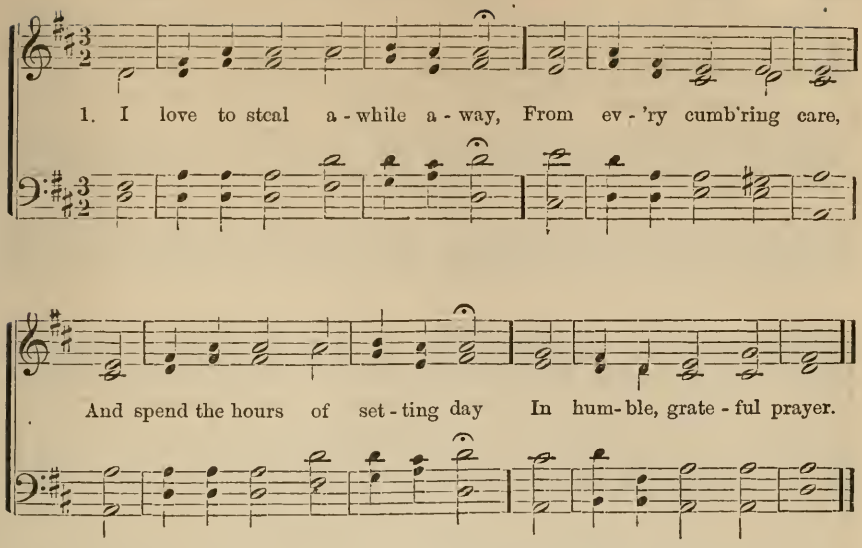
3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

320. *Sweetness of Jesus' name.*

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

---

322. *Sympathy with the afflicted.*

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When, throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Savior flew,
To bless a ruin'd race;
We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue,
Thy bright example trace.

---

323. *Godly Sorrow.*

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Aeknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word;

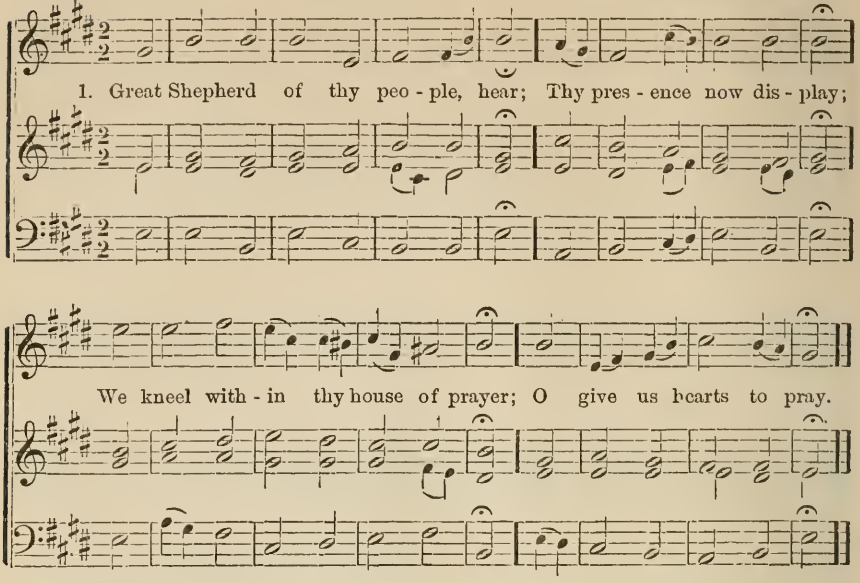
2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 Savior, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,—
My body, in the tomb.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

325. *Our ever-present Guide.*

1 JESUS, the Lord of glory died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From his high throne in bliss, he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Savior and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted he,
Beloved, obey'd, adored.

326. *For a tender conscience.*

1 I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,—
A pain to feel it near:

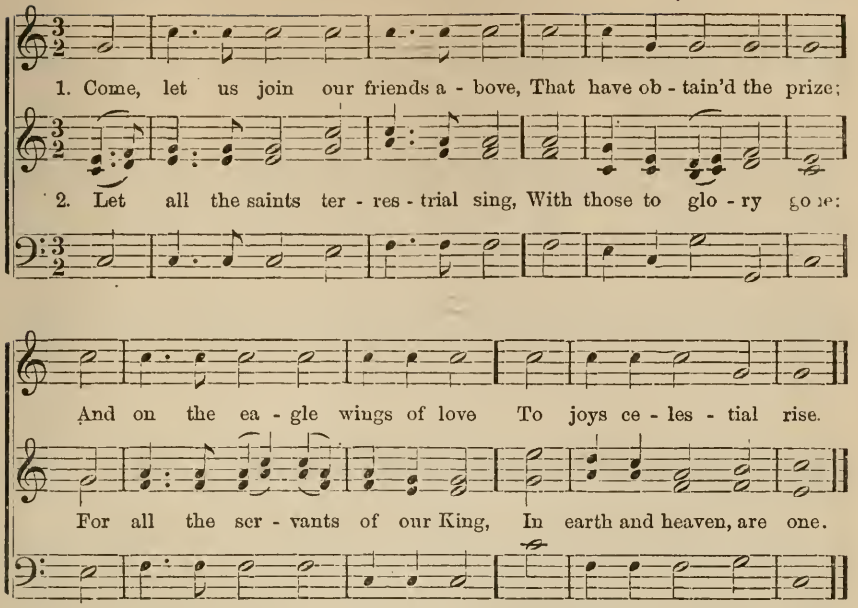
2 I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.

6 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.



3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

328. *The blood of sprinkling.*

1 My God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
The purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,—
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

329. *The commandments are exceeding broad.*

1 Deepen the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul:
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.

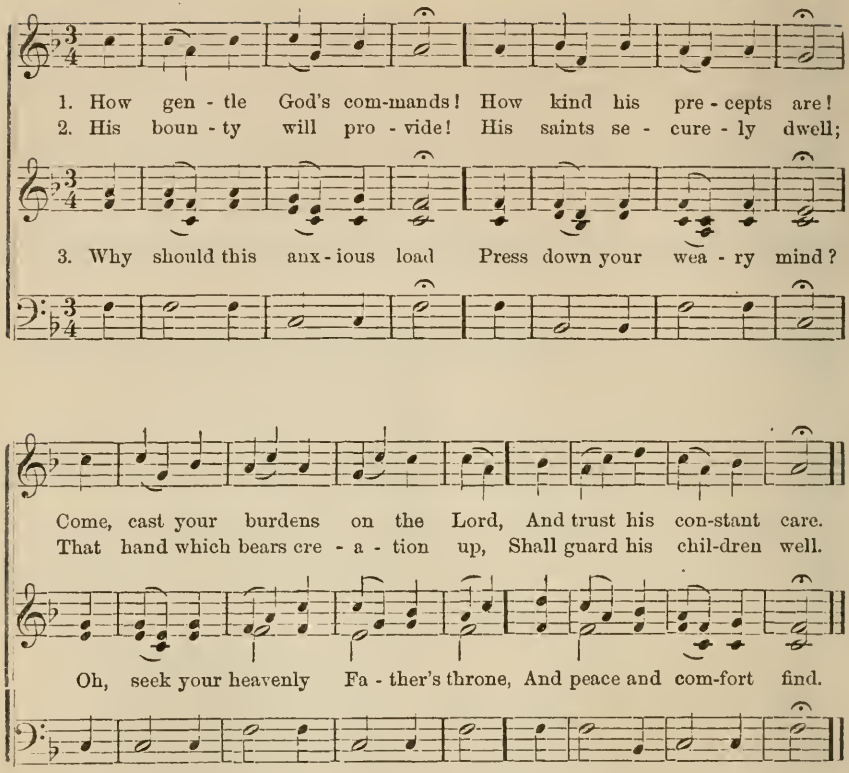
2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me t' endure;
Till bold to say,—My hall'wing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see th' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that, with all thy saints, I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth and hight,
And depth, of perfect love.

330. DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI, Circ. 1810.
Adapted by Dr. L. MASON, 1849.



331.

All-sufficient grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

332.

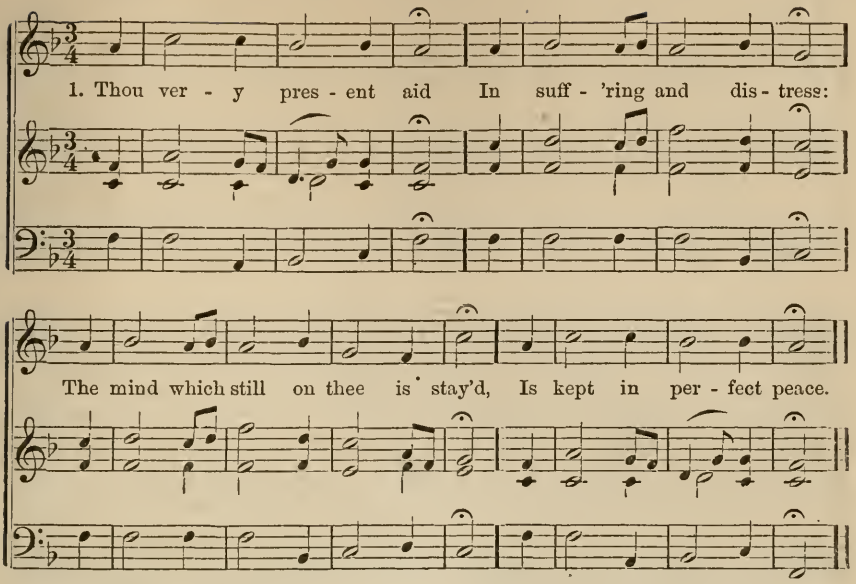
The only name given under heaven.

1 JESUS, thou Source divine,
Whence hope and comfort flow,—
Jesus, no other Name than thine
Can save from endless wo.

2 None else will heaven approve:
Thou art the only way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To realms of endless day.

3 Here let our feet abide,
Nor from thy path depart:
Direct our steps, thou gracious Guide
And cheer the fainting heart.

4 Safe through this world of night,
Lead to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,—
Where joy forever reigns.



2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripp'd of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one;
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

334. *The Redeemer on his throne.*

1 Enthroned is Jesus now,
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand,—
A great and countless throng
A palmy septre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood,
Each wears his diadem.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

335. *Light dawning upon the soul.*

1 Out of the depths of wo,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at the gate,
Open, and take me in.

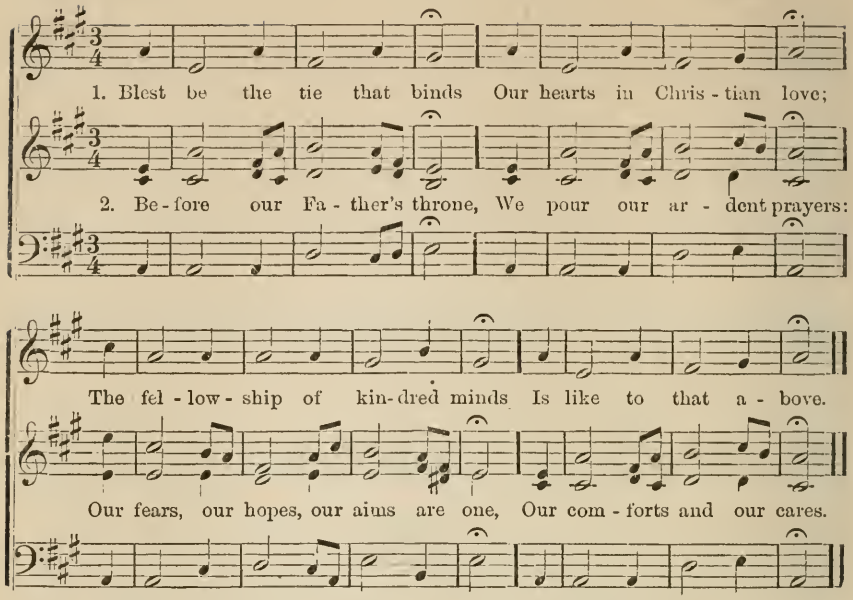
3 O hearken to my voice,—
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

4 Glory to God above,—
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud;
Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
His bow is in the cloud.

336. KENTUCKY. S. M.

AARON CHAPIN, 1822.



3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

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337. *Laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.*

1 And let our bodies part,—
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

---

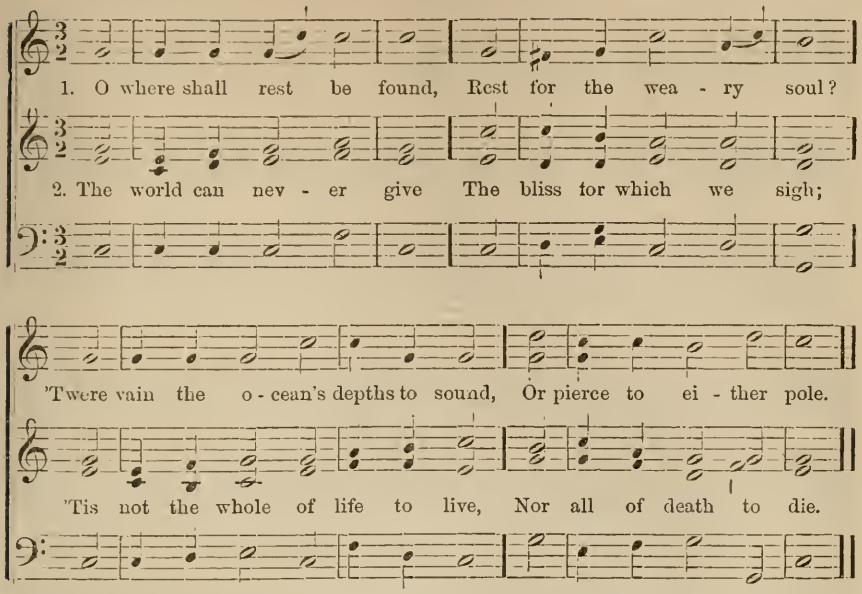
338. *For diligence and watchfulness.*

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.



3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

---

340. *The Redeemer's tears.*

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

---

341. *Embracing the all-sufficient portion.*

1 And can I yet delay—
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

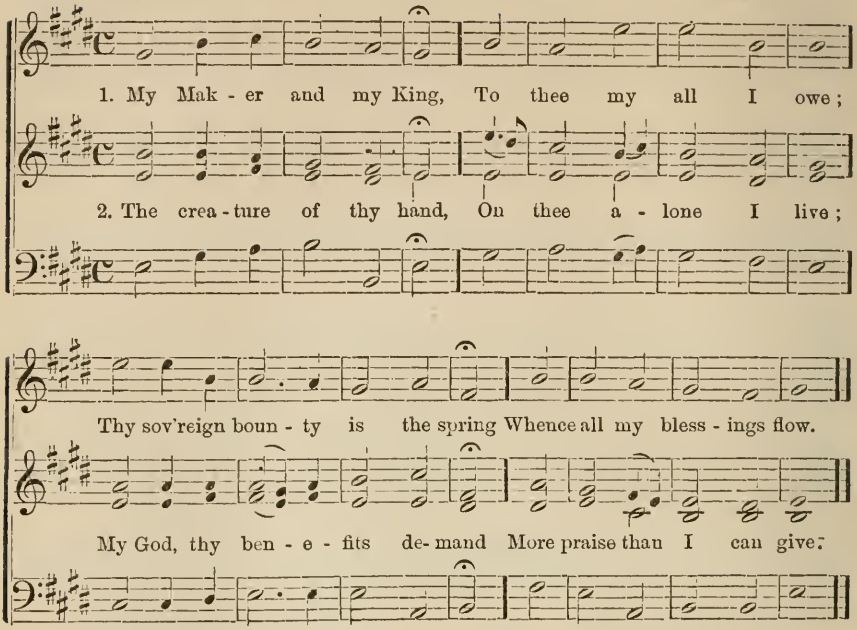
6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Doxology.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son:
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

342. MORNINGTON. S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON, 1760
Adapted by Dr. L. MASON, 1822.



3 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

343.

The indwelling Spirit.

1 We by his Spirit prove
And know the things of God,—
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.

2 His Spirit, which he gave,
Now dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

3 The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Savior was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.

4 Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are joined,—
Thy Spirit, Lord, with ours.

5 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

6 His glory our design,
We live, our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

344.

The throne of grace.

1 Behold the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

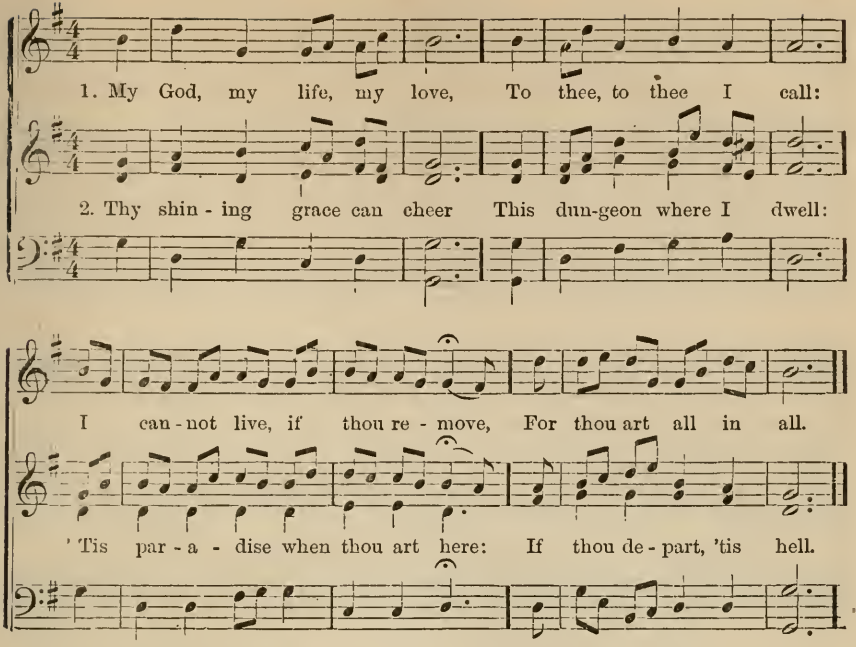
2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and thy love,—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach us to live by faith,—
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in thee.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.



3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

346. *Thanks for the unspeakable gift.*

1 Father, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

2 His infant cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven:
Salvation, through his only Name,
To all mankind is given.

3 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

4 May all mankind receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase.

347. *God's wondrous way among the heathen.*

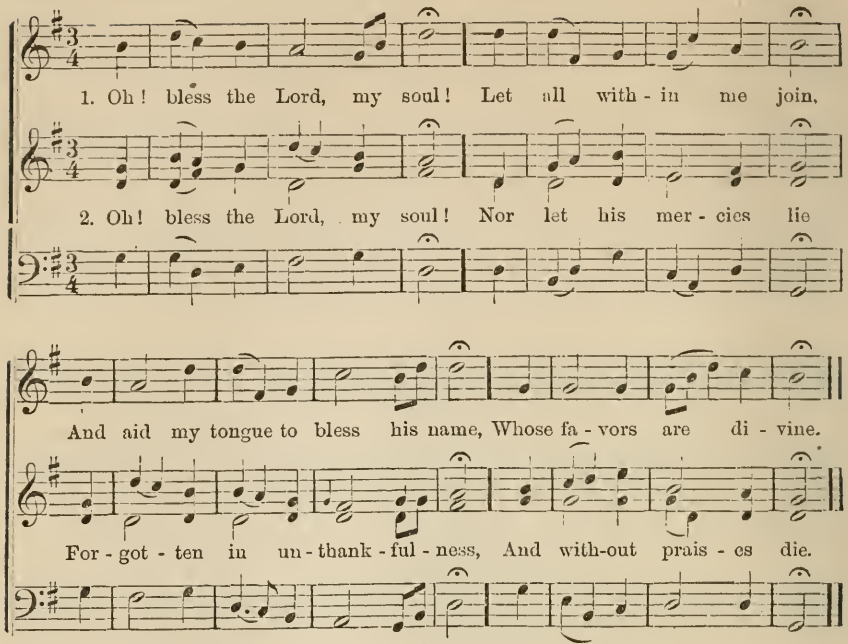
1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
And all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

348. THATCHER. S. M.

From G. F. HANDEL. 1732.



3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

---

349. *The Spring.*

1 Sweet is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year;

2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh:

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

5 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountains tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops:

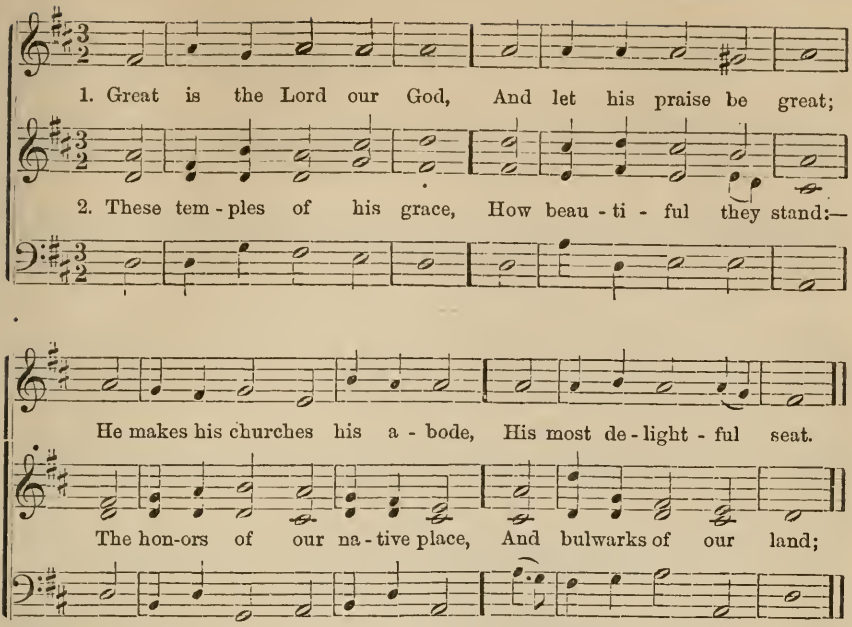
6 But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distill.

---

350. *The opened Fountain.*

1 Call'd from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide·
'T was open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.



3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

352. *His name is glorious.*

1 Almighty Maker, God,
How glorious is thy Name;
Thy wonders how diffused abroad,
Throughout creation's frame.

2 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

5 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

353. *The universal diffusion.*

1 Jesus, the word bestow,—
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;

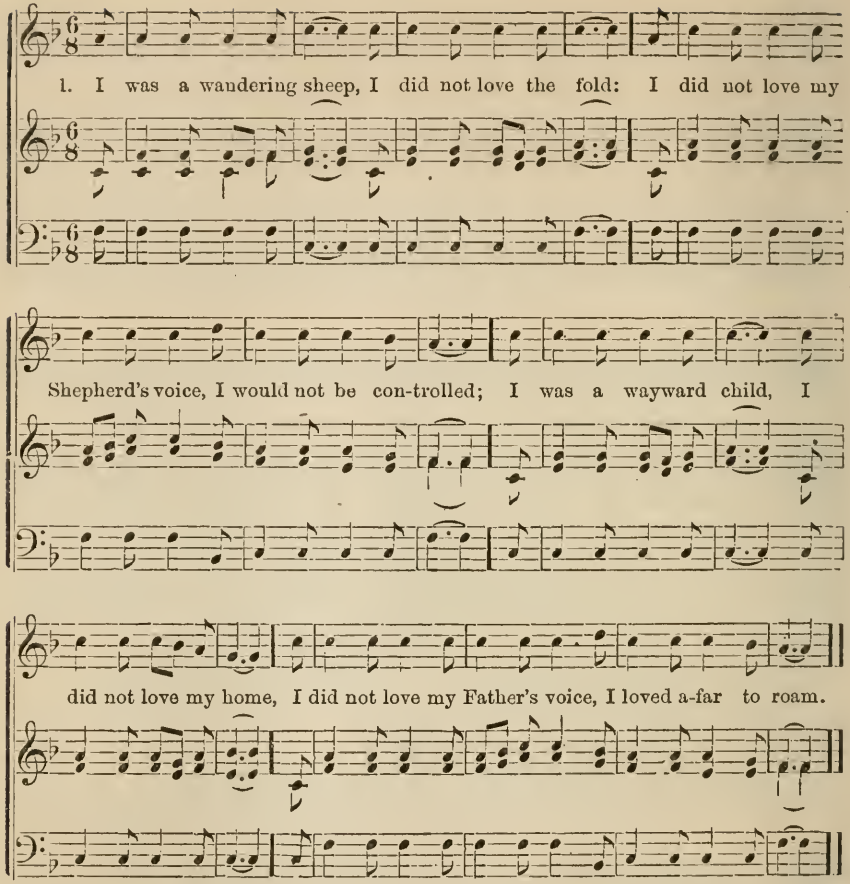
2 Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,—
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

3 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole:

4 Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

Doxology.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son:
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

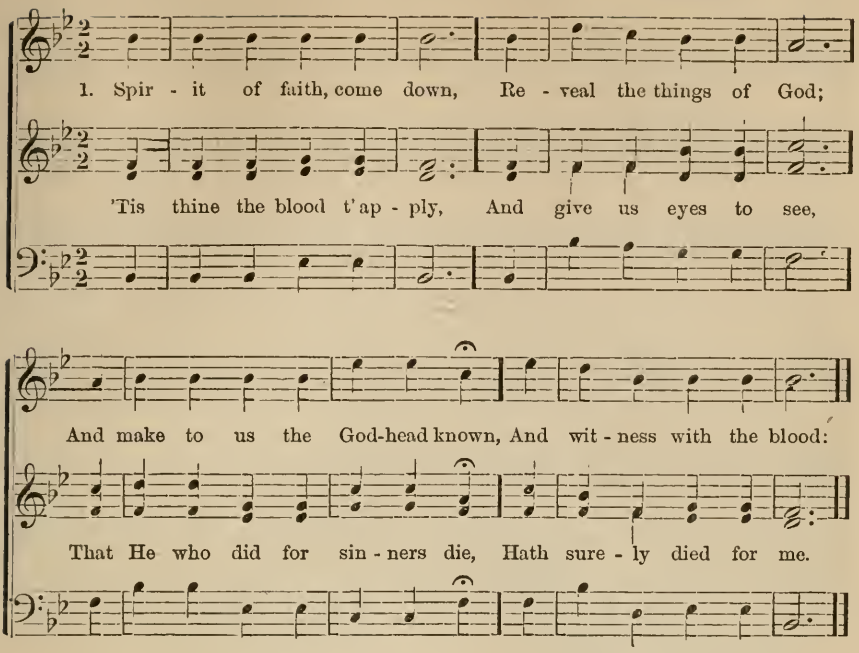


2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed:
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was he that loved my soul,
'T was he that washed me in his blood,
'T was he that made me whole:
'T was he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was he that brought me to the fold—
'T is he that still doth keep.

5 No more a wand'ring sheep,
I love to be controll'd,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love his home.



2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our int'rest in his blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,—
Thou art my Lord, my God.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

---

356. *For entire consecration.*

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

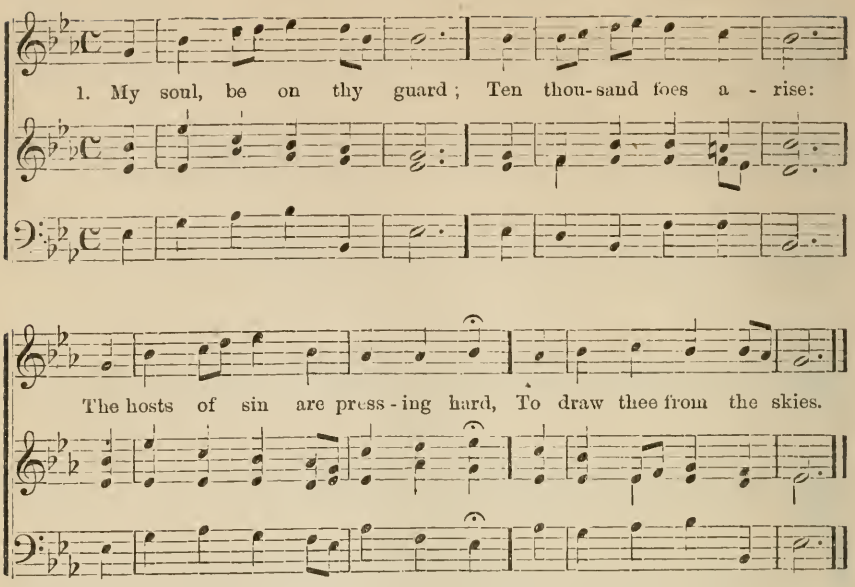
3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

---

357. *For watchfulness and circumspection.*

1 Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succors from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love.



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

359. *The well-fought day.*

1 Pray, without ceasing, pray:
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:

2 To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

3 In fellowship,—alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer;

4 His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers,—Come,
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.

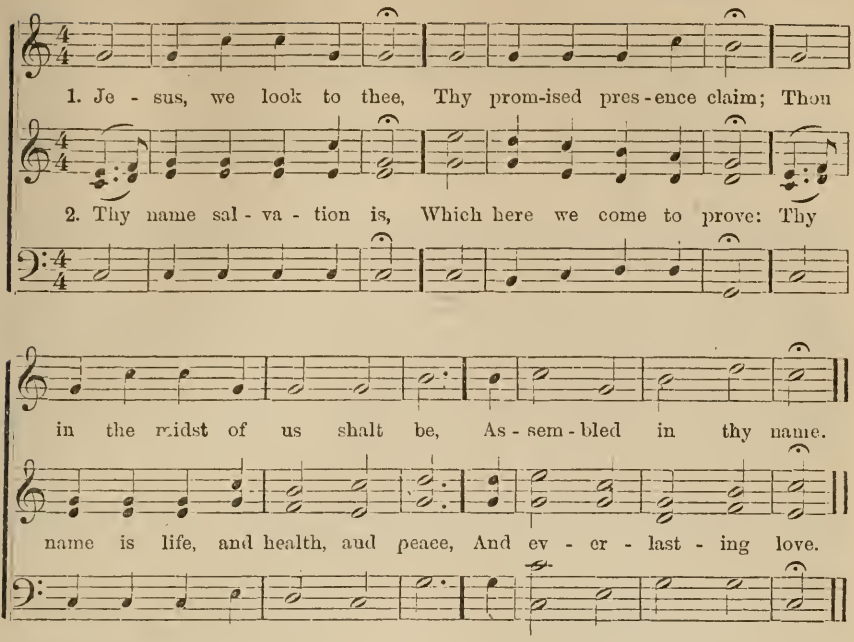
360. *Spiritual enemies to be encountered.*

1 Angels our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,—
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;

2 From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

3 But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

4 By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow; [blood,
And, conqu'ring them through Jesus
We on to conquer go.



3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

362. *And yet there is room.*

1 Ye wretched, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms;
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with us taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

5 Ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach.—there yet is room.

363. *The word of God, quick and powerful.*

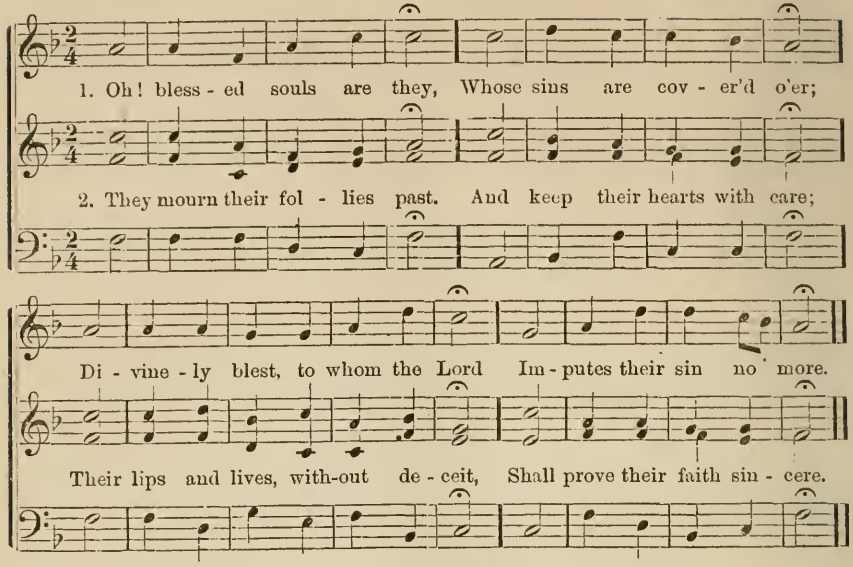
1 Thy word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The Gospel's glorious sound,
And all its fruits from day to day
Be in us and abound.

364. BADEA. S. M.

German Melody.



3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound!
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

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365. *Walking by Faith.*

1 If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

---

366. *The Pillar and the Cloud.*

1 Thou very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of bondage came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfill thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

---

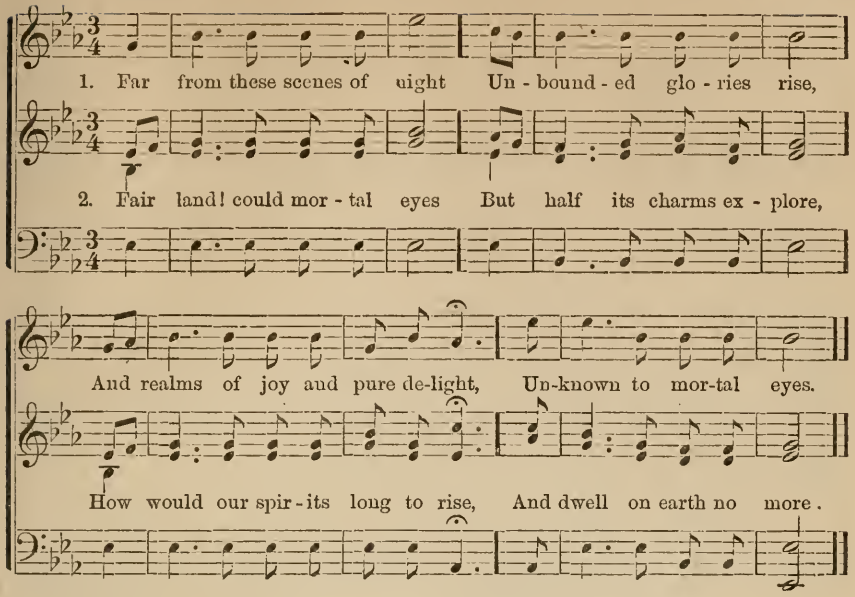
367. *Seek Him while he may be found.*

1 My son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found;
Seek him while he is near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to Heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.



3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

369. *Seeking the evidence of acceptance.*

1 I LISTEN for the voice
Which speaks my sins forgiven;
Speak, Lord, and bid my heart rejoice
In certain hope of heaven.

2 Thy Name O may I prove,
Thy Name inscribed on me;
And triumph in redeeming love
Through all eternity.

370. *Thy will be done.*

1 THIS is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee.

2 O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

371. *To-day.*

1 ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
And bow before the throne.

2 O hear God's voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word,—Depart!

372. *A blessing on the ordinance.*

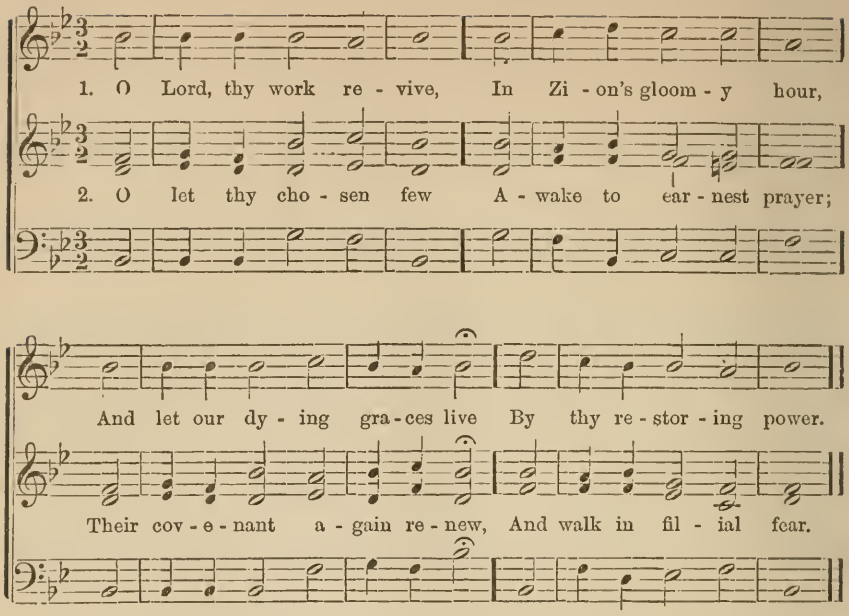
1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

373. OLMUTZ. S. M.

From a Gregorian Chant. Adapted by Dr. L. MASON, 1832.



3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

374.

Accepting the invitation.

1 Come, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Savior calls his wand'rers home;
Haste to your pard'ning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
Answer the Savior's call—
O come, and I will give you rest
And I will save you all.

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely;
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

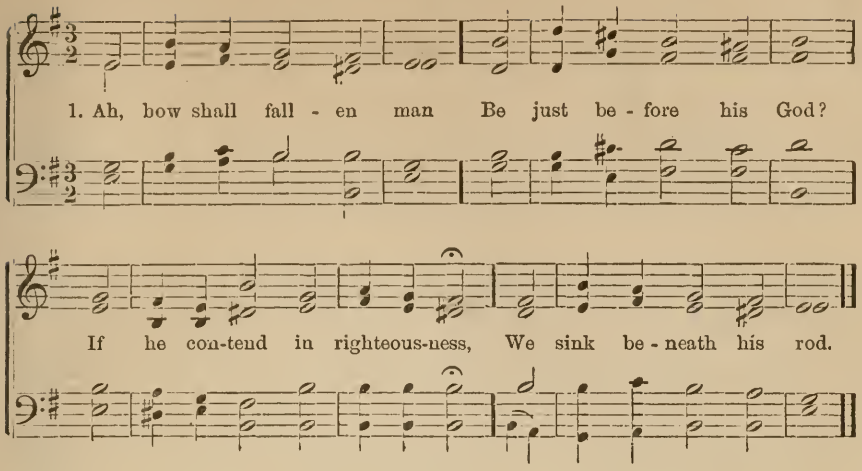
375.

For perfect submission.

1 I want a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray,—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.



2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,—
Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

---

377. *To whom should we go?*

1 An! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

5 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

6 In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it and I shall declare
That God is only love.

---

378. *The Day-star from on high.*

1 My former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar,—
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

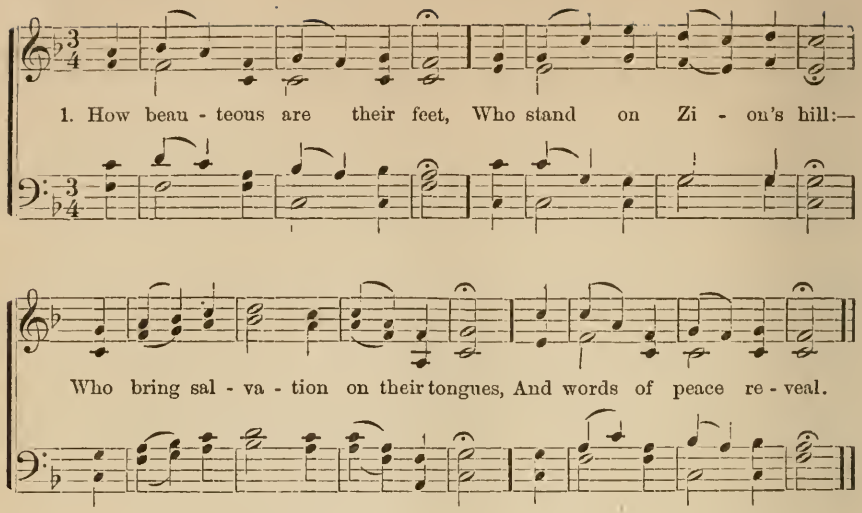
3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,
Flee from the wrath to come.

4 With trembling hope. I see
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

379. SEIR. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON



2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Savior King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and priests desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

---

380. *The song of Moses and the Lamb.*

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's Name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

---

381. *Glorious liberty.*

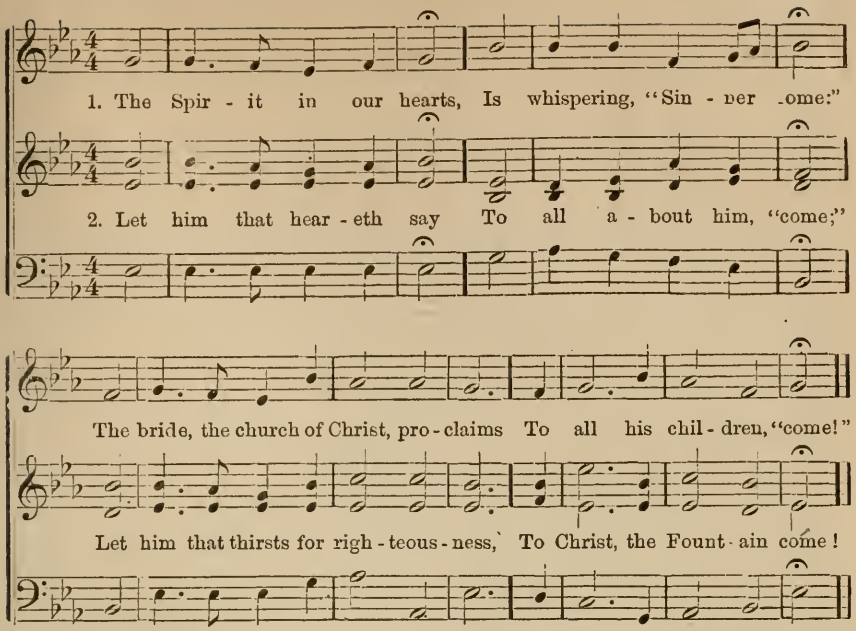
1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state:
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.



3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declare, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

383. *The mighty God.*

1 Rejoice in Jesus' birth,
To us a Son is given:
To us a child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 He reigns above the sky,—
This universe sustains;—
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The king Messiah reigns.

3 The mighty God is He,
Author of heavenly bliss;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace

4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed:
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

384. *Knowledge of forgiveness.*

1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

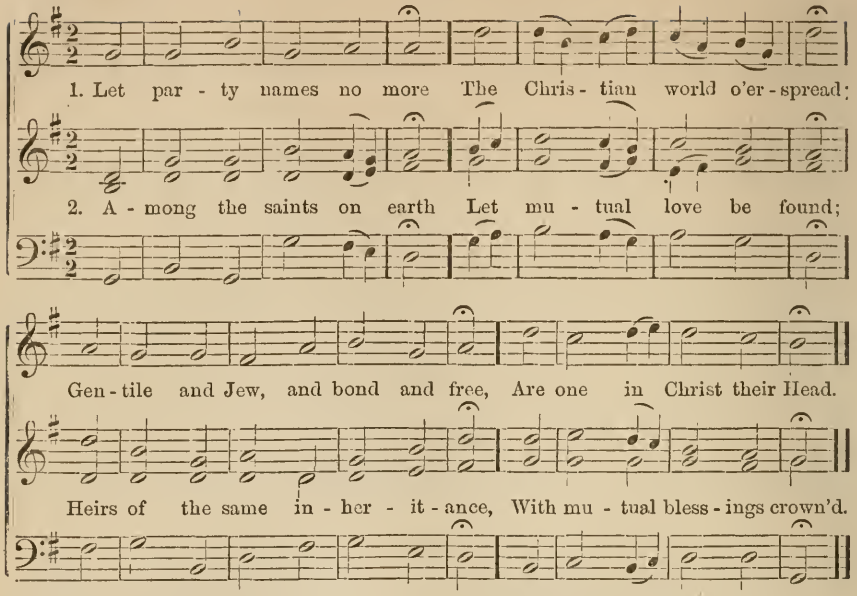
4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

385. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WM TANSUR. 1768.



3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

---

386. *The sure foundation.*

1 In every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear me up:
I trust the faithful God,
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Savior's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing,
To our Redeemer's Name;
In joy or sorrow — life or death —
His love is still the same.

---

387 *Success certain.*

1 Lord, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Water'd by thy almighty hand
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

---

388. *The eternal Sabbath.*

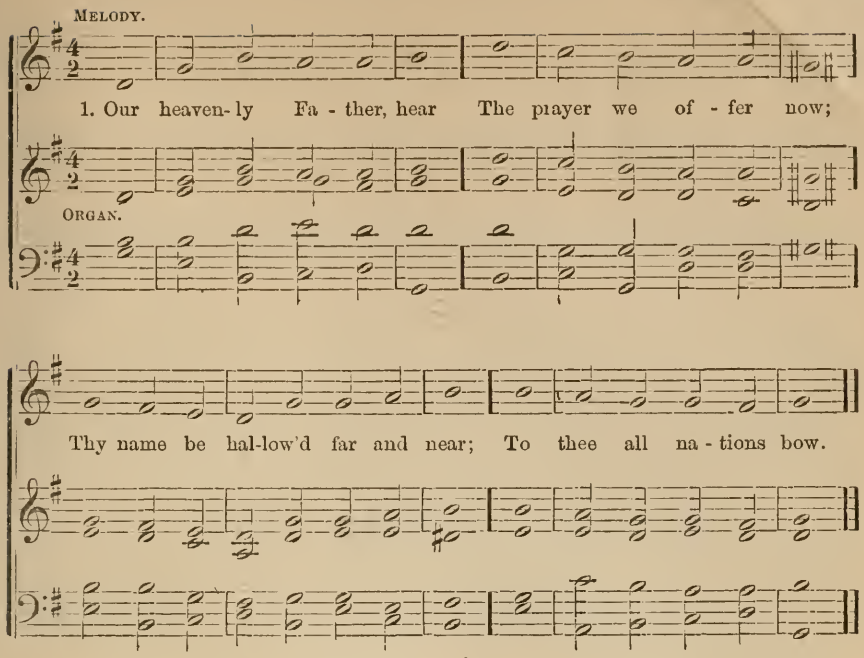
1 Hail to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.



2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
All for his sake be done.

390. *For fervent zeal.*

1 Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me;
Thy yearning pity for mankind,—
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell;
In me thy bowels move;
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

391. *Pilgrims and sojourners.*

1 In every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are call'd his sov'reign will t' embrace,
And still their own deny.

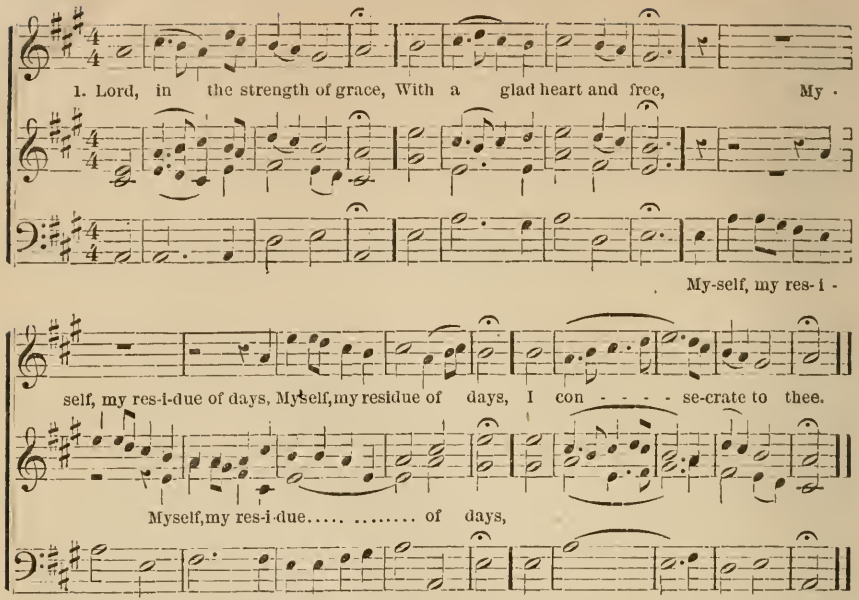
2 To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscover'd land,
And house and friends above.

3 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show;
And in the steps of Abrah'm's faith
Enable me to go.

4 A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

392. STAFFORD.* S. M.

DANIEL READ. Cir. 1780.



2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

393. *A house not made with hands.*

1 We know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay—

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure:
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

5 Lord, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

6 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

394. *A foretaste of glory.*

1 O what delight is this,
Which now in Christ we know,—
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!

3 When He the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer;
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

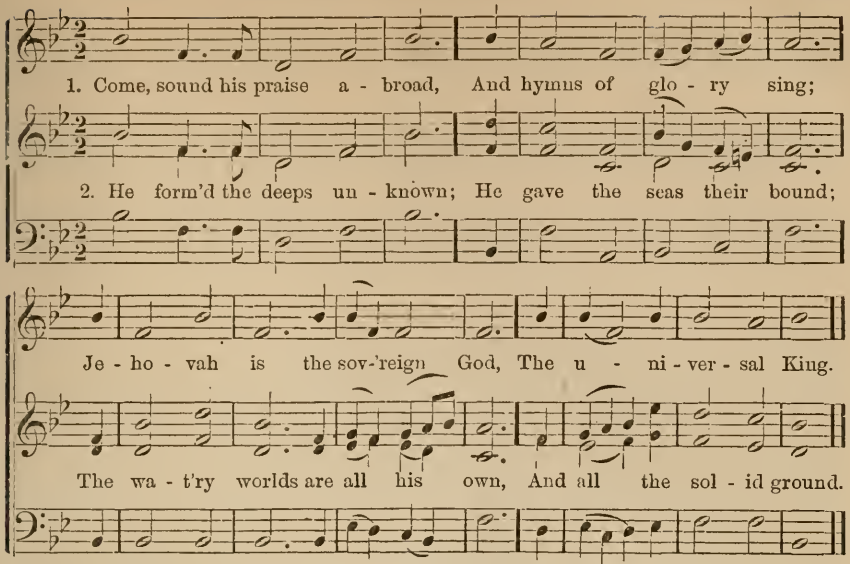
3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransom d sons of men,
With all his hosts, adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be join'd,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Savior of mankind
In one eternal day.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

* Not suited for congregational use.



3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

396. *The whole armor of God.*

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 Leave no unguarded place,—
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

6 Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

397. *The shield of faith.*

1 Soldiers of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:

2 If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

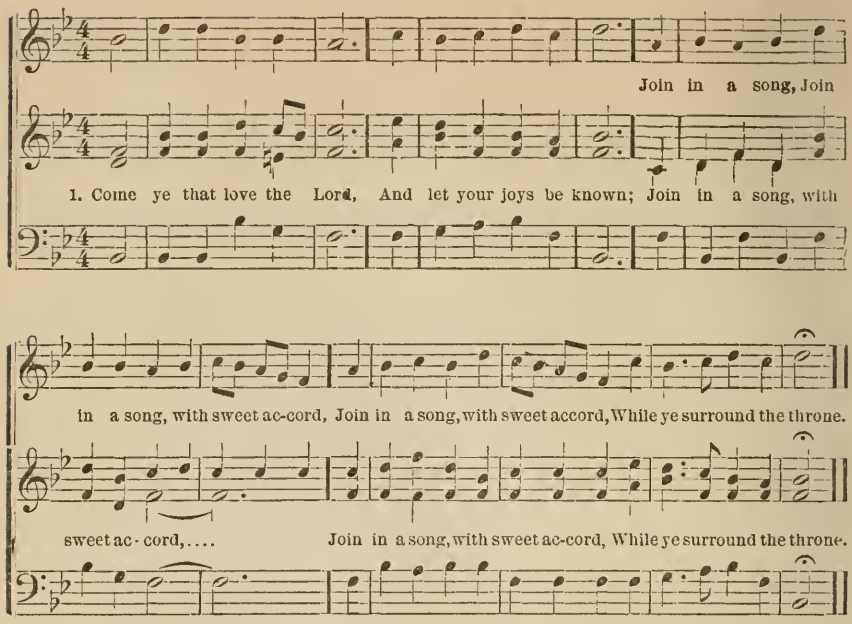
3 Jesus hath died for you;
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?

4 Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given;
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

398. *The violent take it by force.*

1 O may thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven.



Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in;
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

400. *Love for Zion.*

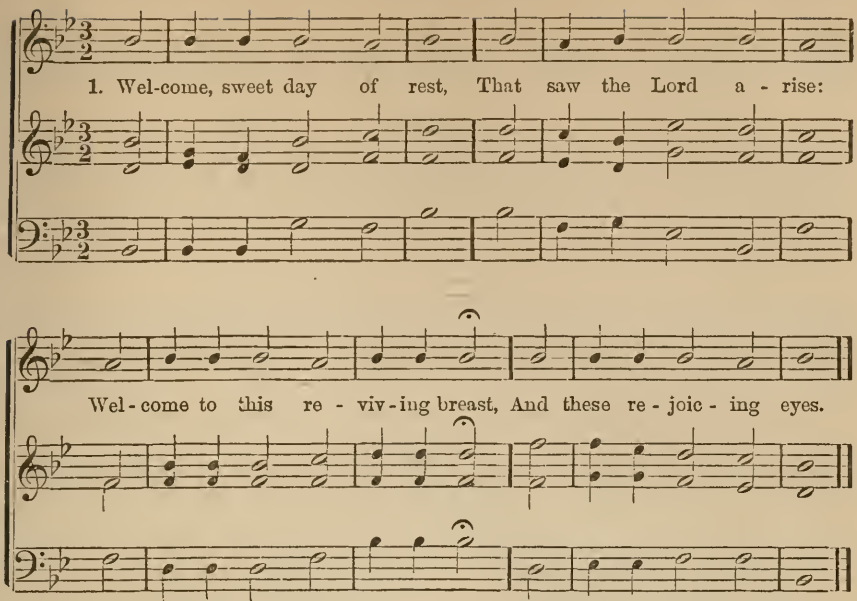
1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.



2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

402. *Laborers rewarded.*

1 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

2 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

3 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

4 Abrah'm and Isaac, there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The foll'wers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

5 We shall our time beneath
Live out, in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

6 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

403. *Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.*

1 The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

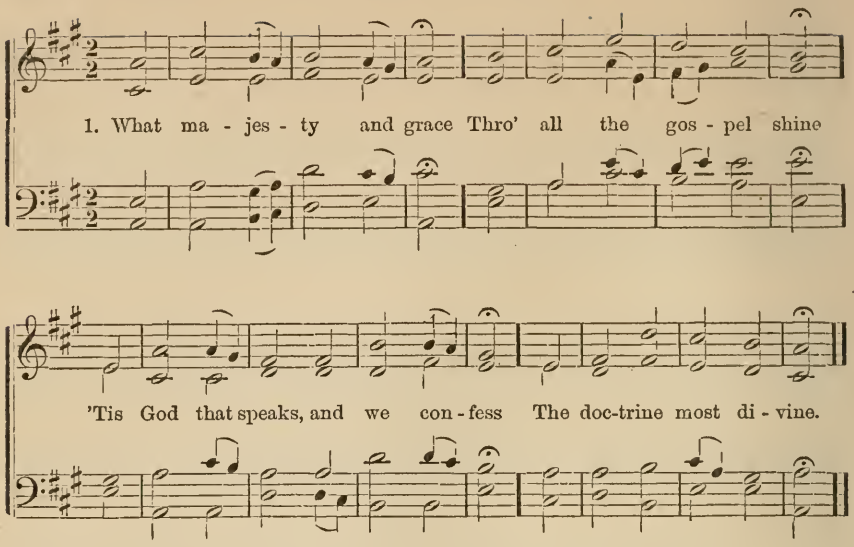
2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear;
Up, to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:—

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

404. ATHOL. S. M.

Rev. R. HARRISON.



2 Down from his throne on high,
The mighty Savior comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There our High Priest appears,
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great Sov'reign, we adore
Thy justice and thy grace;
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

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405. *Waiting at the cross.*

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,—
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,—
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

---

406. *Meeting, after absence.*

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

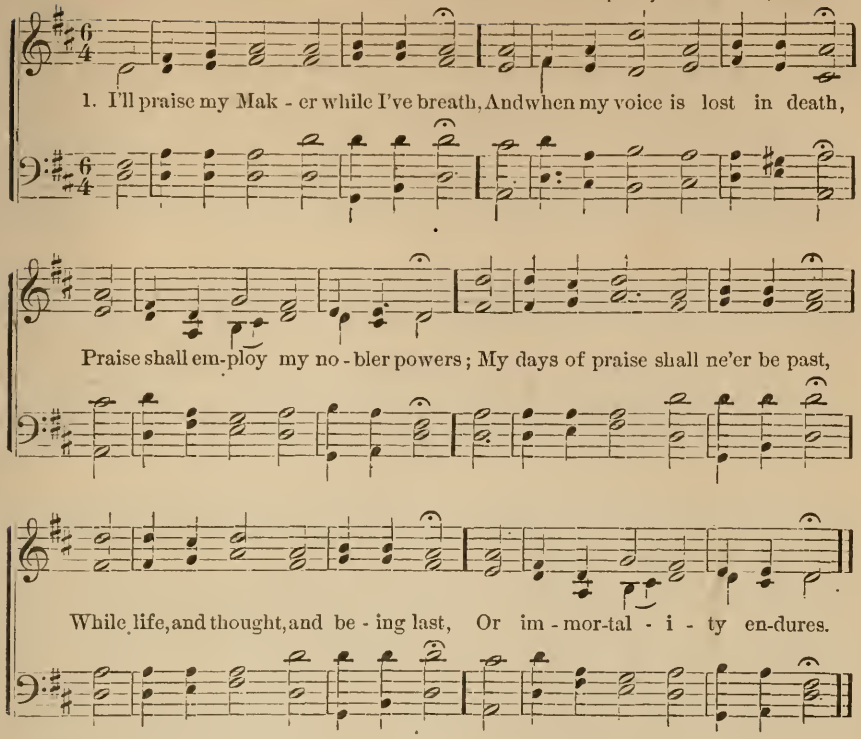
2 Preserved by power divine,
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.



2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

---

408 *Tune.*—And can it be, page 255.

The prize of our high-calling.

1 Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No tho't can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

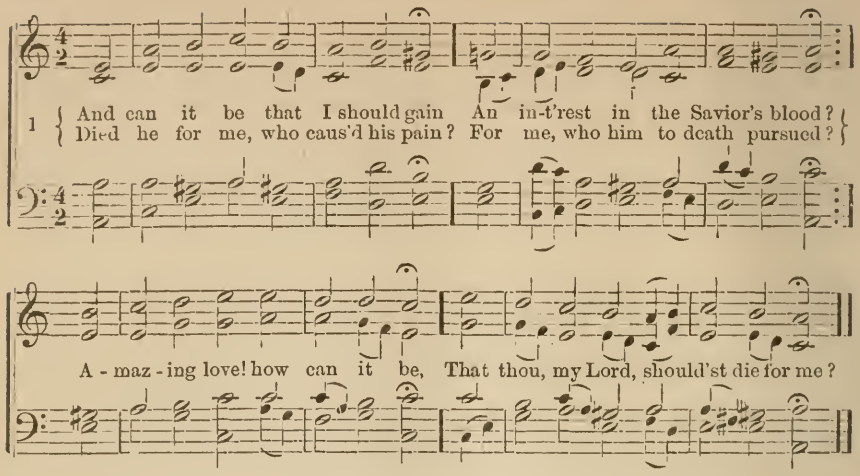
2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 Unwearied may I this pursue;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suff'ring be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

409. ST. STEPHENS. L. P. M.

GEO. NEUMARK, 1650.



2 'Tis myst'ry all,—th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,—
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,—
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.

410.

The vail of unbelief.

1 O THOU, whom fain my soul would love,
Whom only I desire to know:
This vail of unbelief remove,
And show me all thy goodness, show;
Jesus, thyself in me reveal:
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a falt'ring tongue,
I pray thee, in a feeble groan,
Tell me, O tell me who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkest by the way
With me, the abject sinner, me,
The mystery of grace display;
Open mine eyes that I may see:
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out,—It is the Lord!

411.

God is in this place.

1 Lo! God is here! let us adore
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence, love.

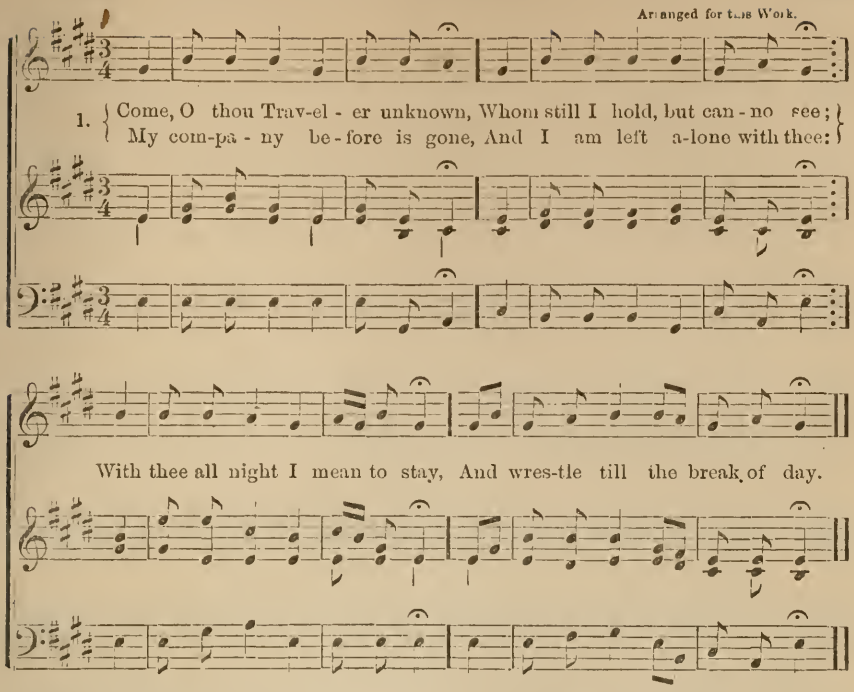
2 Lo! God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name:
The Savior Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

These hymns may be sung to tune on page 255.

Arranged for this Work.



2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Victorious Prayer.

6 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

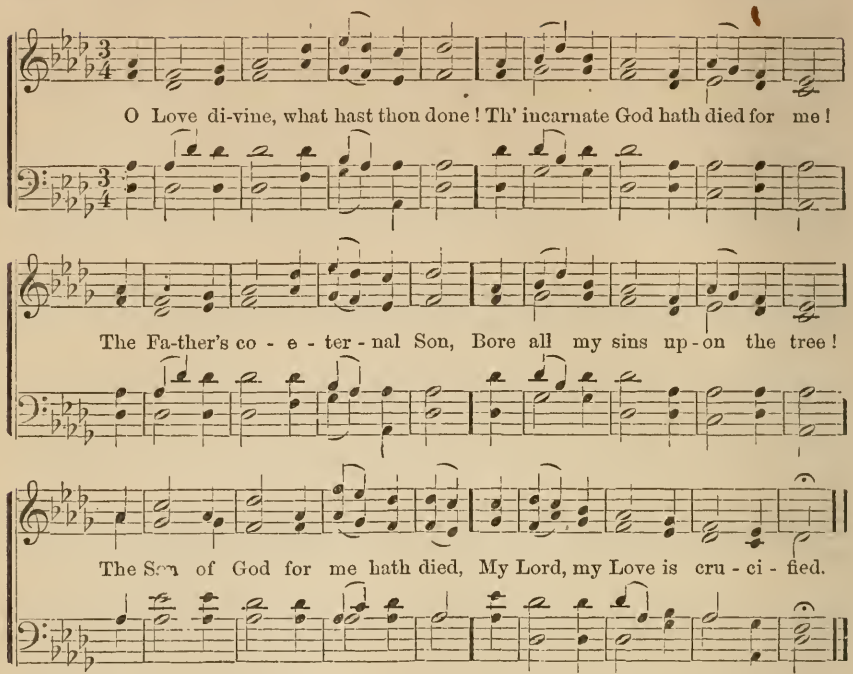
7 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

8 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face:
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

9 I know thee, Savior, who thou art,—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

413. ST. PETERSBURG. L. P. M.

D. S. BARTNIANSKY. 1751–1825.



Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Savior die,
And say was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,—
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside.—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

---

414. *Dependence and enjoyment.*

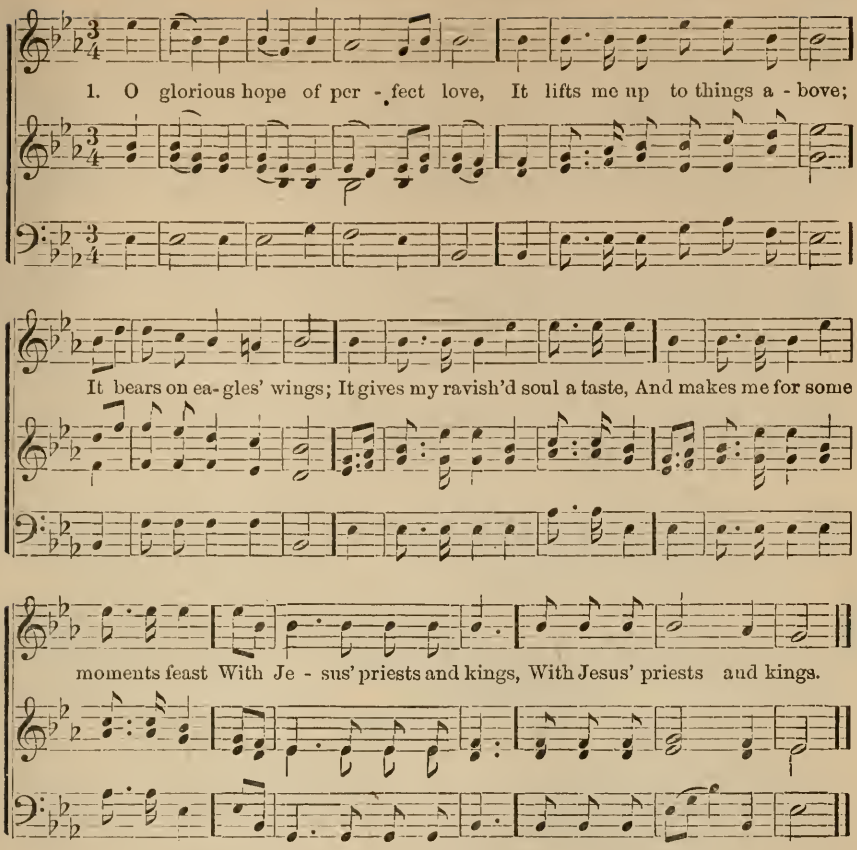
1 When streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine.
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame
Ask mercy in my Savior's name;
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Savior, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

4 When each day's scenes and labors close
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Savior, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

5 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed:
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
"To see thy face, and sing thy praise."



2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's p culiar smile,
With every blessing blest:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

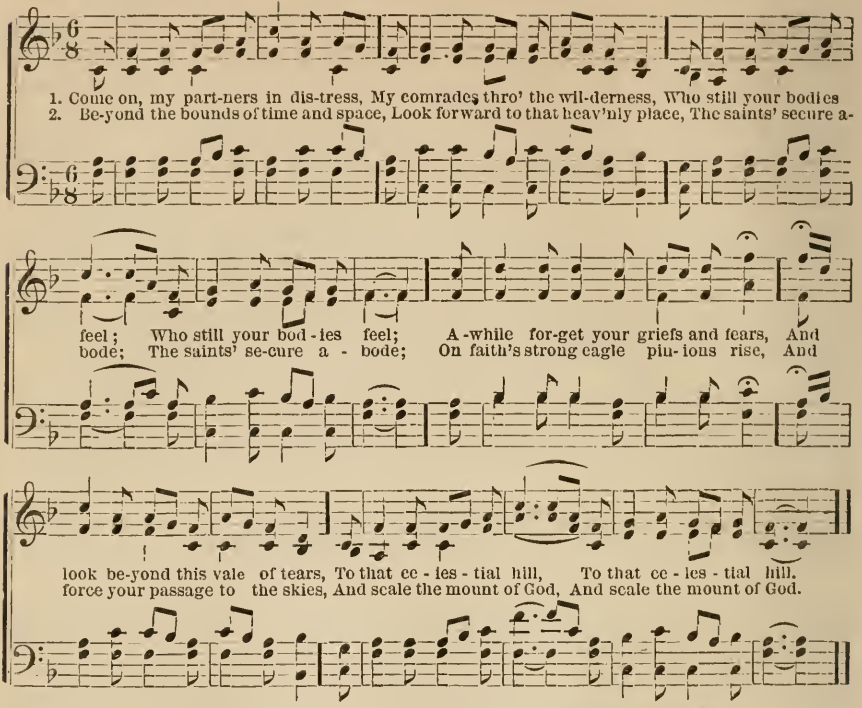
4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

416. *Excellency of Christ.*

1 O, could I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 O, the delightful day will come,
When Christ, my Lord, will bring me home
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.



3 Who suffer with our master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last.
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

---

418. *The gift of faith.*

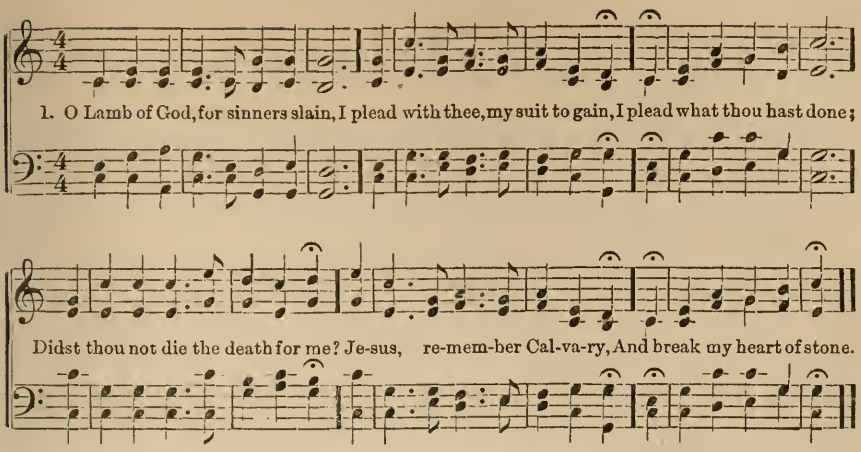
1 Author of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face;
Work in my heart the saving grace;
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the vail remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy Name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine;
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt that gracious gift bestow,
And cause our hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,—
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,—
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have:
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove:
Open the door of faith and love,
And let me into heaven.



2 Receive the purchase of thy blood,
My Friend, and Advocate with God,—
My ransom and my peace:
My surety! thou my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,—
The Lord, my righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine:
O might he now descend, and rest
Forever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever thine.

420. *The inward Witness.*

1 Thou great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That ante-past of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

421. *The brink of fate.*

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

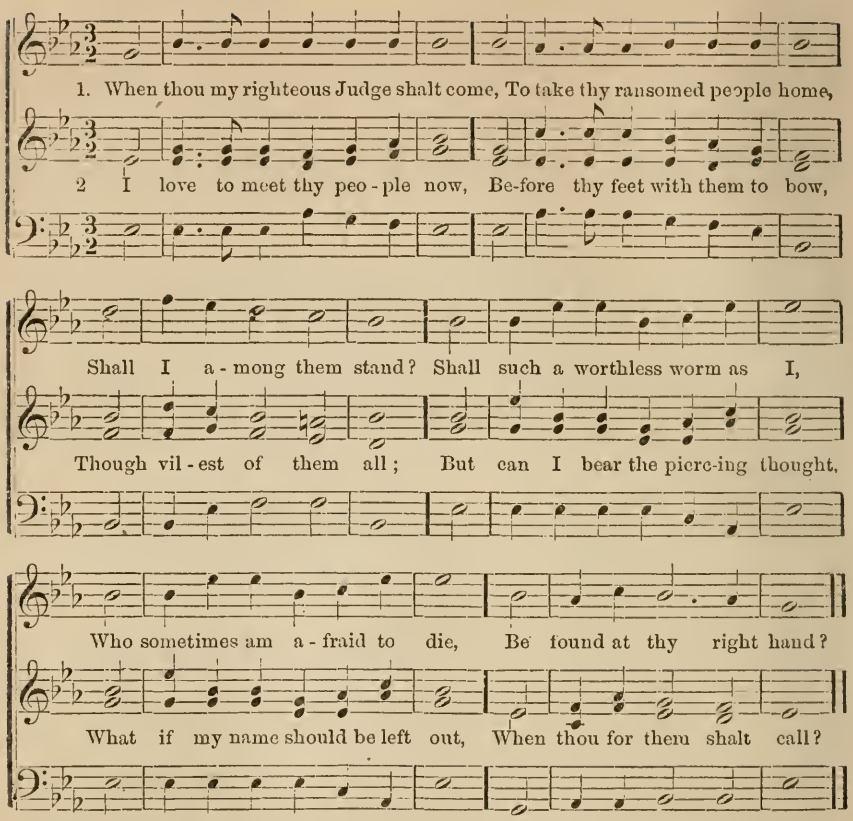
3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

422. MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON. 1839.



3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
When'e'er th' archangel's trump shall sound
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.

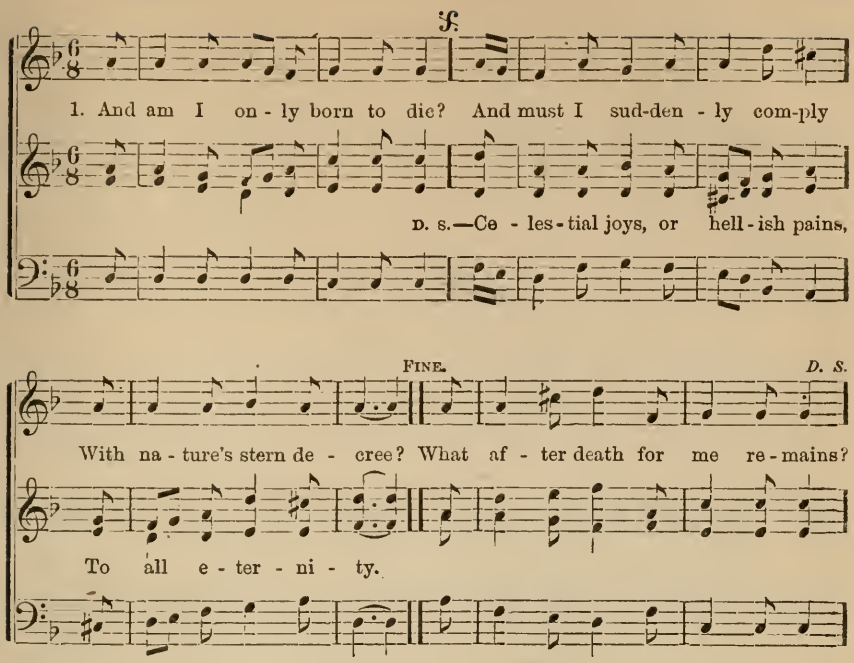
423. *Entire dependence on Christ.*

1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

3 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

4 O let our love and faith abound,
O let our lives to all around,
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.



2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

425. *Death of a relative or friend.*

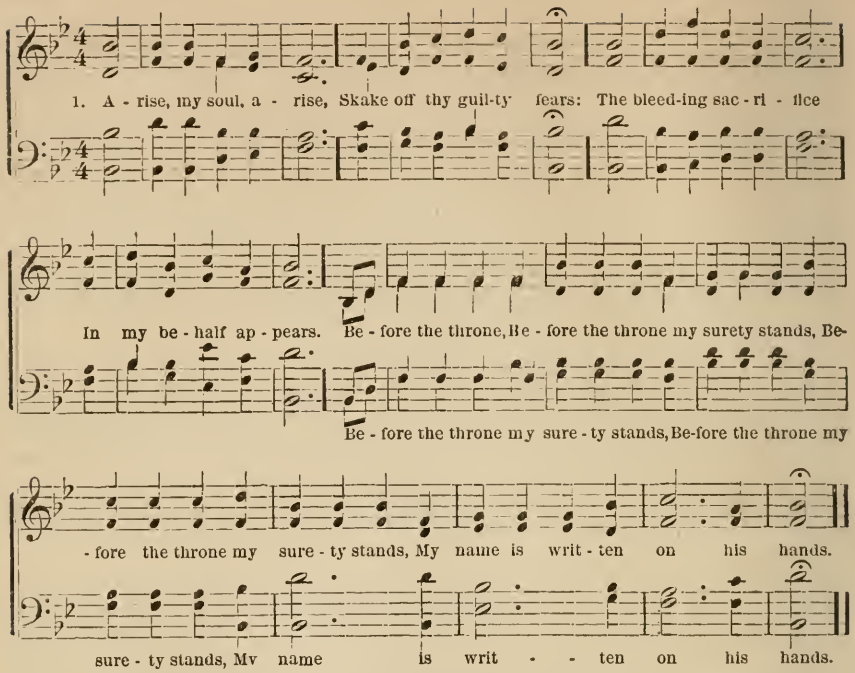
1 If death our friends and us divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, our sorrows chide,
Or frown, our tears to see;
Restrain'd from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st us mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.

2 We feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears our mournful spirits up,
Beneath their mountain load;
Redeemed from death and grief, and pain
We soon shall find our friend again
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatch'd away;
For us thou wilt the summons send,
And give us back our parted friend,
In that eternal day.

426. LENOX. H. M.

J. EDSON, 1782.
Re-arranged for this work.



2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled:
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

427. *Bear ye one another's burden.*

1 Thou God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
Thy providence t' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face;—
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain;—
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;—
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise, renewed in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;—
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day!
With all thy fullness fill,
And then transport away,
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

---

428. *Parting:—to meet again.*

1 Jesus accept the praise
That to thy Name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs;
Through thee we now together came,
And part, exulting in thy Name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race:
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And see thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home;
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven, destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.

6 According to his word,
His oath, to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

7 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor to be found
Of him in spotless peace:
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

---

429. *The jubilee trumpet.*

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

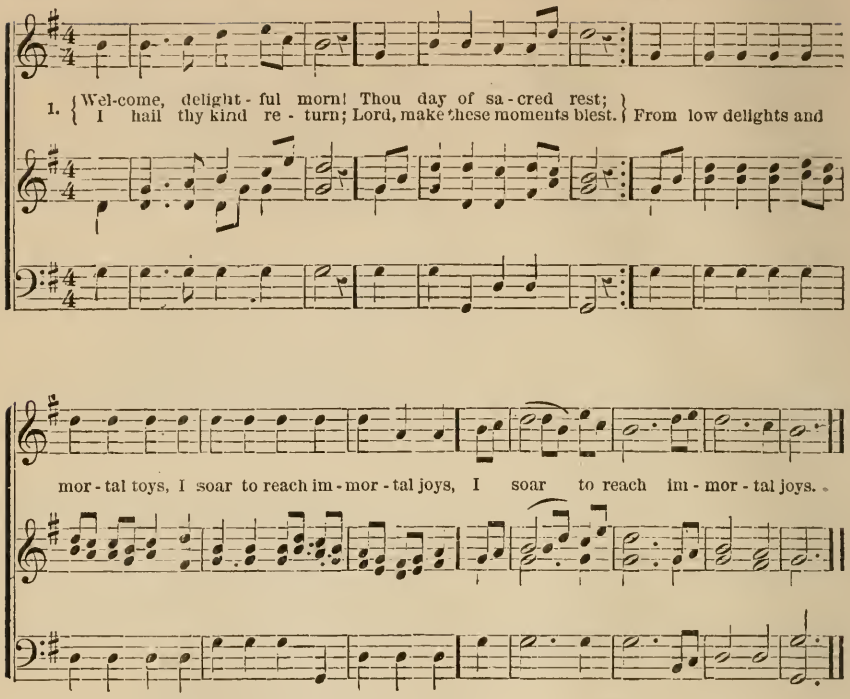
4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,—
The news of heavenly grace:
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

430. LISCHER. H. M.

German.
Adapted by Dr. L. MASON, 1841.
Re-arranged for this work.



2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

431.

Joyful homage.

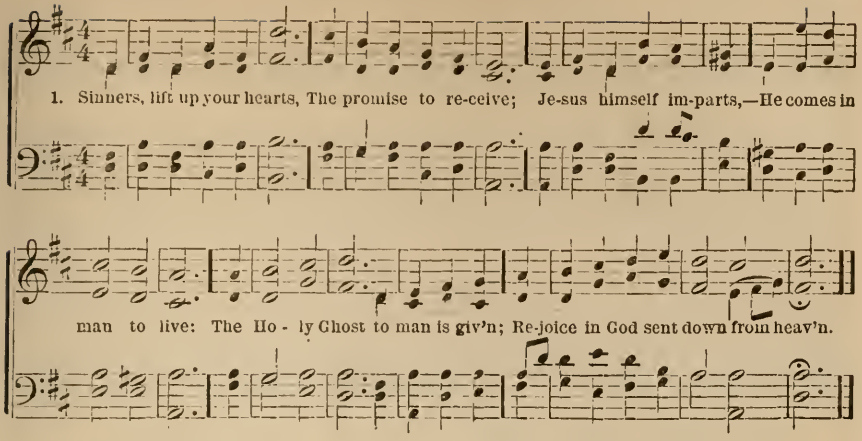
1 Awake, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

Doxology.

To God, the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son,
And to the Spirit praise,
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.



2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,—
Peace, righteousness, and joy:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end;
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

---

433. *Glory to glory's King.*

1 God is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise,—
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth, renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

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434. *The barren fig-tree.*

1 The Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days,—
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

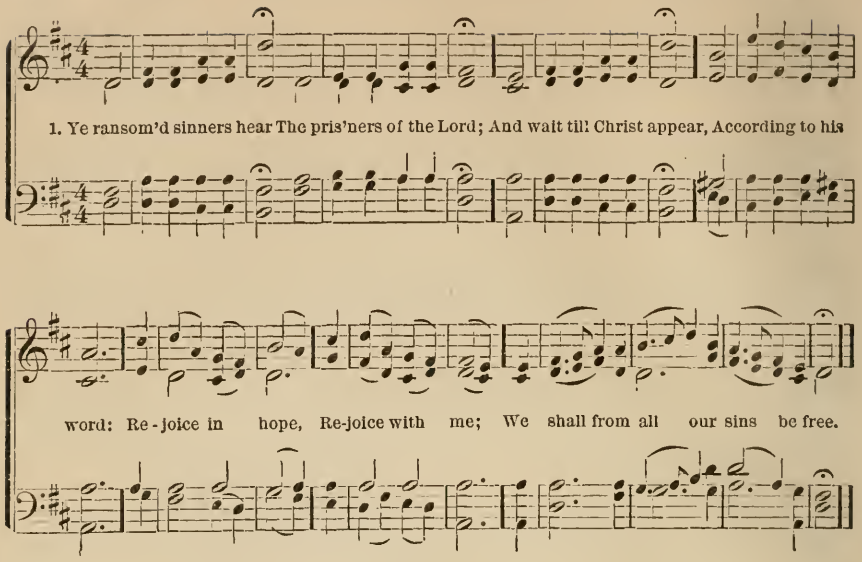
3 When justice bared the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried,—let it still alone:
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root;
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear

435. PROSPECT. H. M.

Arranged from MICHAEL HAYDN.



2 In God we put our trust:
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing
And glory in his grace.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

436.

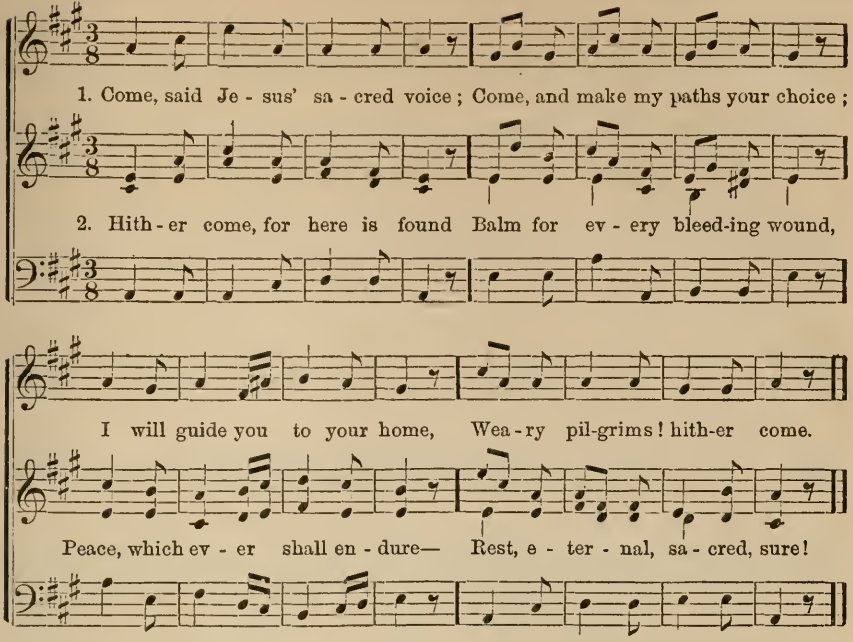
God, our preserver.

1 To heaven I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid—
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not pledged thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, nor fear to die
Till from on high thou call me home.



438. *Of one heart and of one mind.*

1 Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind:
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,—
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,—
All the hights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

439. *Perfect submission.*

1 When, my Savior, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?

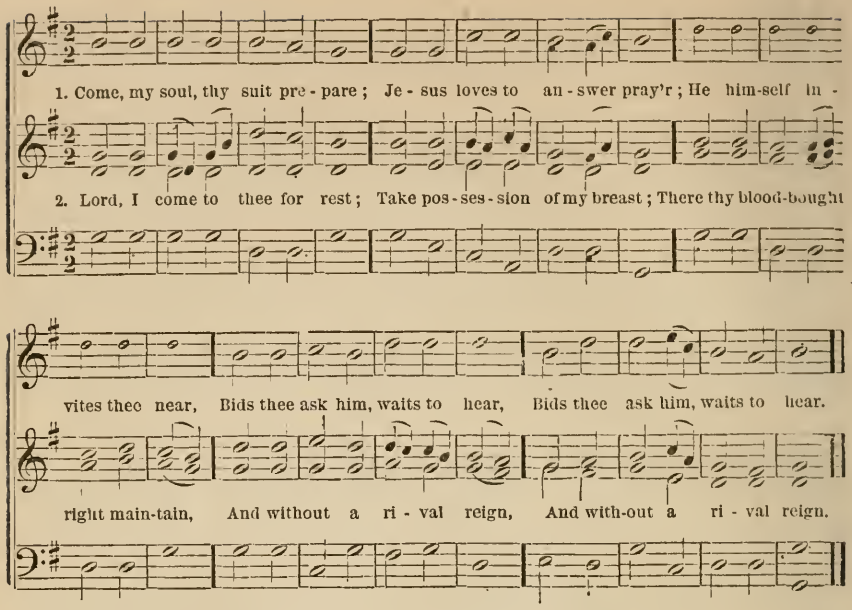
3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one;—

4 Fully in my life express
All the hights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.

440. *Morning Thanks.*

1 Thou who dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.



3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die thy people's death.

---

442. *Life and immortality brought to light.*

1 Day of God! thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

2 Thine the radiance to illume
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness own'd,
There revealing death dethroned.

3 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darken'd world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour,
Emblem, earnest of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

443. *Panting for purity.*

1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,—
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

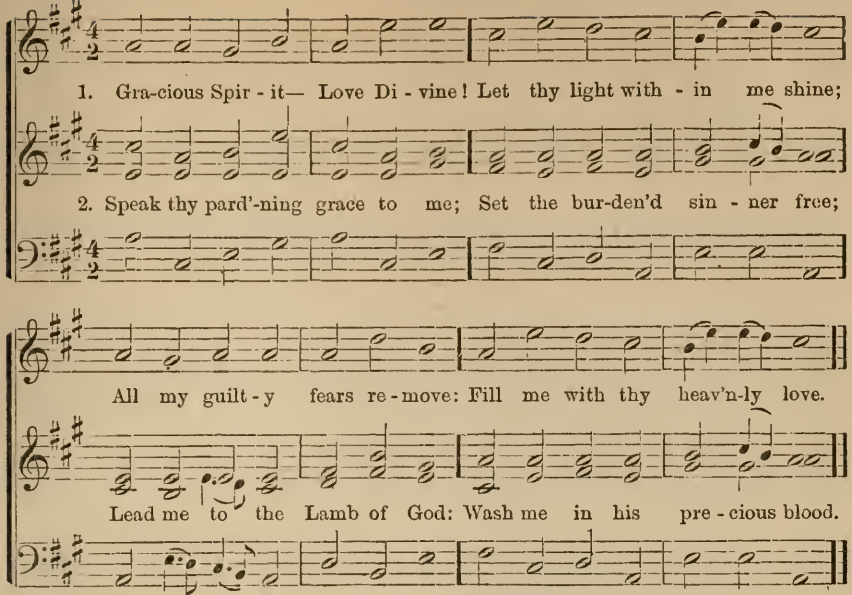
4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

---

444. *Eternal praises to the Most High.*

1 Thee to laud in songs divine
Angels in thy presence join:
We with them our voices raise,
Echo thine eternal praise.

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth adored;
Thus, with them, we ever cry,
Glory be to God most high!



3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray:
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

446. *Saints and angels, praising God.*

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious morning come?
No!—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

447. *Let all the people praise Him.*

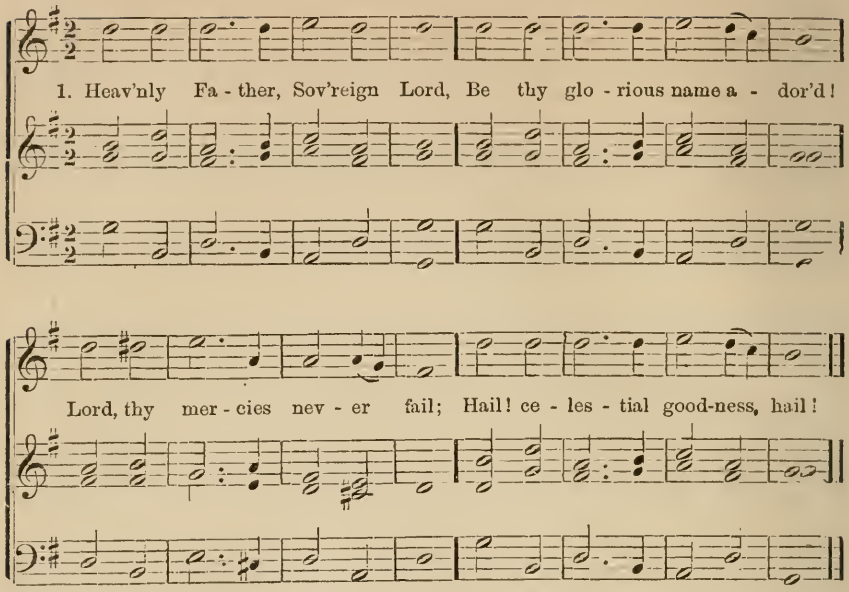
1 Thank and praise Jehovah's Name,
For his mercies, firm and sure;
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet, with one accord,
In his courts on holy days.

4 Praise him, ye who know his love,
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above,
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

5 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.



2 T' ough unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thine throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

---

449. *Tribute of praise at parting.*

1 Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

450. *The danger of delay.*

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season shou d be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner. to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

---

451. *The lesson of Love.*

1 Savior! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who firs' loved me.

452. *The Pilgrim's song.*

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

453. *Mercy for the chief of sinners.*

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Savior stands;
Show his wounds, and spread his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

454. *Discerning the Lord's body.*

1 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Savior find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

455. *Why will ye die?*

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;

2 He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.

4 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

5 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.

6 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

456. *Dedication.*

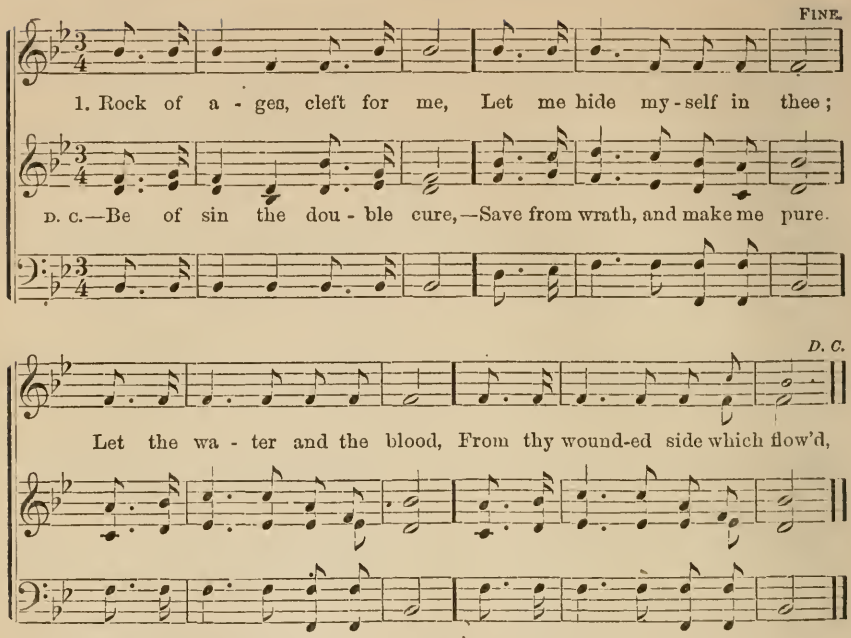
1 Lord of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

457. TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1830



2 Could my tears forever flow,—
Could my zeal no languor know,—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

---

458. *What sin hath done.*

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Stain'd and cover'd with his blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th'eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;
Driv'n the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head;
Plunged into his side the spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Savior, take my broken heart.

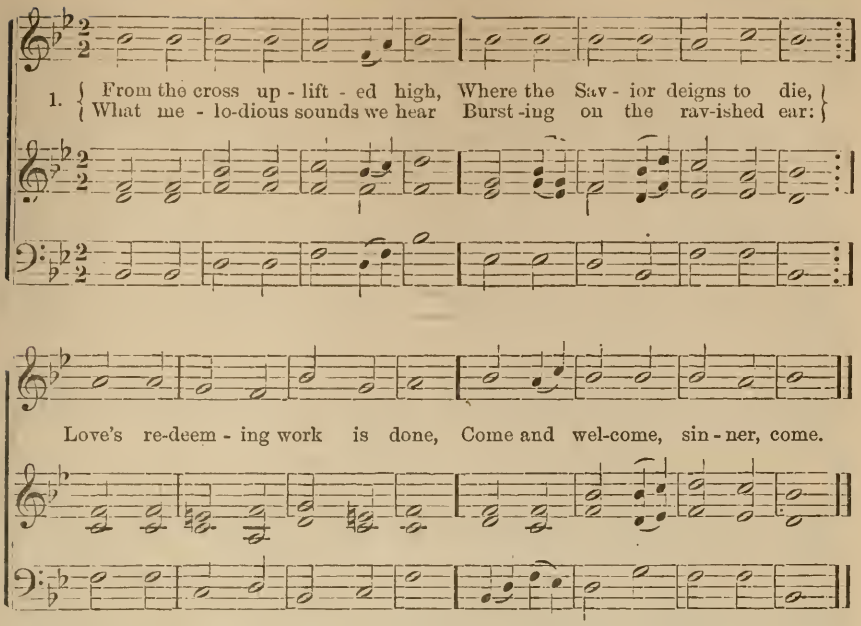
---

459. *The Light of Life.*

1 O disclose thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers:
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers;
Hasten, Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Savior, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief:
Fill me, Radiancy divine:
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.



2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Thou shalt be a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son has given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

461. *Fly to Jesus.*

1 Weary souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss;
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ our all in all.

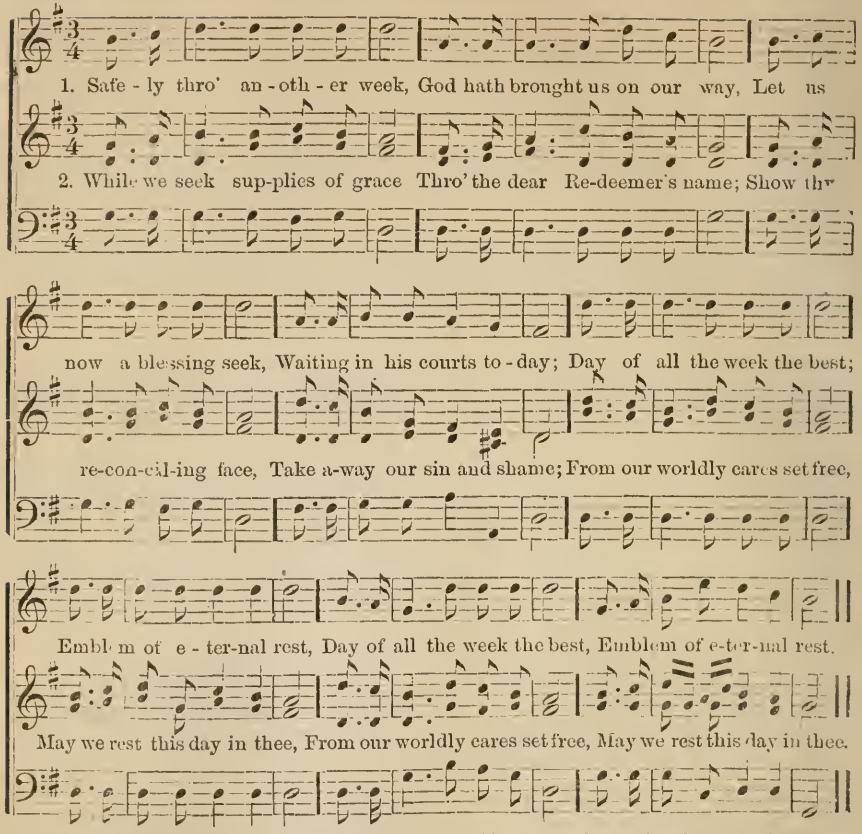
462. *The covenant of grace signed and sealed.*

1 Jesus Christ, who stands between
Angry Heaven and guilty men,
Undertakes to buy our peace;
Gives the covenant of grace;
Ratifies and makes it good;
Signs and seals it with his blood.

2 Life his healing blood imparts,
Sprinkled in our peaceful hearts;
Abel's blood for vengeance cried;
Jesus speaks us justified;
Speaks and calls for better things;
Makes us prophets, priests and kings.

463. SABBATH MORN. 7s. 6 l.

Dr. L. MASON. 1834.



3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near,
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

---

464. *Hand in hand to heaven.*

1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires:
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires:
Join'd to thee by love divine,
Seal our souls forever thine.

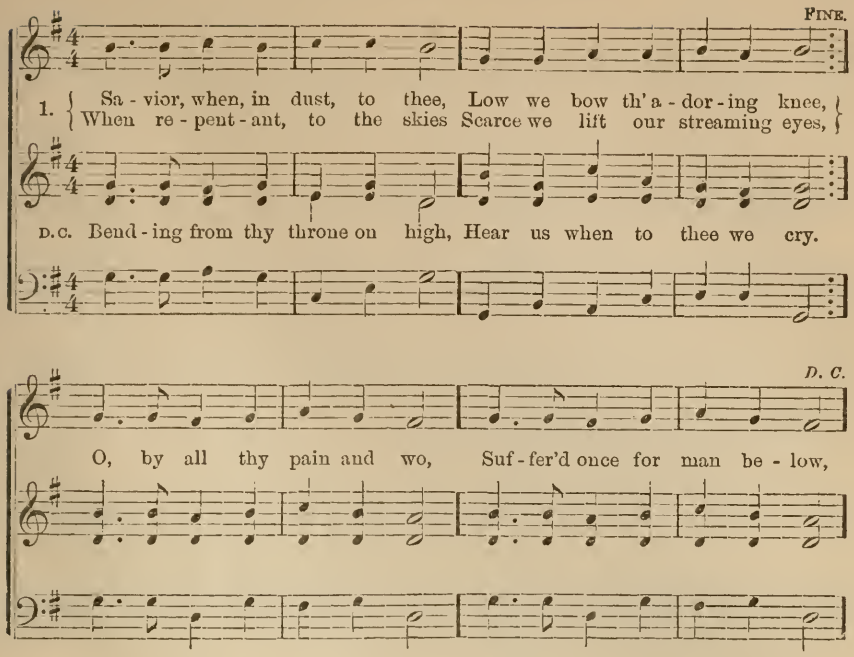
2 All our works in thee be wrought,—
Levell'd at one common aim:
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,—
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our Paradise,—
Here prepare to meet our Lord:
Here enjoy the earnest given:
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

---

465. *Doxology.*

Praise the Name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.



2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power:
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and robe of scorn;
By the gloom that vail'd the skies
O'er the perfect sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear, O hear our humble cry.

4 By thy deep, expiring groan;
By the seal'd, sepulchral stone;
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save:
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Savior, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

467. *Cut short the work in righteousness.*

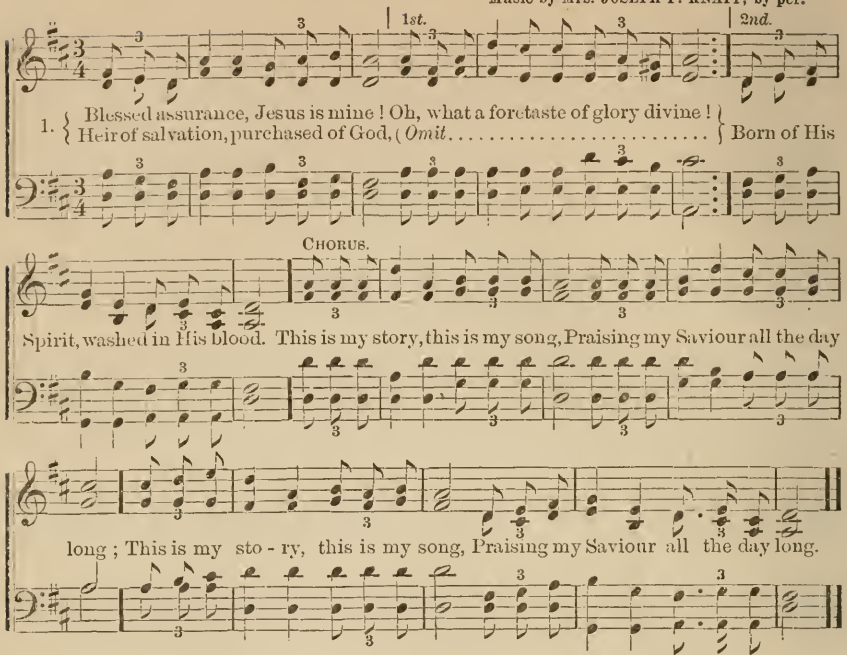
1 SAVIOR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace;
Cut it short in righteousness.
Speak the second time,—Be clean!
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

2 Nothing less will I require;
Nothing more can I desire;
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.
O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all!

Doxology.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise the Name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

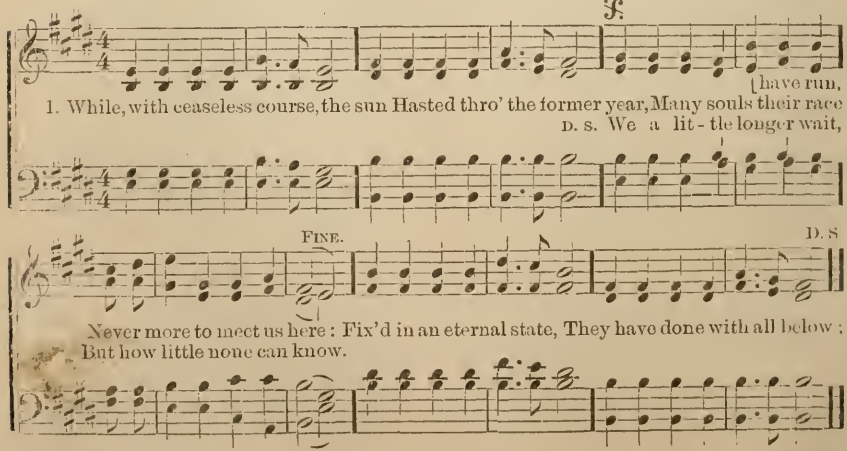


2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. *Cho.*

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
[*Cho.*

468. BENEVENTO. 7s.

S. WEBBE. cir. 1770.



2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with thee above.

---

439. *Clothed with immortality.*

1 Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath:
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:
Thus the mighty Savior speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies.

2 Pris'ner, long detained below,
Pris'ner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of wo;
Welcome to a land of rest:
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls—
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.

---

470. *The dying believer.*

1 Deathless spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies,
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought:—
Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.
Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

3 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on Him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,—
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

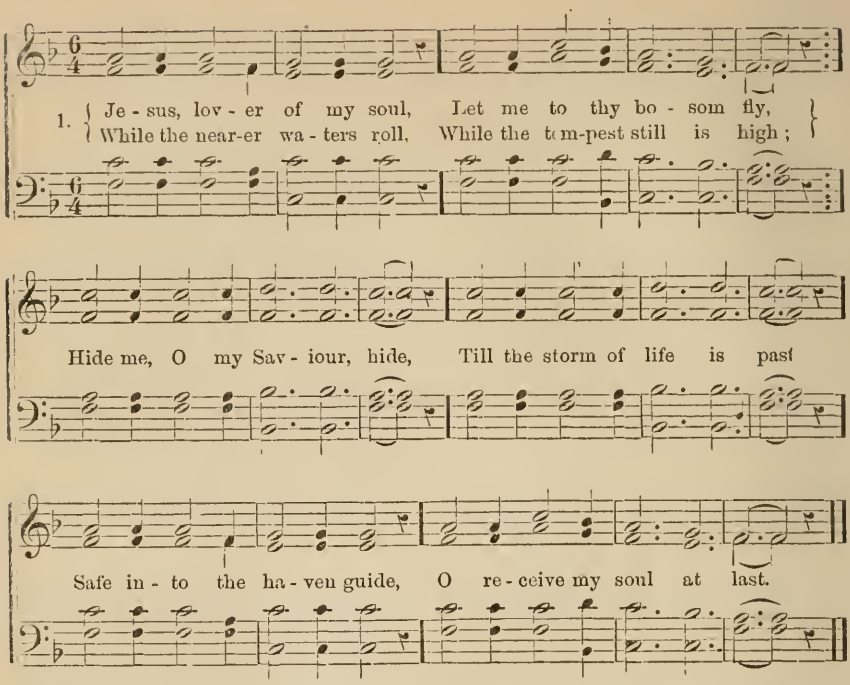
4 See the haven full in view:
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

---

471. *Blessedness of those who die in the Lord*

1 Hark! a voice divides the sky:
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Follow'd by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before,
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath open'd mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they know their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

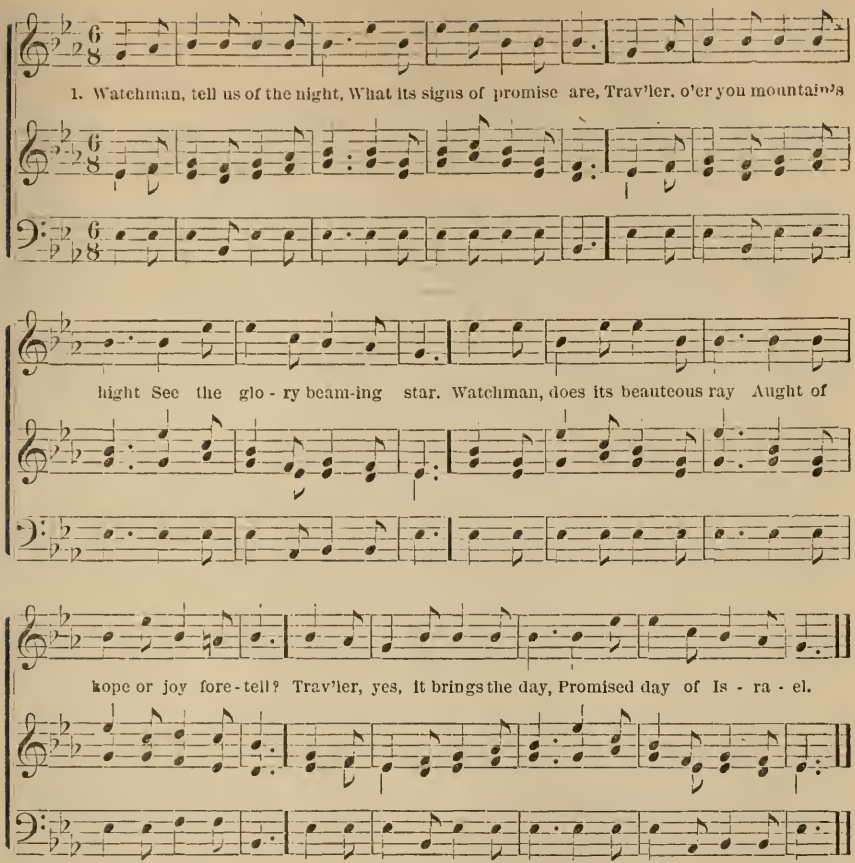
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

473. *Tender expostulation.*

1 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Savior stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me;
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn:
By his life, your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live;
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,—
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,—
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?



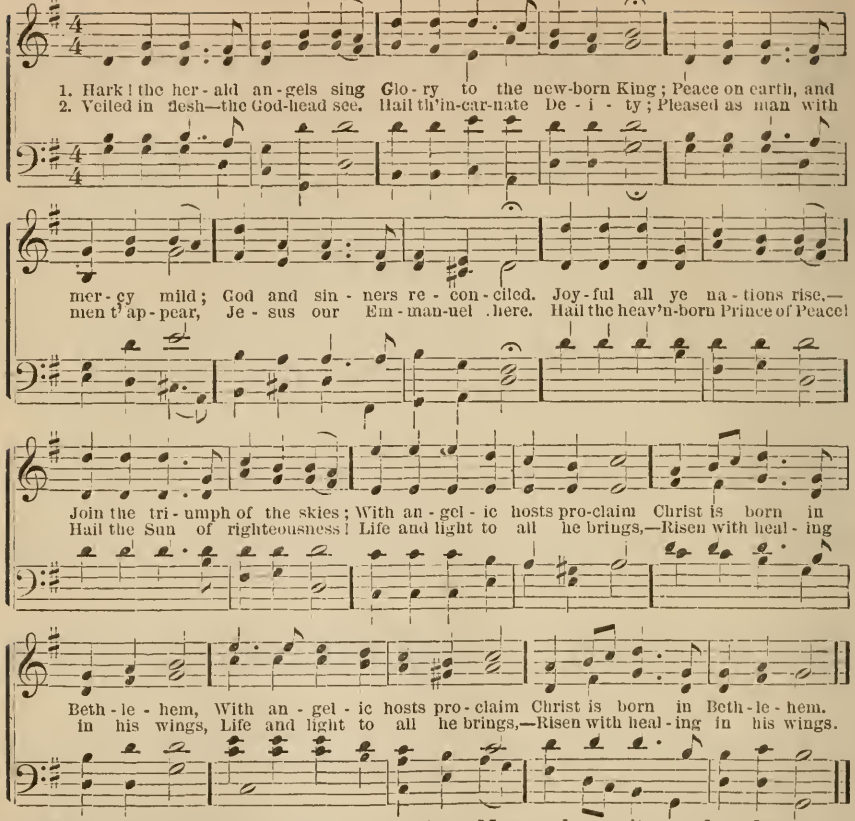
2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn,
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! The Son of God is come.

475. *Mutual love the bond of union.*

1 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,—
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied;—
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee th' unholy cannot see:
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.



3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home:
Second Adam, from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

---

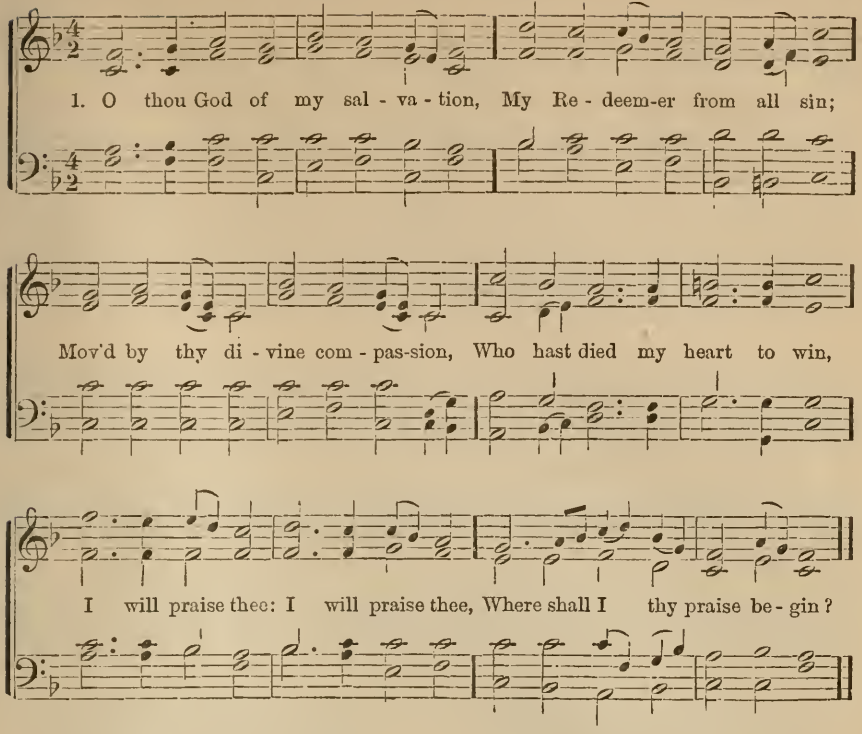
477. *The Word glorified.*

1 See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,—
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Savior praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought:
Worthy is the work of him,—
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,—
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love



2 Though unseen I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

---

479. *Worship the new-born Savior.*

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

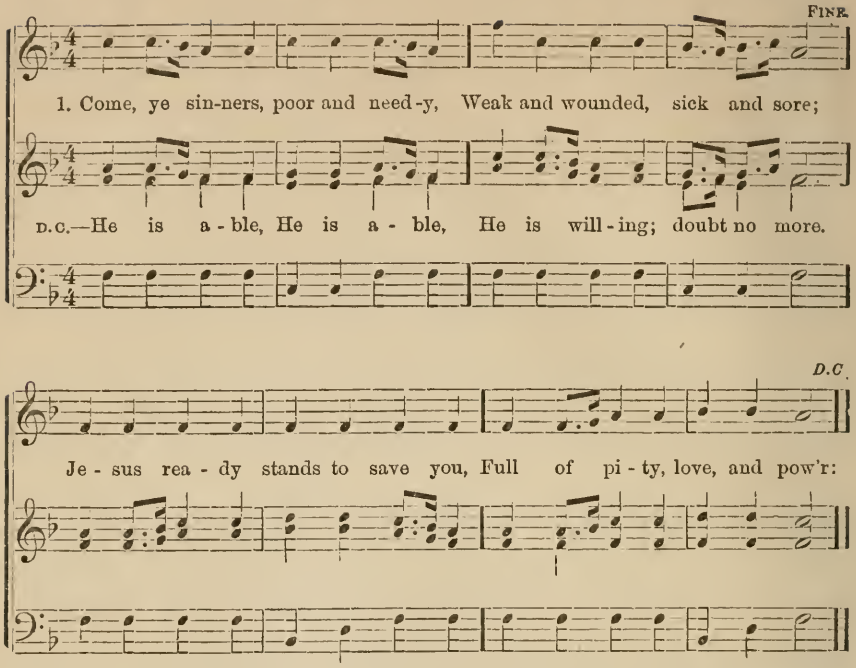
2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance;
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

480. GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4.

J. J. ROUSSEAU. 1750



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make your linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finished!—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him,—venture freely
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

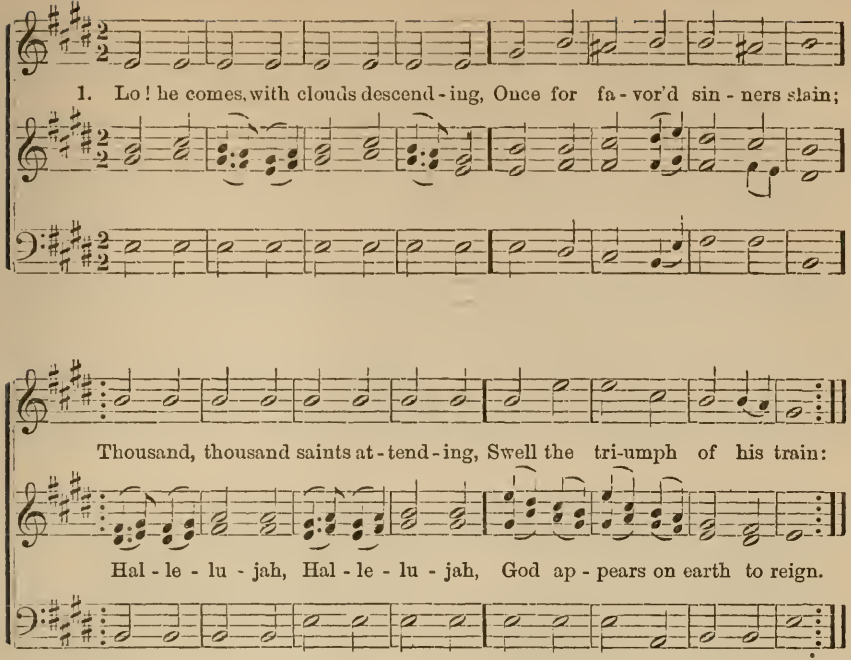
7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

481.

For the Spirit's influences.

1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit;
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak,—the hungry feed;
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.



2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known;
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

---

483. *For the fullness of peace and joy.*

1 Lord dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

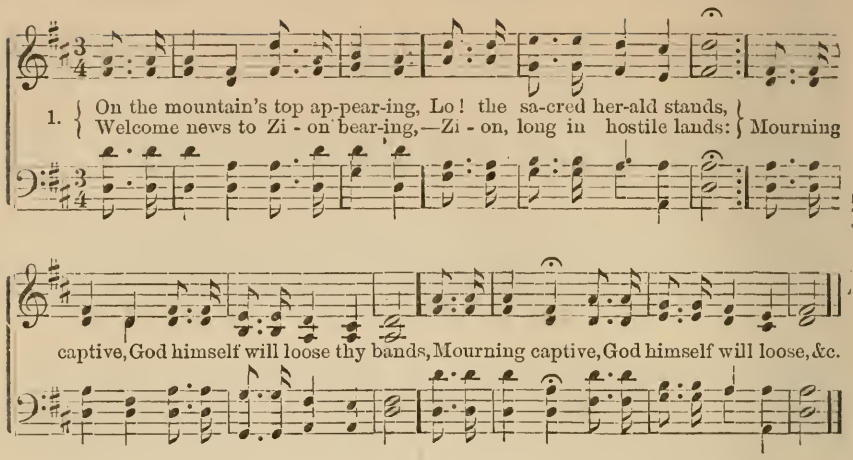
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Doxology.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,—
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

Dr. T. HASTINGS, 1836.
Re-arranged for this work.



2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

485. *We shall appear with him in glory.*

1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what diff'rent exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:—
All discern him:
All with shouts cry out,—'tis he!

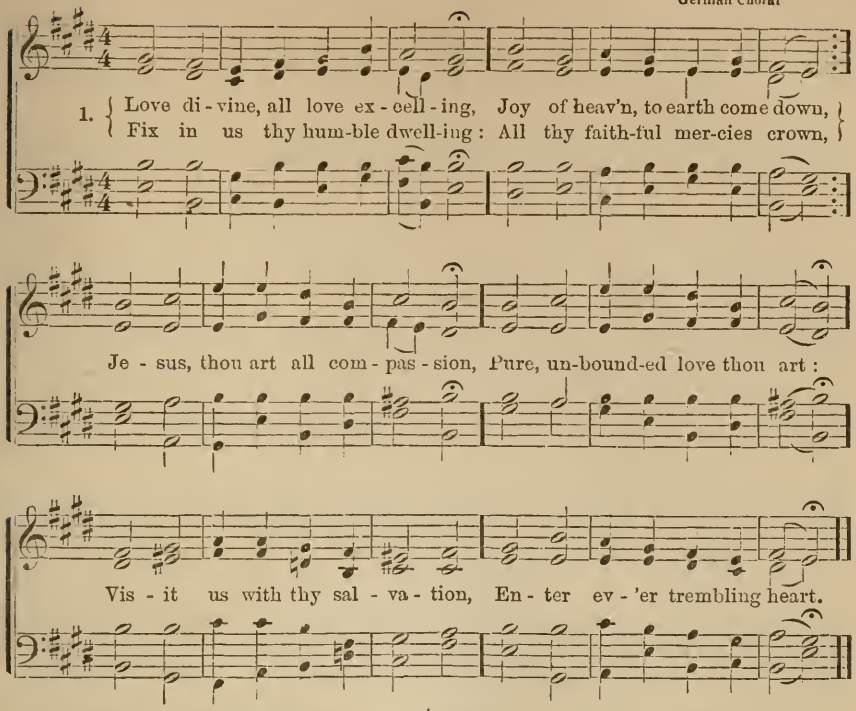
5 Lo! 'tis he! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.

486. *The pilgrim's guide and guardian.*

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be:
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive:
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

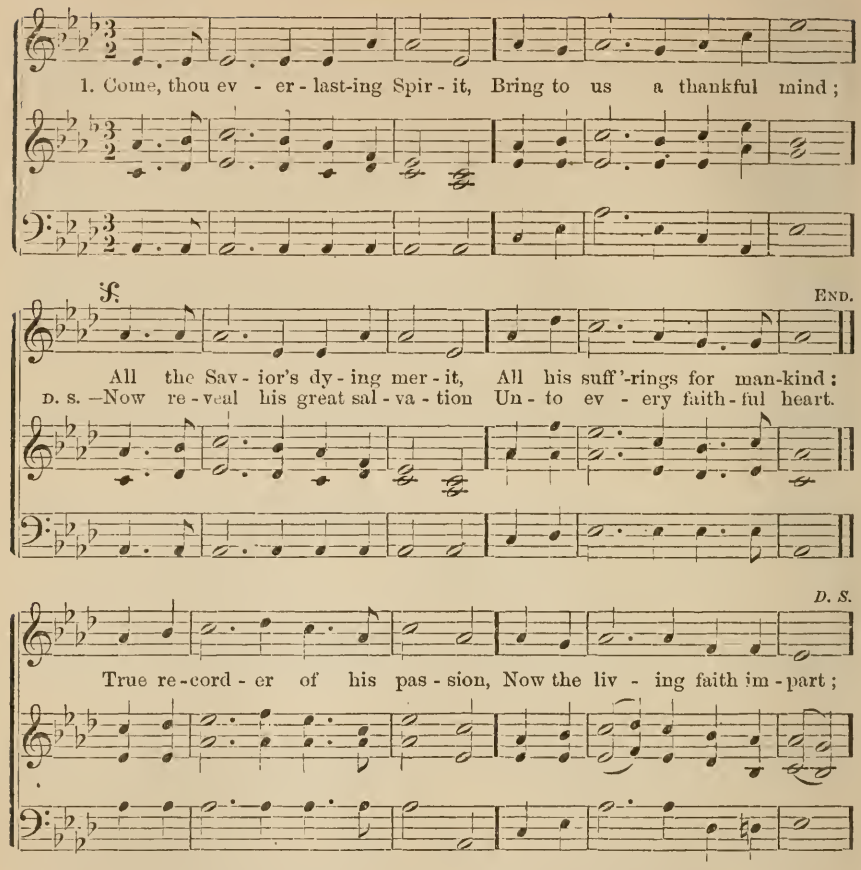
488. *Our Paschal Lamb.*

1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor:
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Spanish Melody.



2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

490.

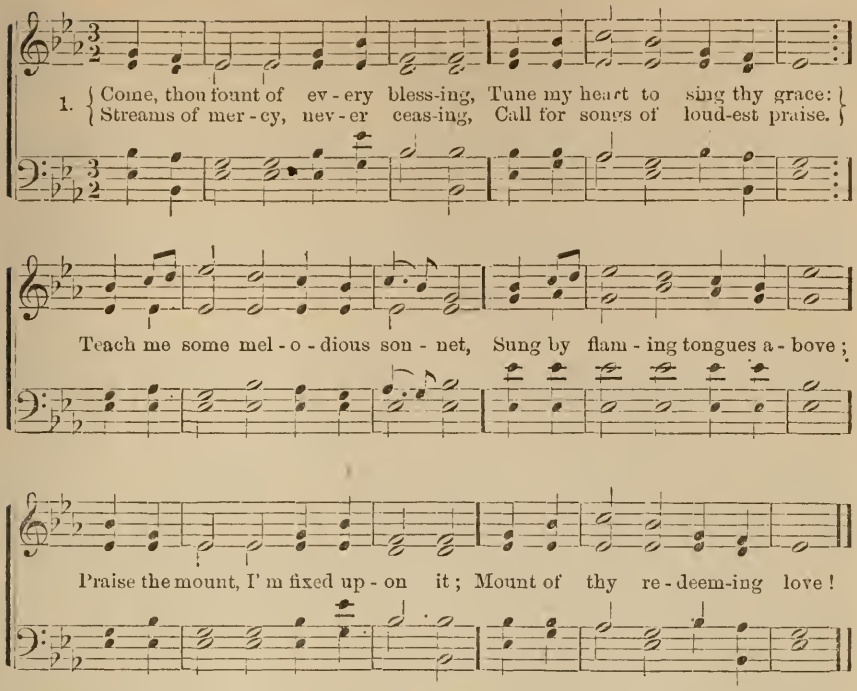
The heavenly banquet.

1 JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy suff'rings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.



2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

492. *Guide and Comforter.*

1 Holy Spirit! Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind;
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prison'd souls deliverance find.
Seal of truth, and bond of union,
Source of light, and flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove;—

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distress'd,
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest:
Promis'd Pledge! eternal Spirit!
Greater than all gifts below,—
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show.

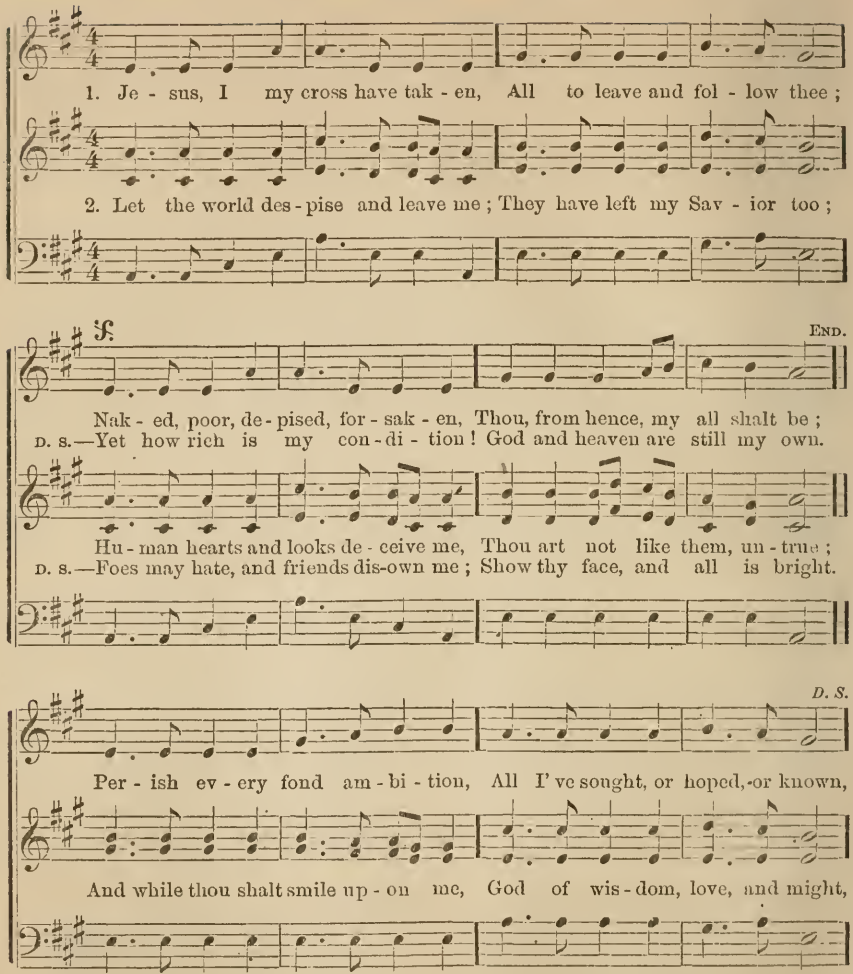
493. *Praise to Jehovah.*

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the univers l song.
Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

494. GRANT. 8s & 7s.

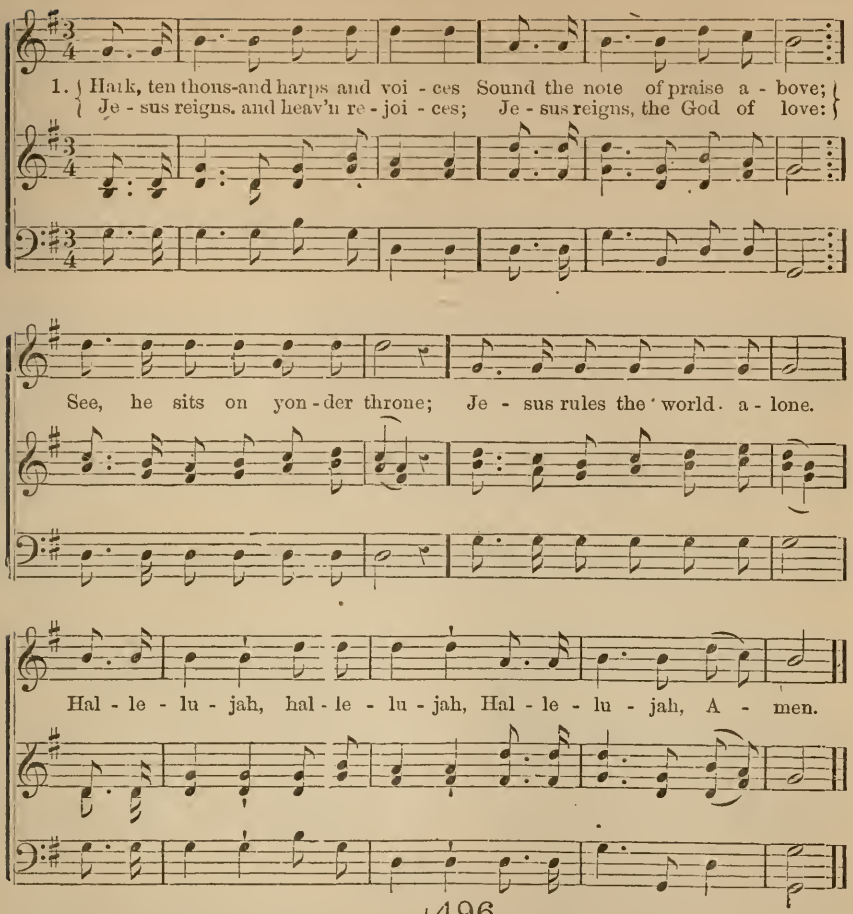
Arr. from MOZART.



3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain,
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?



2 Jesus, hail! Whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Savior! hasten thine appearing,
Bring,—oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, &c.

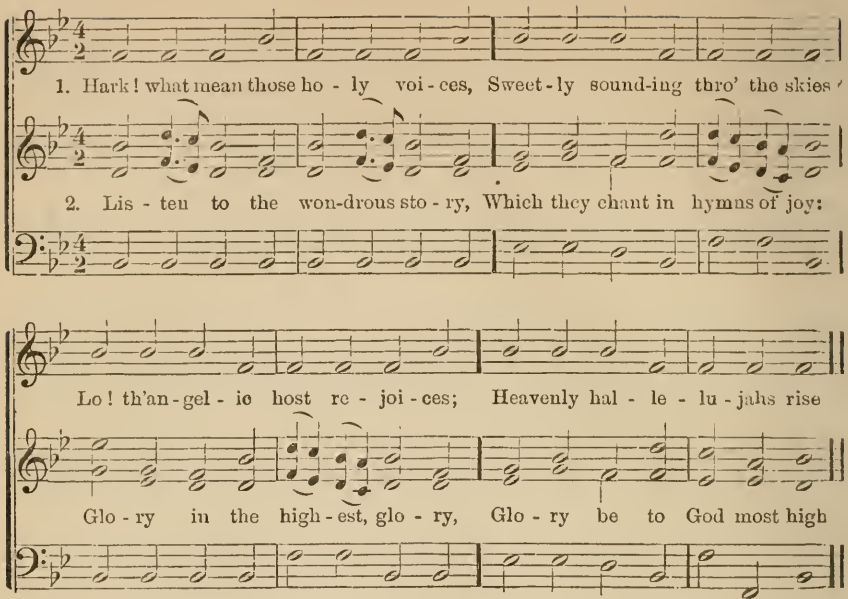
496.

1 Hark! the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Savior's name.
Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

2 Fill'd with holy emulation,
We unite with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.
Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name:
Glory, honor, power and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

497. WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

Arr. from C. M. v. WEBER, cir. 1820.



3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!

498. *God is in the midst of her.*

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode;

2 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

5 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near;

6 He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

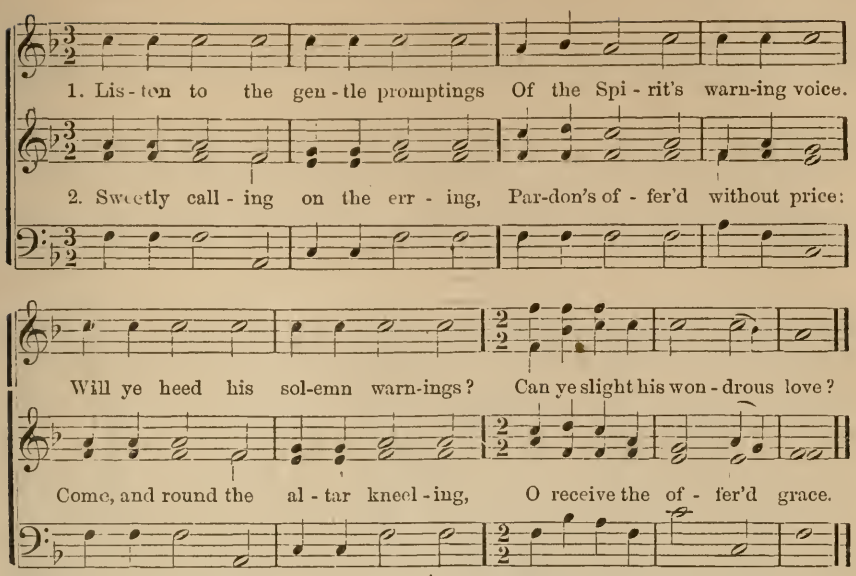
499. *The Triune God glorified.*

1 Glory to th' almighty Father
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, his wand'ring sheep to gather,
Sent a Savior from above.

2 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sin and sorrows bore.

3 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;
Author of each pure emotion;
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

4 Thus, while our glad hearts, ascending,
Glorify Jehovah's Name,
Heavenly songs with ours are blending:
There the theme is still the same.



501. *The true light.*

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,—
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruin'd, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Savior;
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

502. *Glorying in the Cross.*

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

503. *Pardon implored for national sins.*

1 Dread Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

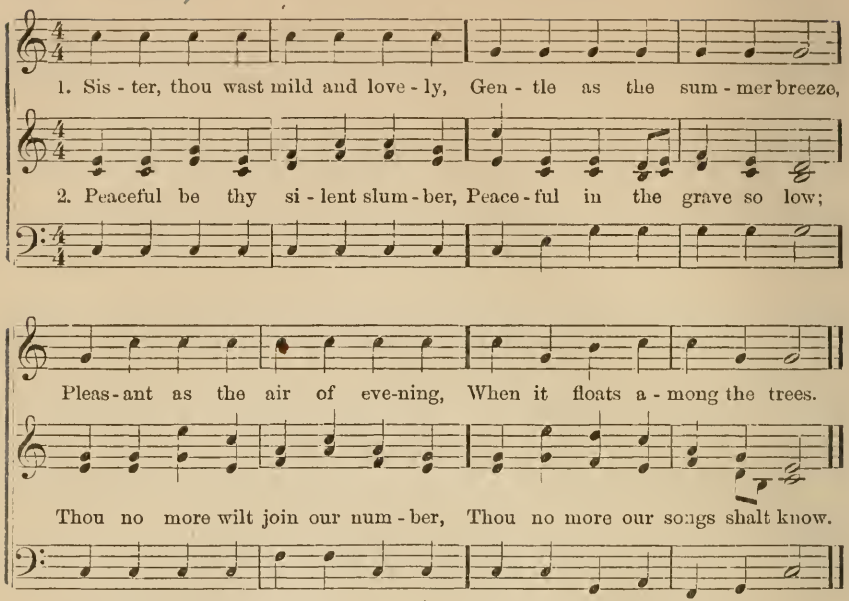
2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy vail transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

504. MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

Dr. L. MASON. 1833.



3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

505.

Adoration.

1 May I love thee and adore thee,
O thou bleeding, dying Lamb;
Teach my heart to bow before thee,
Kindle there a sacred flame.

2 Teach me what I am by nature,
How to lift my thoughts on high;
Teach me, O thou great Creator!
How to live, and how to die!

506.

The kind Shepherd.

1 Savior, who thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the Lion's prey:
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

507.

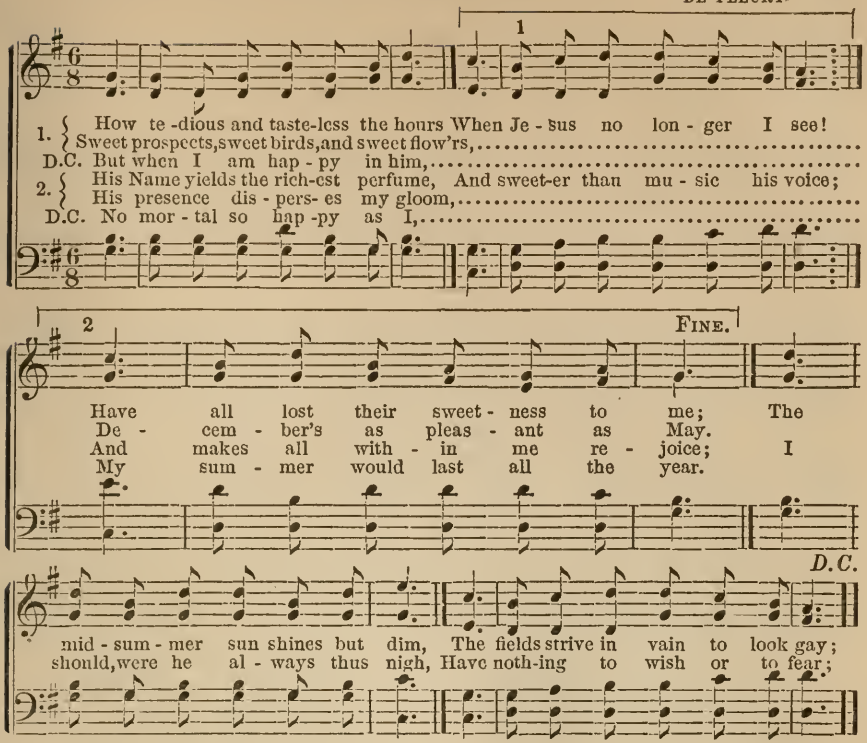
Jesus our strength.

1 Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays;
Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

2 O what debtors to thy kindness
Are we, God of boundless love!
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.

3 Jesus, on thy arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale,
Be our life when we are dying;
Be our strength, when strength shall fail

4 Let us mount the hills of glory,
Far from sins, and woes, and pains;
There, in perfect songs, adore thee,
And in everlasting strains.



3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

509. *Following the Lamb.*

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centered in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

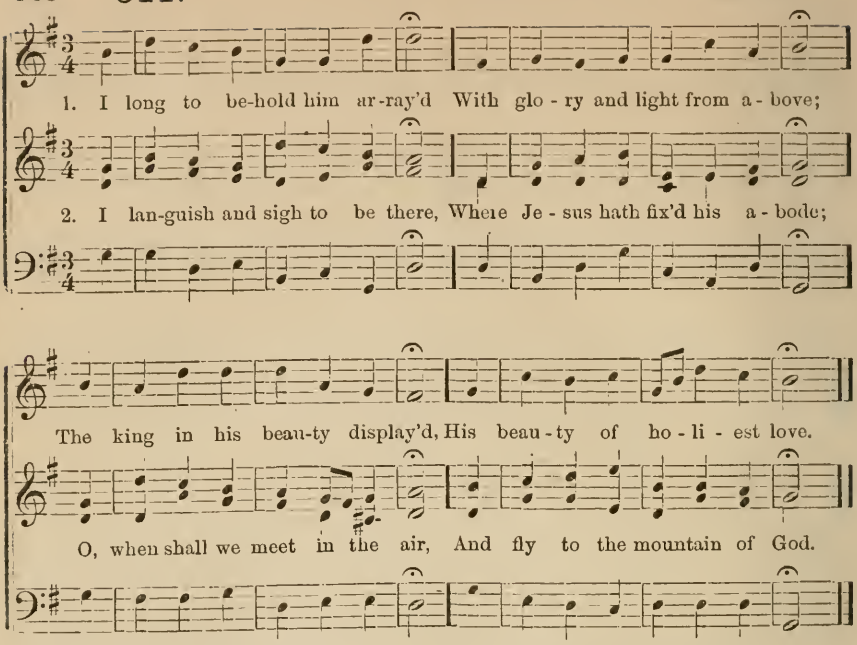
510. *Longing for still closer communion.*

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,—
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

511. DAVID. 8s.

From G. F. HANDEL, 1732.



3 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:

4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,—
My heaven of heavens in thee.

5 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.

6 Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

---

512. *The fountain of living waters.*

1 A FOUNTAIN of life and of grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free:

2 Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown:
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

3 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take:
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake!

4 We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

---

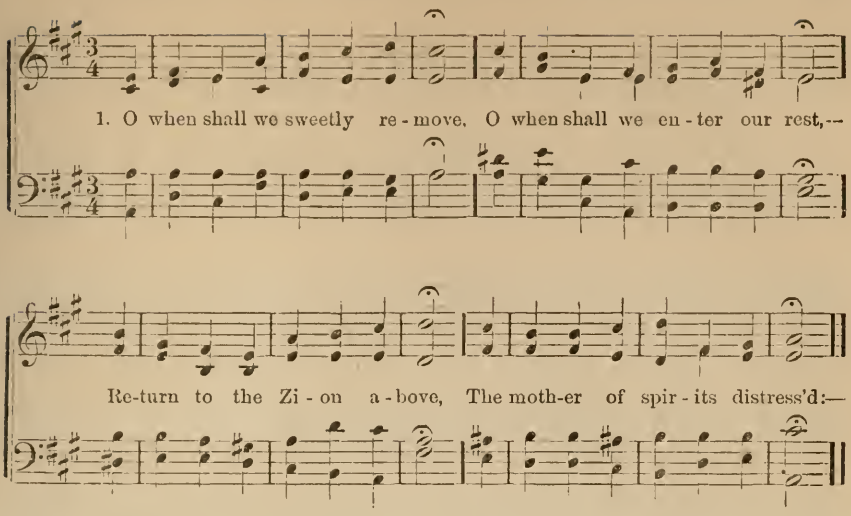
513. *The Rock that is higher than I.*

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
And ready all hope to resign,
I long for thy light and thy grace;
O God, will they never be mine?

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.

3 Appear, and my sorrow shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The Rock that is higher than I.

4 O enter this desolate heart,—
Then rule o'er the heart thou hast won
Nor again in thine anger depart,
But make it forever thy throne.



2 That city of God, the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore?

3 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face:

4 When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the Light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

5 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:

6 'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

515. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

1 Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.

2 From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,—
The palace of angels and God.

3 Our mourning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:

4 The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

5 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:

6 Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

516. *Praise to Jesus.*

1 My Gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim:
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.

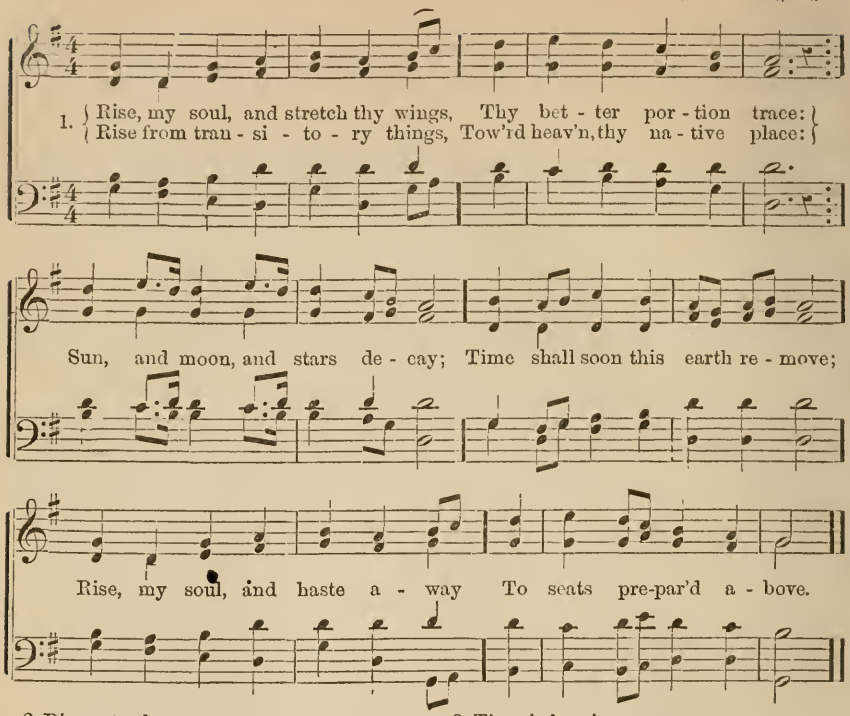
2 To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:—

4 To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Savior, my King!

170 517. AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

DR. JAS. NARES, 1780.



2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Savior will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

---

518. *Flight of time.*

1 TIME is wringing us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is bearing us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb:
But the saints shall soon enjoy
Life — immortal life above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Where Jesus reigns in love.

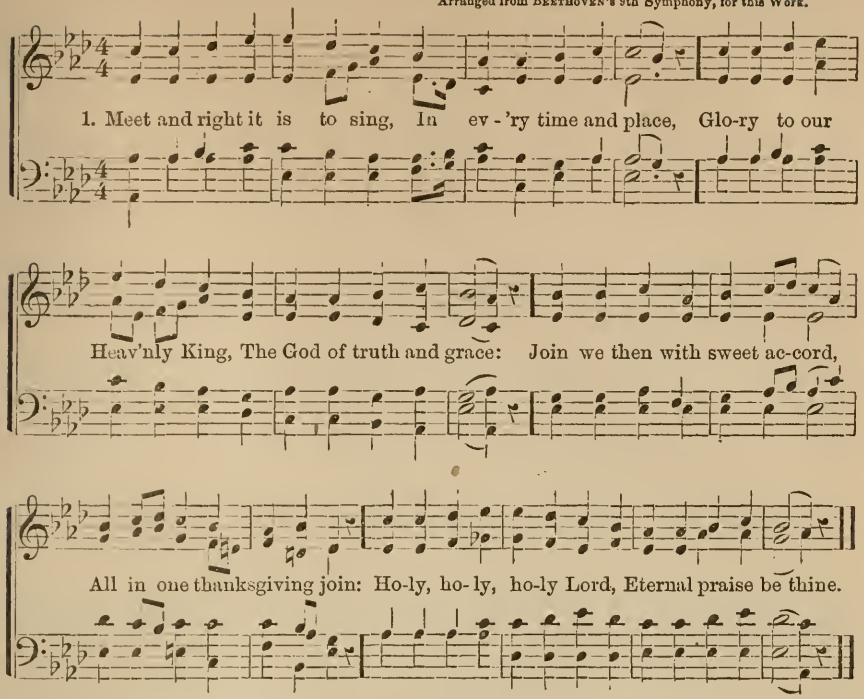
---

519. *Security and safety.*

1 SEE the gospel Church secure,
And founded on a Rock;
All her promises are sure:
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine:
Tell, to after ages tell,—
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.

2 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pard'ning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him
Through all eternity.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN's 9th Symphony, for this Work.



2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelmed before thy throne.

3 Vying with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagle's wings aspire,—
The wings of faith and love;
Thee they sing, with glory crown'd,
We extol the slaughtered Lamb·
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

521. *With the voice of the archangel.*

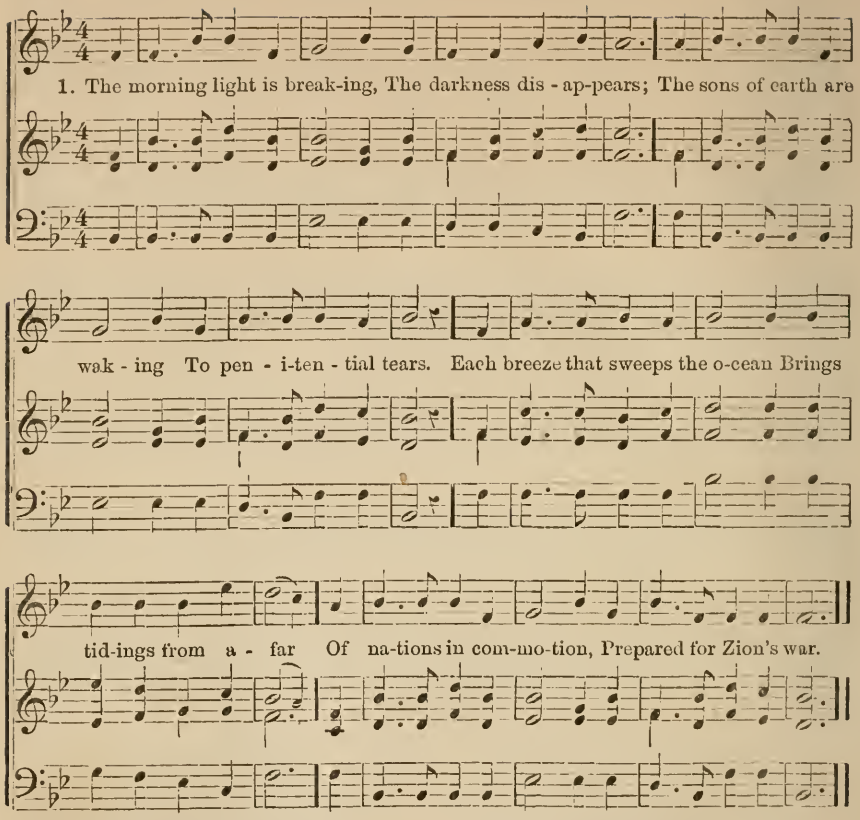
1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend:
Christ shall come with dreadful noise;
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
All rapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we possess
In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
Mightier bliss ordained to know:
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.

522. WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB, 1837.



2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

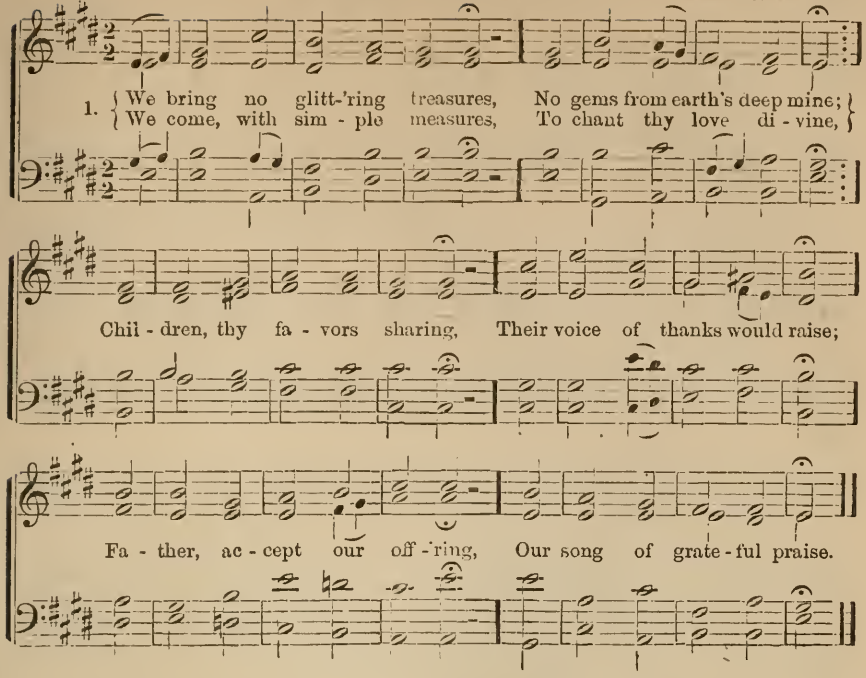
3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

523.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er:
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.



2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth:
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way:
Then, where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again;
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy Name.

525. *No cause for fear.*

1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

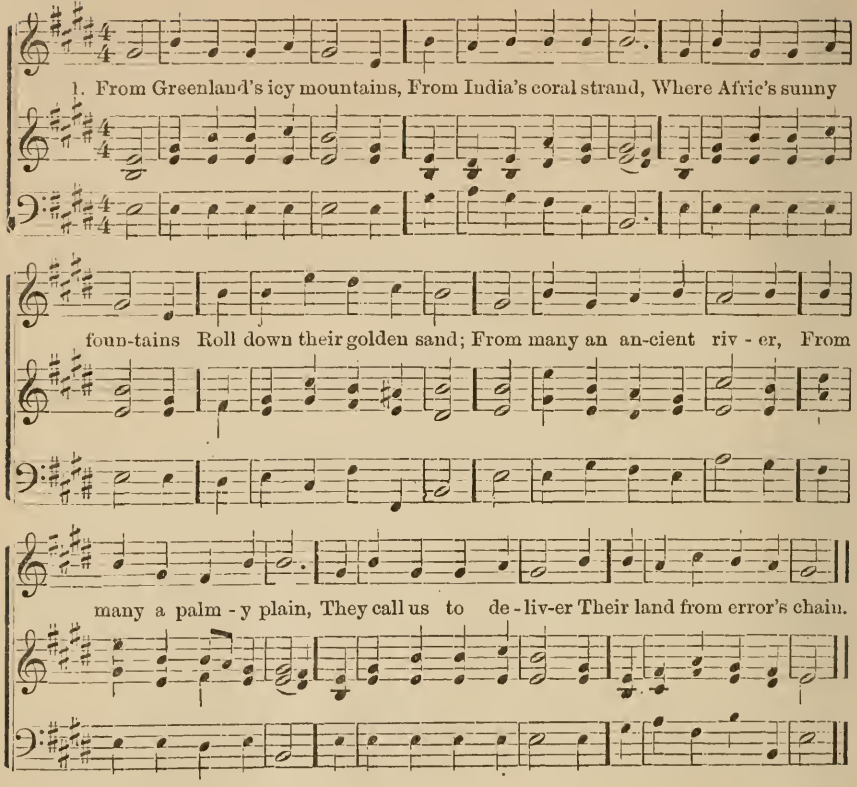
2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen:
The Lord will give thee peace.

Conclusion of Hymn 523, *on opposite page.*

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die!
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

DR. L. MASON, 1824.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

---

527. *The glory of His kingdom.*

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,—
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,—
Their darkness turn to light,—

Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

---

528. *Departing missionaries.*

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

---

529. *The comforts, gifts, and graces of the Spirit.*

1 God of all consolation,
The Holy Ghost thou art;
Thy secret inspiration
Hath told it to my heart:
The blessing I inherit,
Through Jesus' prayer bestow'd,
The Comforter, the Spirit,
The true eternal God.

2 With God the Son and Savior,
With God the Father one,
The tokens of his favor
Are now to man made known;
An ante-past of heaven
Thou dost in me reveal,
Attest my sins forgiven,
And my salvation seal.

3 Th' indubitable witness
Of thy own Deity,
Thou giv'st my soul its fitness
Thy glorious face to see:
Thy comforts, gifts, and graces,
My largest thoughts transcend,
And challenge endless praises,
When faith in sight shall end.

---

530. *The universal anthem.*

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

531.

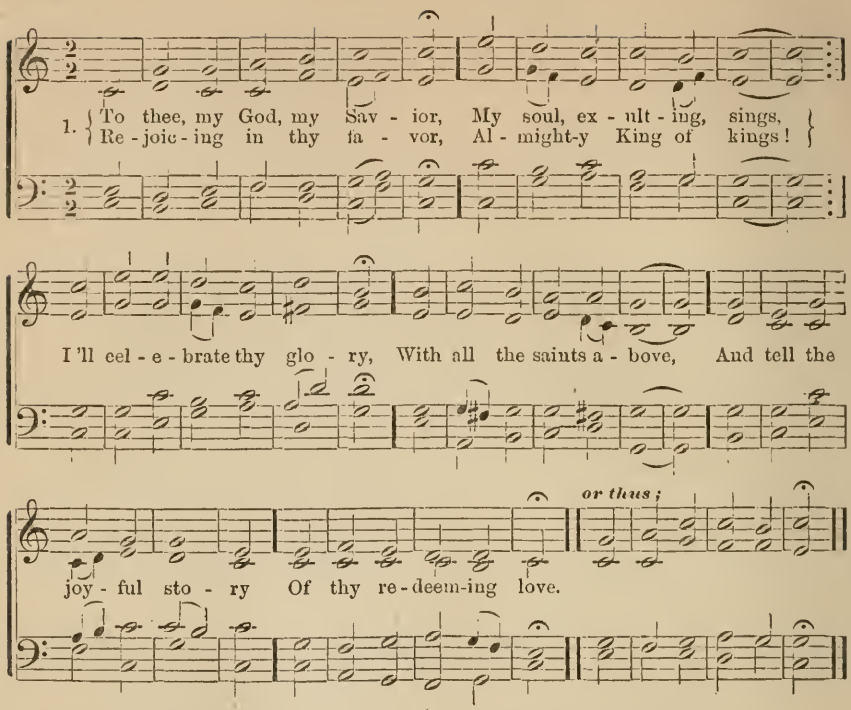
1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd,
And be the shout hosanna
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

---

532. *Doxology.*

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransom'd spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.



2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Savior, thou shalt hear;
Oh, grant me thy salvation;
And to my soul draw near!

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode:
There cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee:
What would an angel more?

---

534. *"He hath borne our griefs."*

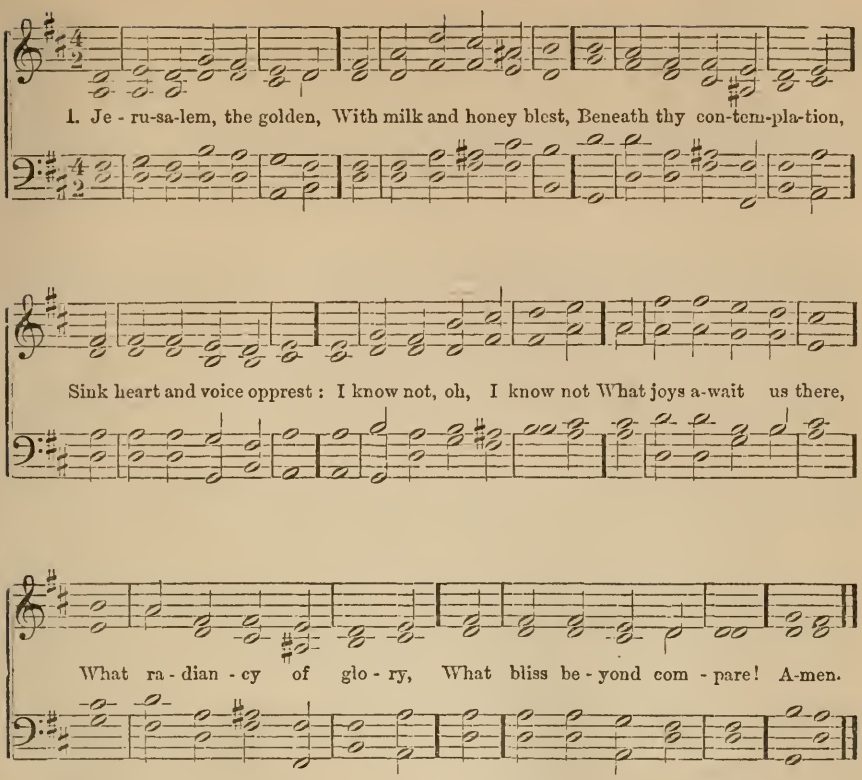
1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

A. EWING, 1860.



2 They stand, those hills of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The day-light is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

---

536. *Contrast of Heaven with earth.*

(An Ancient Hymn.)

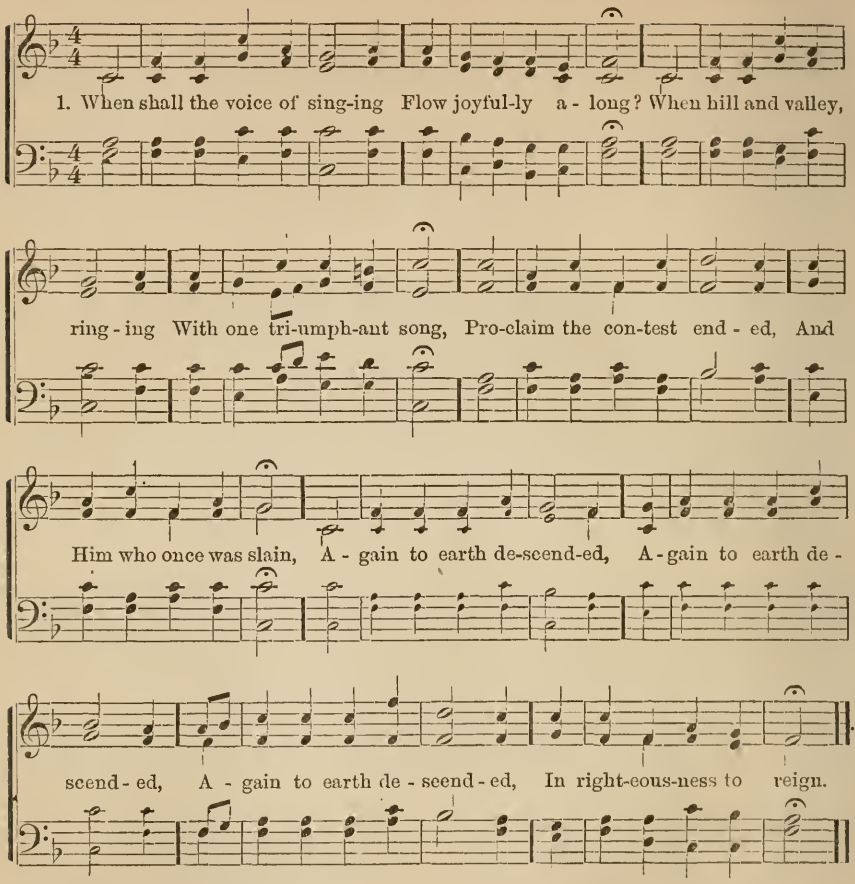
1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there:
Reward of grace, how wondrous!
Short toil—eternal rest!
Oh! miracle of mercy,
That rebels should be blest!

2 And now we fight the battle,—
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And ever bright renown;
There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

537. YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

Dr. L. MASON, 1835.



2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

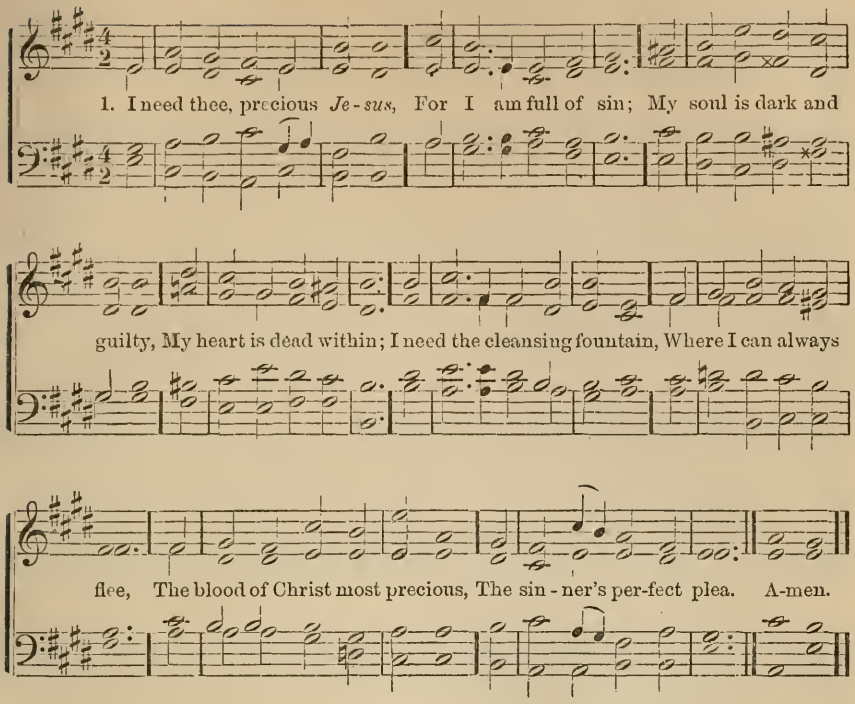
538. *"Fear not, little flock."*

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding.
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

From Hymns Ancient and Modern.



2 I need thee, precious *Jesus*,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of *Jesus*,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, precious *Jesus*,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of *Jesus*,
To feel each anxious care;
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, precious *Jesus*,
I need thee day by day,
To fill me with thy fullness,
To lead me on my way:
I need thy *Holy Spirit*,
To teach me what I am;
To show me more of *Jesus*,
To point me to the *Lamb*.

5 I need thee, precious *Jesus*.
And hope to see thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne:
There, with thy blood-bought children
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy praises, *Jesus*,
To gaze, my *Lord*, on thee. AMEN

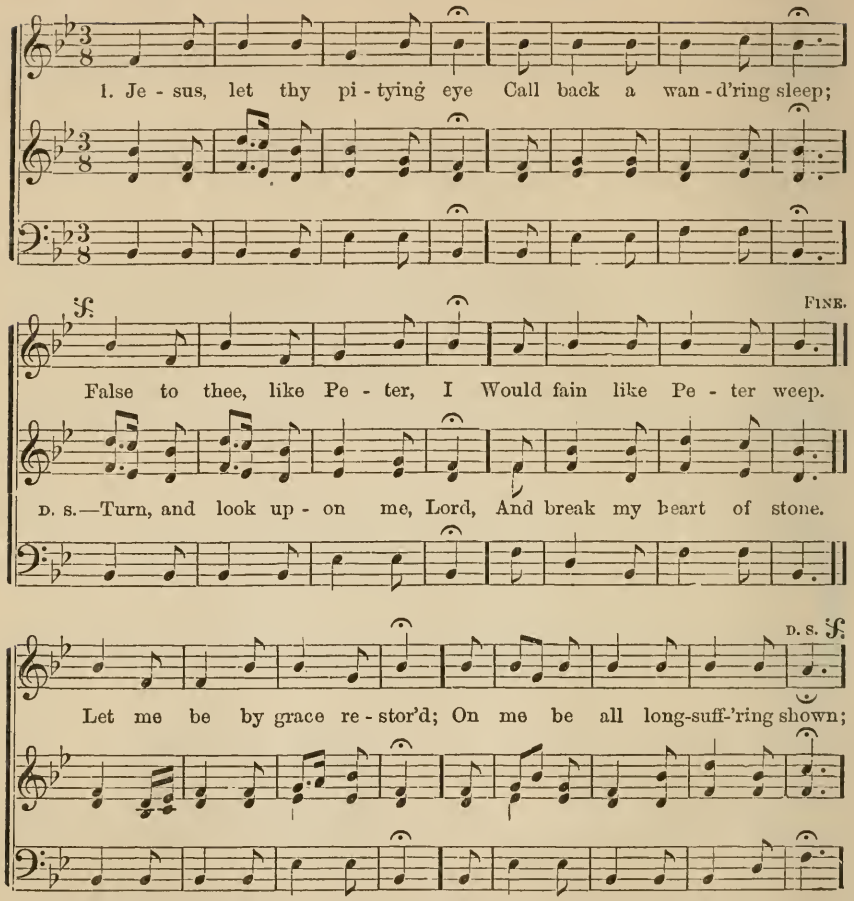
540. *The exceeding riches of his grace.*

1 O LORD, thy love's unbounded!
So full, so sweet, so free!
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think on thee:
For us, thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die;
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

2 Oh, let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth thee!
Our joy, our one endeavor,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve thee, gracious Savior,
And magnify thy name.

541. PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.



2 Savior, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

542. *Continued.—The heart broken.*

1 SAVIOR, see me from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,—
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

543.

The deceitfulness of sin.

1 Jesus, friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

544

Tears of joy.

1 Lord, and is thine anger gone,—
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.

2 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

3 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven:
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

545.

Determined to know nothing but Jesus.

1 Vain delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

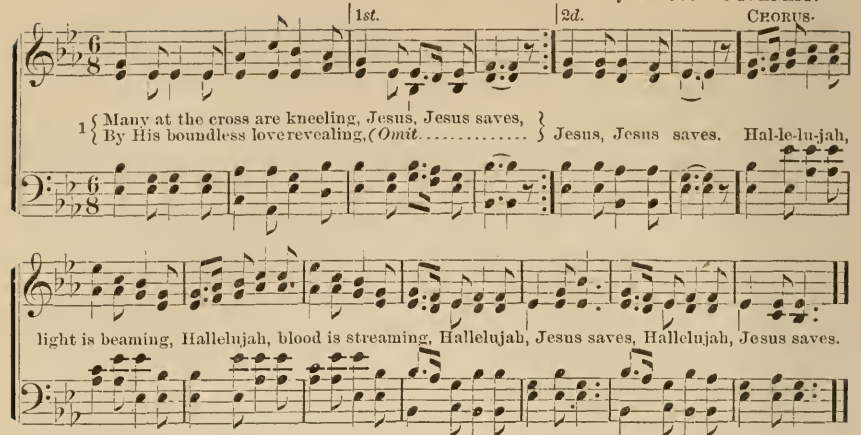
3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know.
And Jesus crucified.

4 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the hight
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Doxology.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,—
Join with the celestial host,
Who praise thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

Words and Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



2 All the lost and all the lonely,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
O come now believing only,
Jesus, Jesus saves. *Cho.*

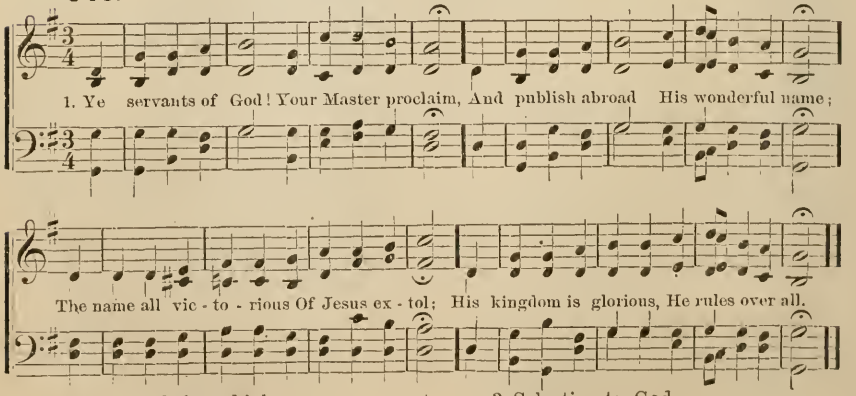
3 Hearts are at this moment proving,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Every sinful stain removing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. *Cho.*

4 Come with tears your sin confessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Seek and find the choicest blessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. *Cho.*

5 Hallelujah, saints are singing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. *Cho.*

546. LYONS. 3s & 6s.

HAYDN, 1770.



2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,—
With angels above,—
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

---

547. *The heavenly Pattern.*

1 Appointed by thee,
We meet in thy name,
And meekly agree
To follow the Lamb;
To trace thy example,
The world to disdain,
And constantly trample
On pleasure and pain.

2 O what shall we do
Our Savior to love?
To make us anew,
Come, Lord, from above:
The fruit of thy passion,
Thy holiness give;
Give us the salvation
Of all that believe.

3 O Jesus! appear;
No longer delay,
To sanctify here,
And bear us away;
The end of our meeting
On earth let us see—
Triumphantly sitting
In glory with thee.

---

548. *Peace, power, and love.*

1 All thanks to the Lamb,
Who gives us to meet;
His love we proclaim,
His praises repeat:
We own him our Jesus,
Continually near,
To pardon and bless us,
And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace,
In him we have power,
Preserved by his grace
Throughout the dark hour
In all our temptation
He keeps us, to prove
His utmost salvation,
His fulness of love.

3 Pronounce the glad word,
And bid us be free;
Ah! hast thou not, Lord,
A blessing for me?
The peace thou hast given,
This moment impart,
And open thy heaven,
O Love, in my heart.

---

549. *Rejoicing in the freeness of grace*

1 All glory and praise
To Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace,
So true to his word,
To us he hath given
The gift from above,
The earnest of heaven,
The Spirit of love.

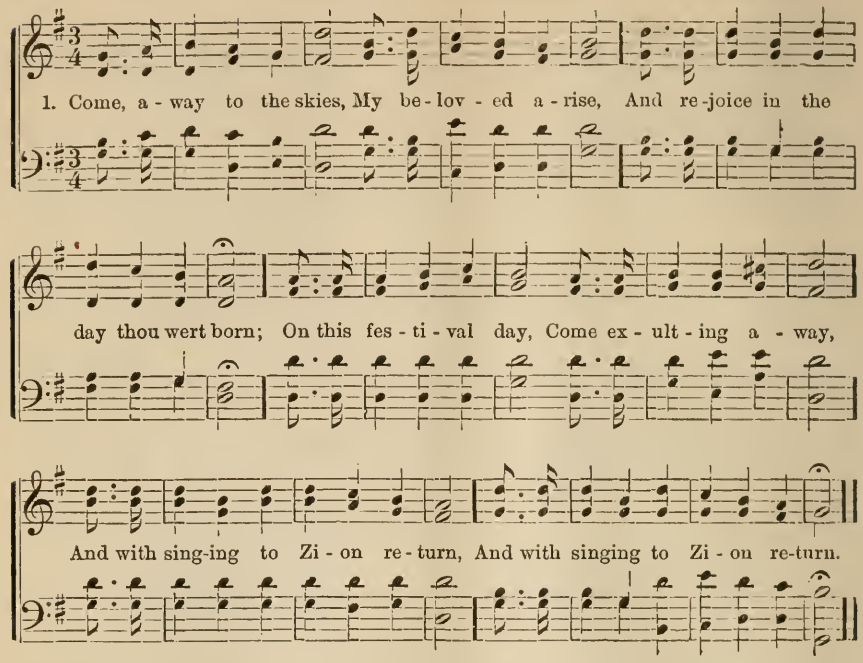
2 The truth of our God
We boldly assert;
His love shed abroad,
And power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit,
On Jesus who call;
The gift of his Spirit
Is proffer'd to all.

3 His witness within,
By faith we receive,
And, ransom'd from sin,
In righteousness live;
Through Jesus's passion
We gladly possess
A present salvation,—
A kingdom of peace.

4 The peace and the power,
Ye sinners, embrace,
And look for the shower,—
The Spirit of grace;
The gift and the Giver
We all may receive,
Forever and ever
Within us to live.

550. ROWLEY. 6s & 9s.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.



2 We have laid up our love,
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of our Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace
By our heavenly Father bestowed;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

551.

Rapturous anticipation.

1 COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

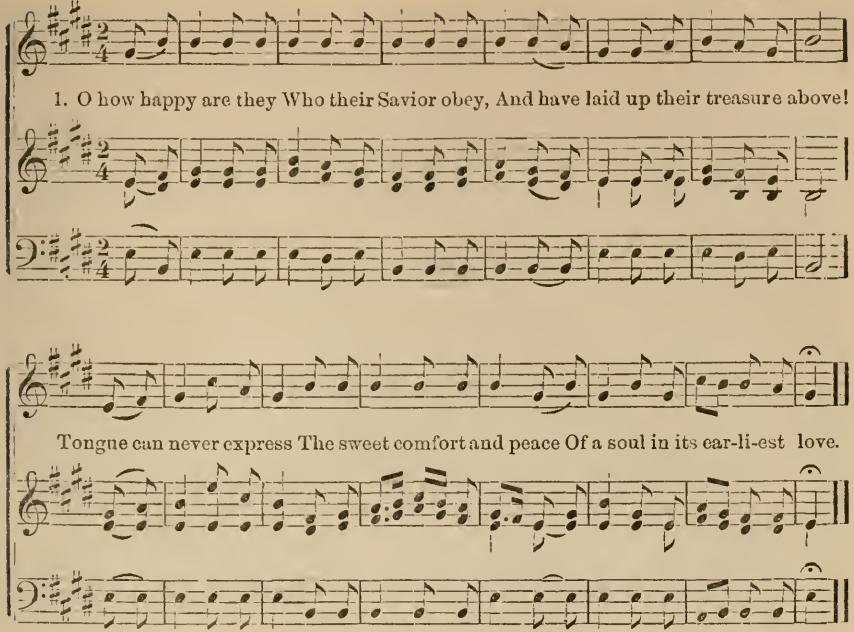
3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great King:
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing?

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join!—
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is,—Mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,—
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,—
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

Western Melody.



2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know:
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O! the rapturous hight
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Savior possessed
I was perfectly blest,
And was filled with the fullness of God.

---

553. *Mourning an absent Savior.*

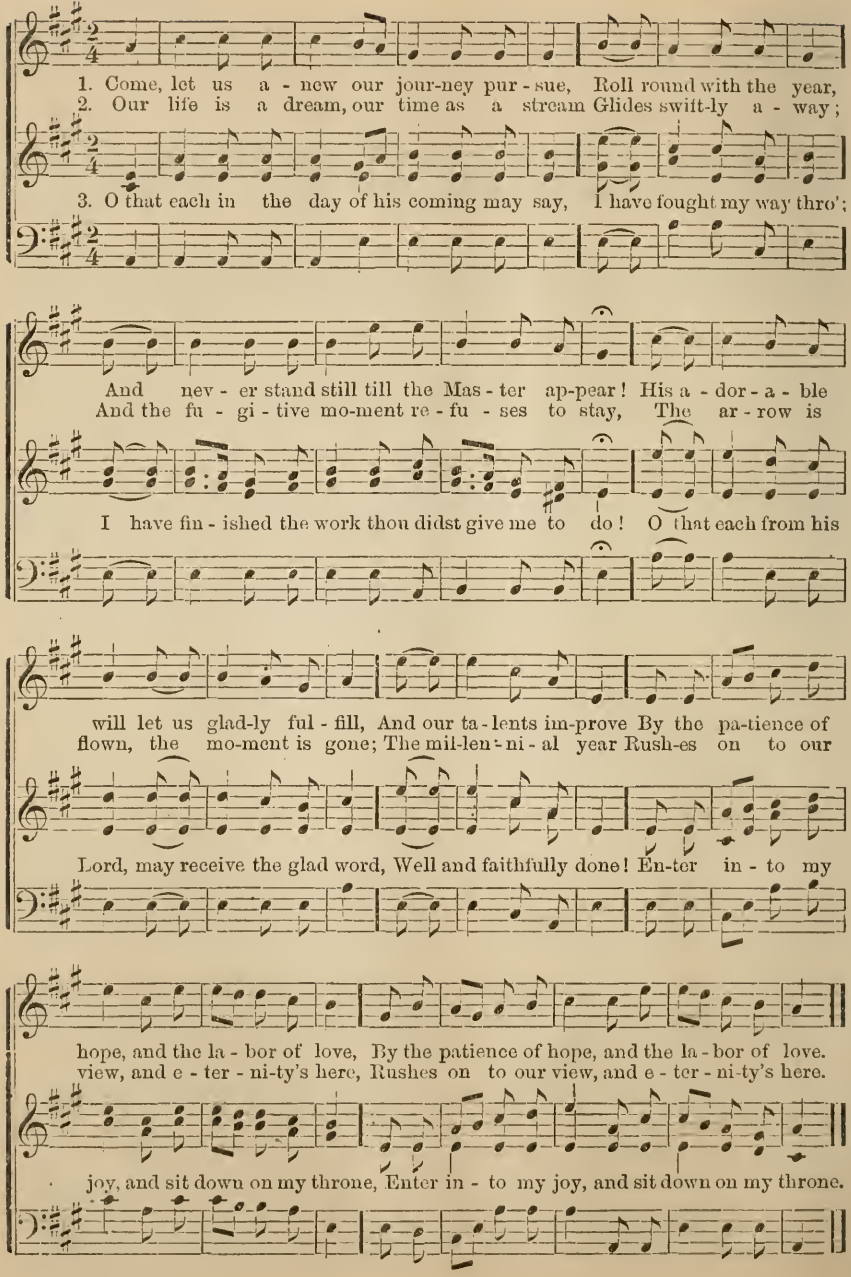
1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My Comfort by day, and my Song in the night,
My Hope, my Salvation, my All.

2 Where dost thou, at noontide, resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove.

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

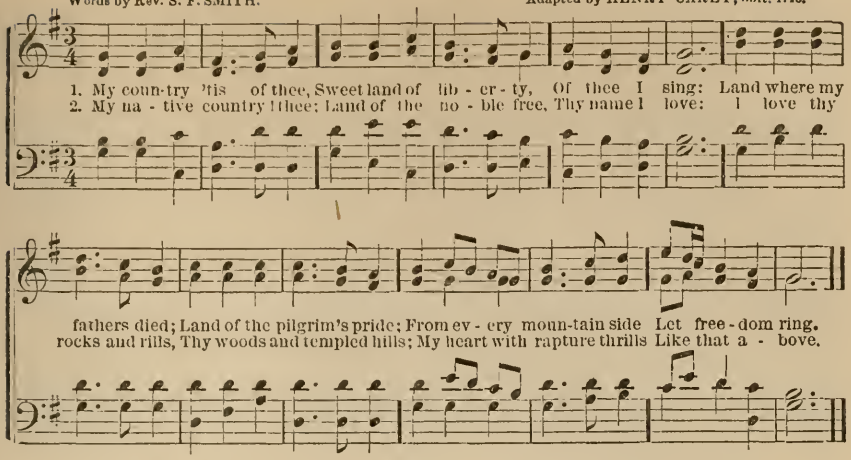
4 The joy of thy presence, dear Shepherd, restore
I pant for the light of thy face;
An alien no longer, I'll wander no more,
But dwell in my Savior's embrace.

554. "Come let us anew." 10s, 11s. or 5s, 6s.



555. AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

Words by Rev. S. F. SMITH. Adapted by HENRY CAREY, obit. 1743.

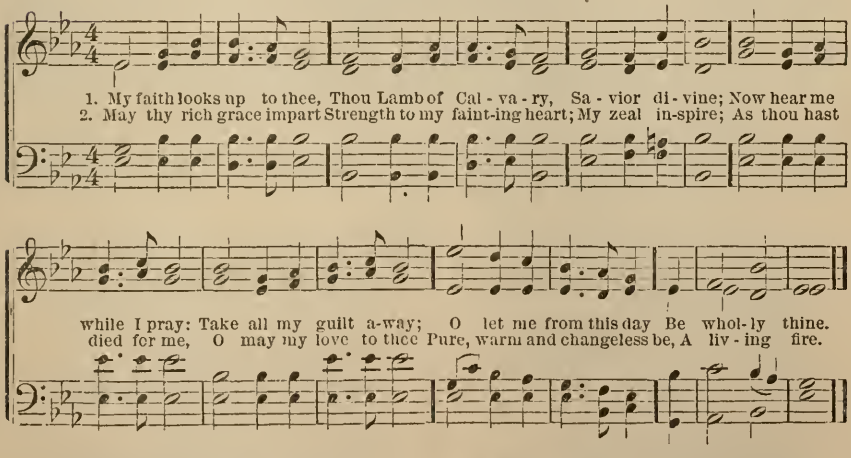


3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

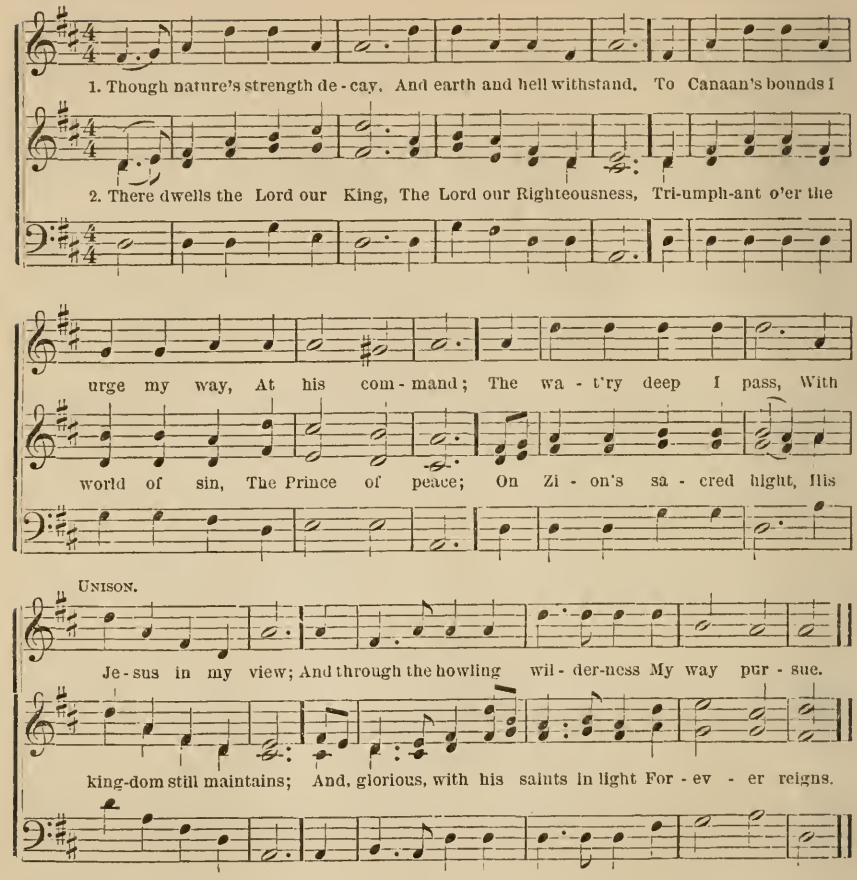
556. OLIVET 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON, 1831.



3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.



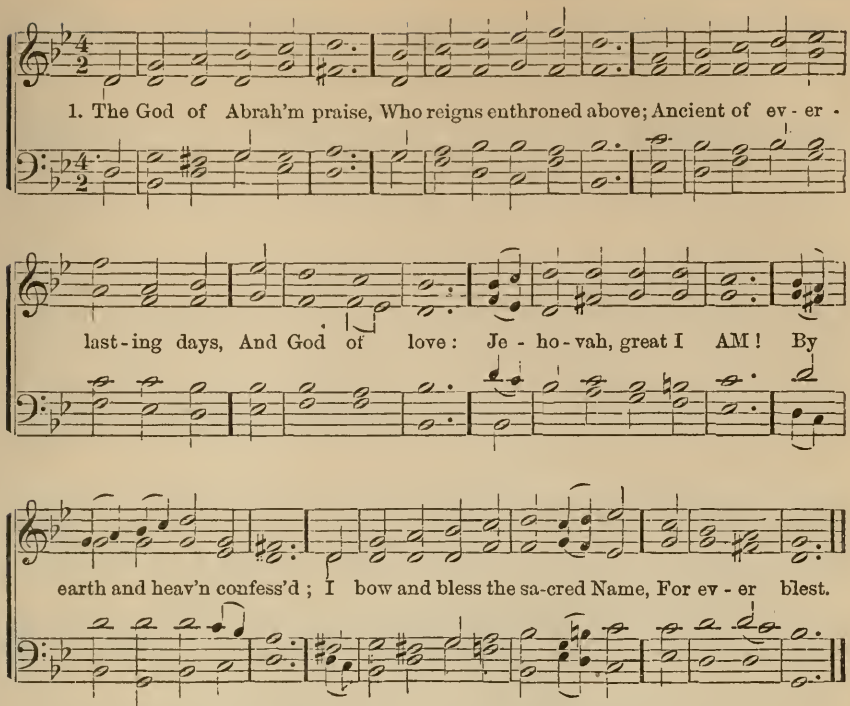
3 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With groves of living joys,
With streams of sacred bliss,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

4 Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

558. *Triumphant trust in God.*

1 My Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power display'd,
I joy to prove.
Led onward by my guide,
I view the verdant scene,
Where limpid waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore:
My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend; his bounty feed;
His mercy bless.



2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend:
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn:
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forever more.

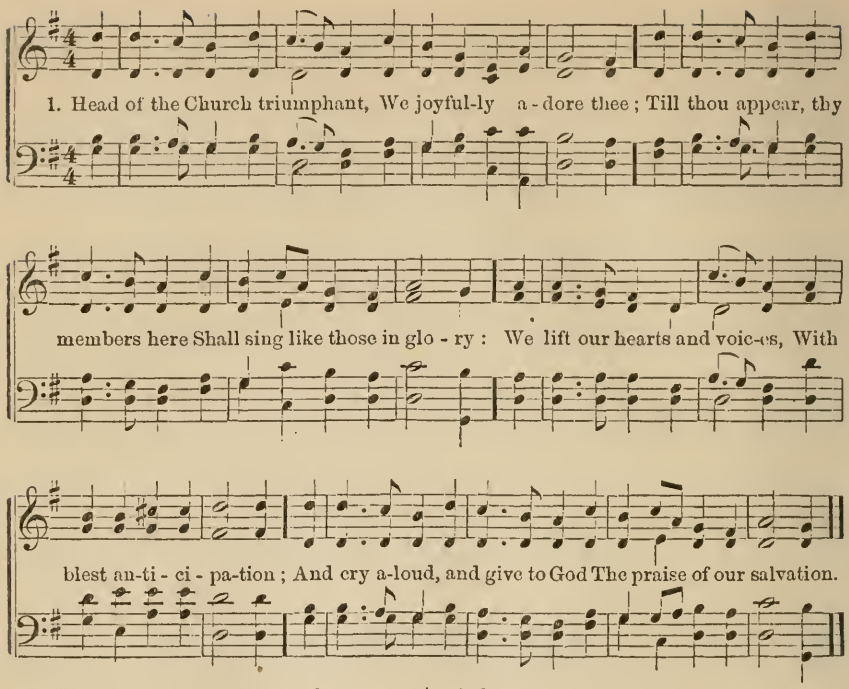
560. *The Almighty King.*

1 The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy!" cry,
"Almighty King!
Who wert and art the same,
And evermore shalt be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM!
We worship thee."

2 Before the Savior's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
Forever new;
He shows his prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the world above
The slaughtered Lamb.

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

561. THOMPSON. 7s, 8s & 7s.* German.



2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

3 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us:
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

562. *Triumphing in delivering grace.*

1 Worship, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus:—
Jesus alone defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us:
Jesus, with joy we witness,
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to, that God is true,
And reigns a King forever.

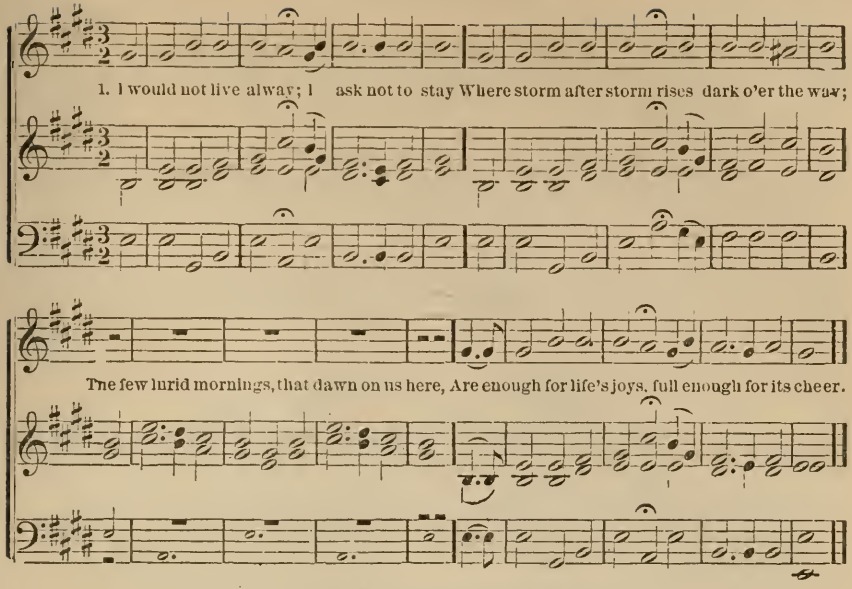
2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee;
Our Savior thou, we find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought through our sore temptation:
With heart and voice in thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

3 The world's and Satan's malice,
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And by thy grace, with songs of praise,
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliv'rance,
We triumph in thy favor;
And for the love which now we prove
Shall praise thy Name forever.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ascribe we equal glory:
One Deity, in Persons Three,
Let all thy works adore thee:
As was from the beginning,
Glory to God be given,
By all who know thy Name below,
And all thy hosts in heaven.

* Or 11s, by uniting the first two parts of each measure.



2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

564.

"Faint, yet pursuing."

1 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay:
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

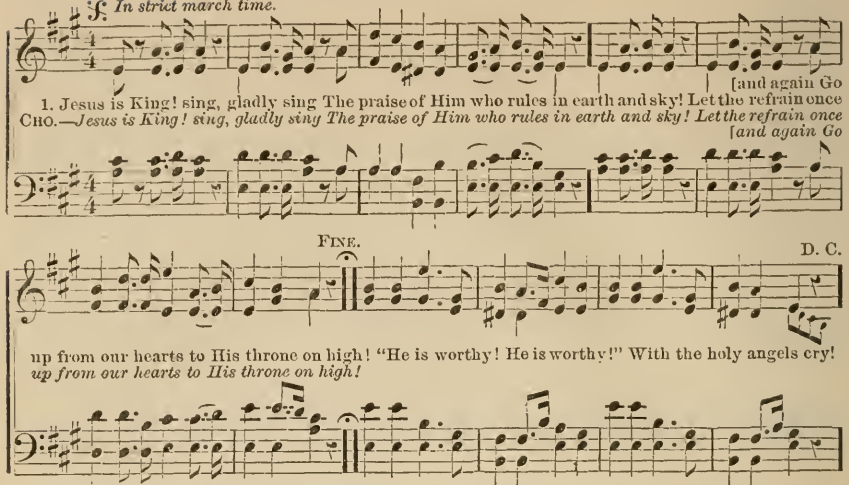
2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come,
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

JESUS IS KING.

Arr. by OTTO FOX.

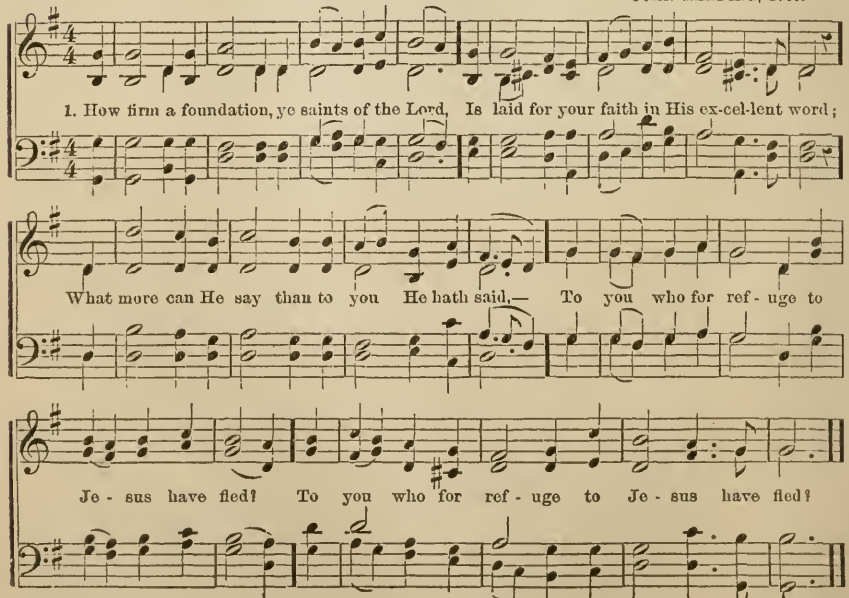


2 He rules in love,—who would not prove
The wonders of His loving tenderness?
When none could save, Himself He gave
To rescue the lost from their deep distress.
He is able, He is able,
All who trust in Him to bless.—*Cho.*

3 Let us with joy our hands employ
In serving Him who saves us by His might,
Meekly fulfill His holy will,
And each win a crown and a robe of white!
He has promised, He has promised;
We shall reign with Him in light.—*Cho.*

565. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

JOHN READING, 1760.



In every condition, in sickness, and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd;
I now am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall thy temple adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in thy bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

---

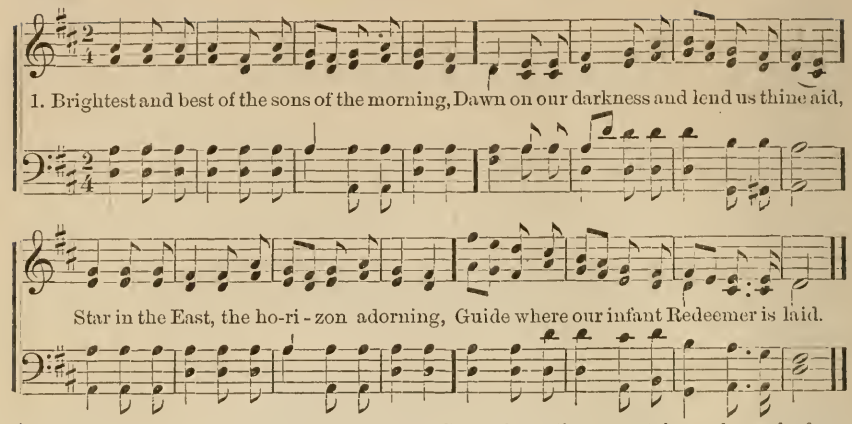
566. *Rejoicing in the care of the good Shepherd.*

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er,
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.



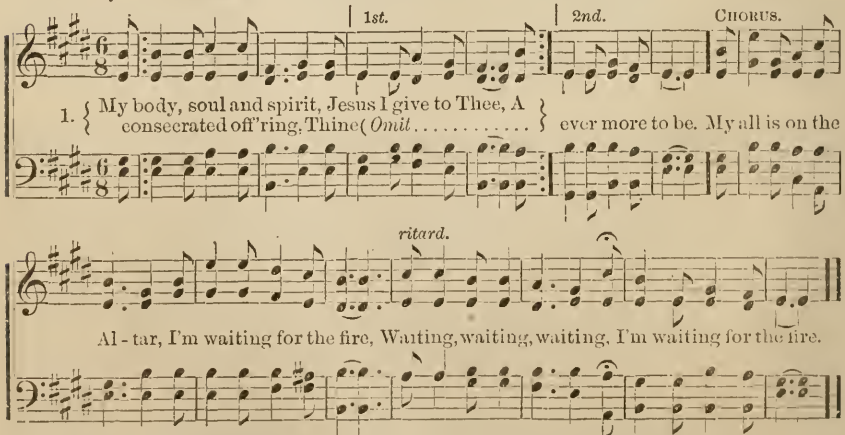
2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining, [stall,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean, [mine?
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation:
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure!
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

CONSECRATION. 7s & 6s.

Words by MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

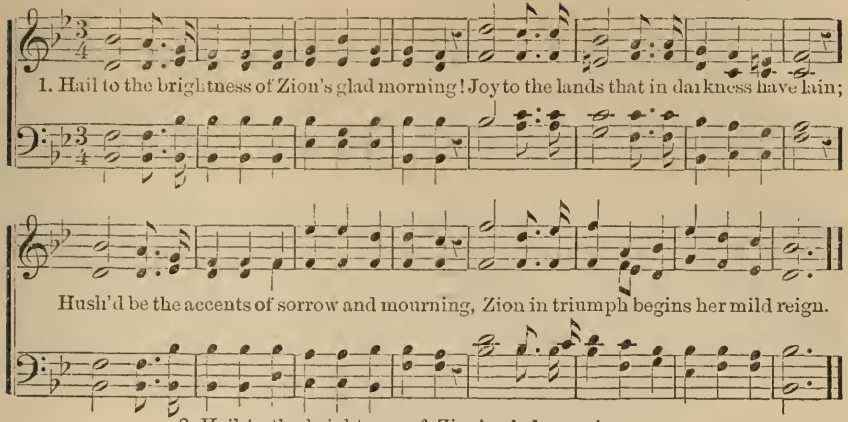


2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.—*Cho.*

3 O let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole. *Cho.*

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—*Cho.*

Dr. MASON, 1830.



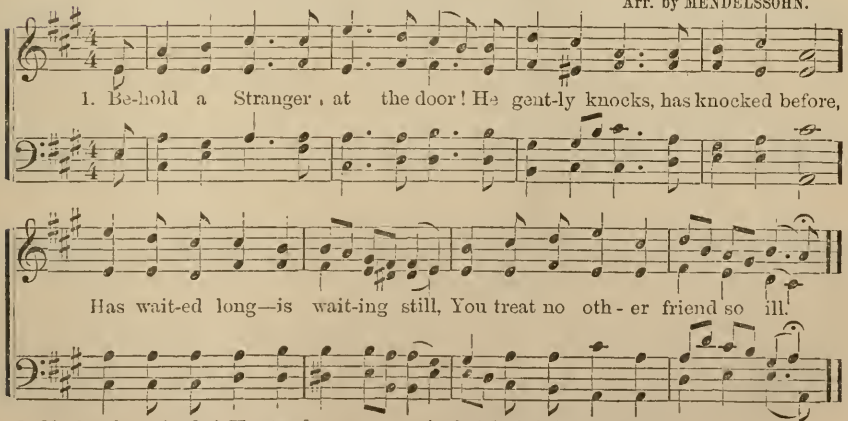
2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along:
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts the salvation are rending the sky.

CHRIST AT THE DOOR. L. M.

Arr. by MENDELSSOHN.

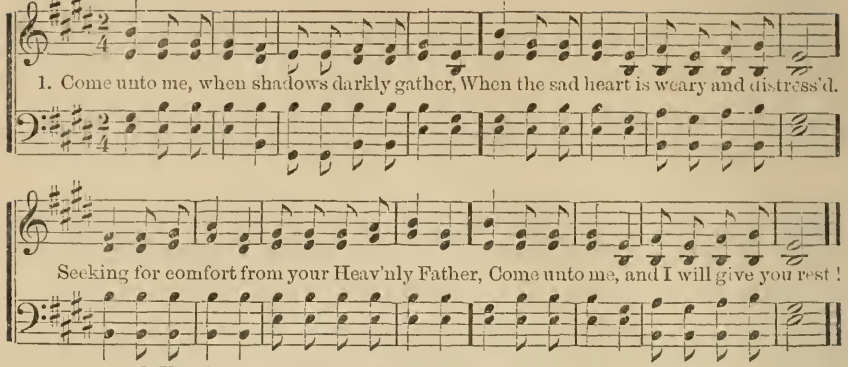


2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

569. HENLEY. 11s & 10s.

Dr. L. MASON, 1854.



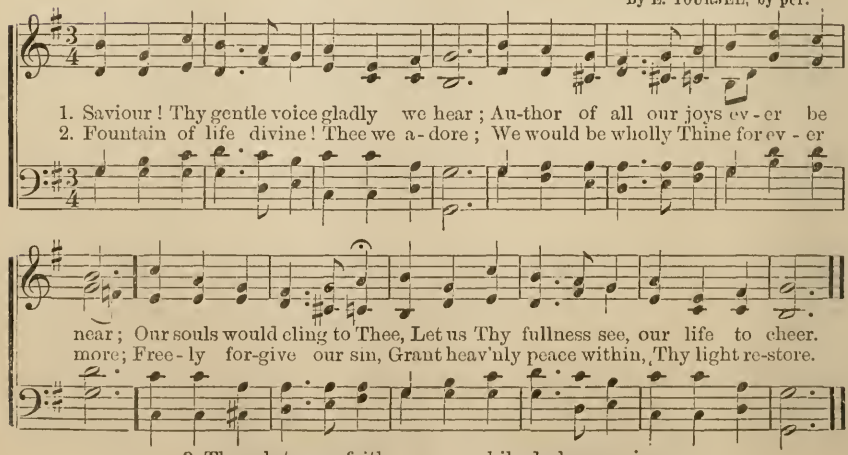
2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreathes are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

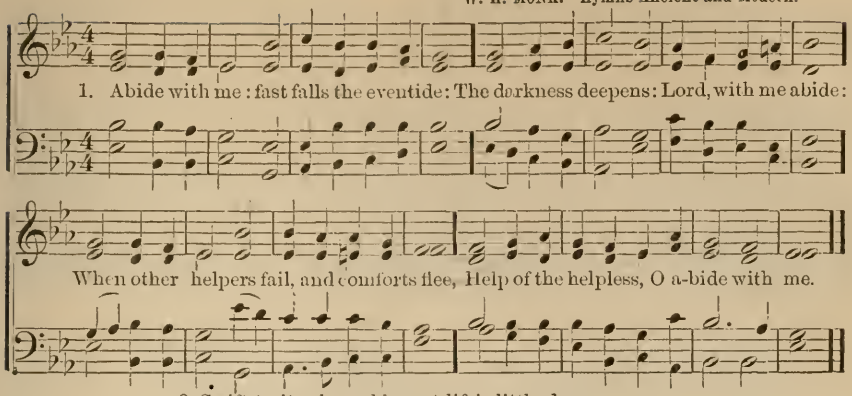
SAVIOUR, THY GENTLE VOICE.

By E. TOURJEE, by per.



3 Though to our faith unseen, while darkness reigns,
On Thee alone we lean while life remains;
By Thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord in joyful strains.

W. H. MONK. Hymns Ancient and Modern.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day :
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away :
Change and decay in all around I see :
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

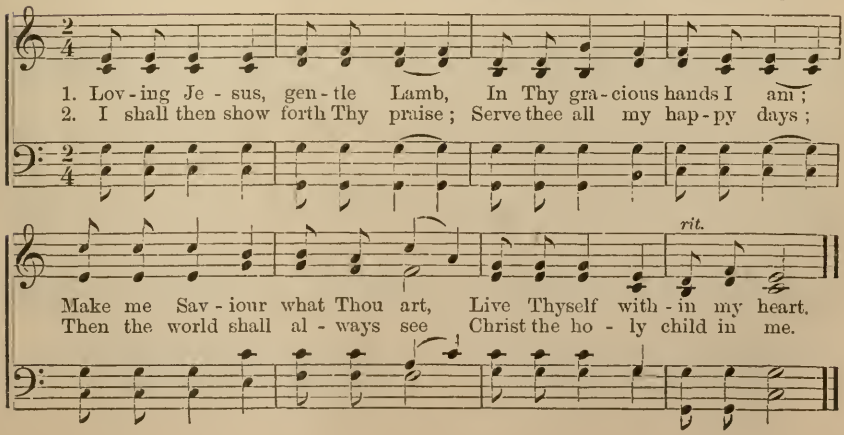
3 I need thy presence every passing hour :
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

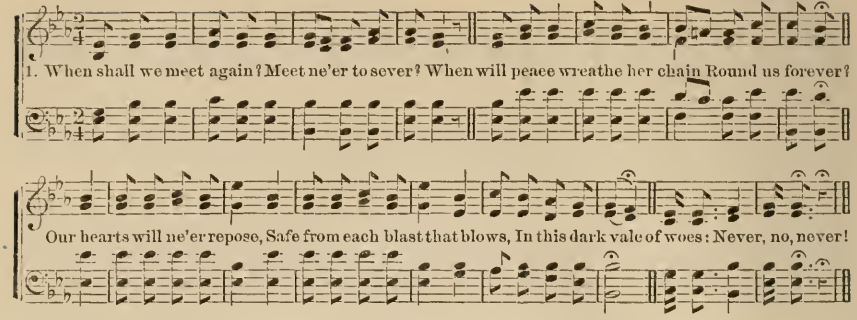
LOVING JESUS. (Sentence.)

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.



571. UNITY. 6s & 5s. (Peculiar.)

Dr. L. MASON.



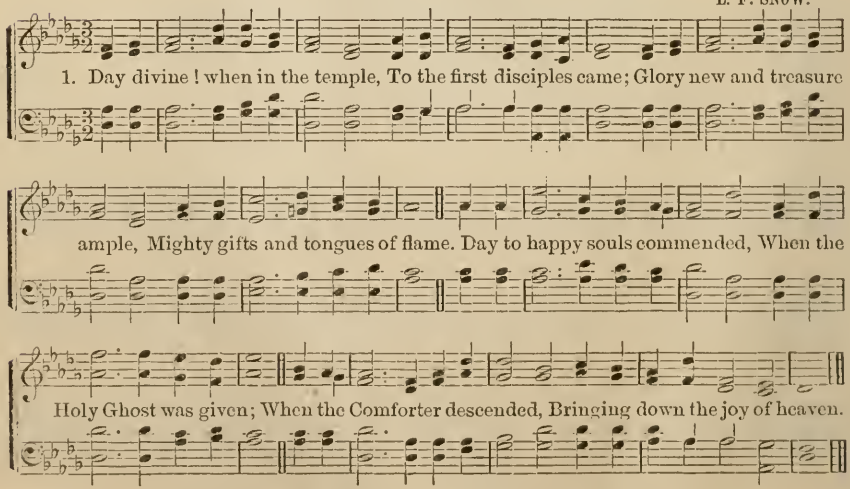
2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes:
Our songs of praise shall close
Never, no, never!

PENTECOST. 8, 7.—8 lines.

L. F. SNOW.



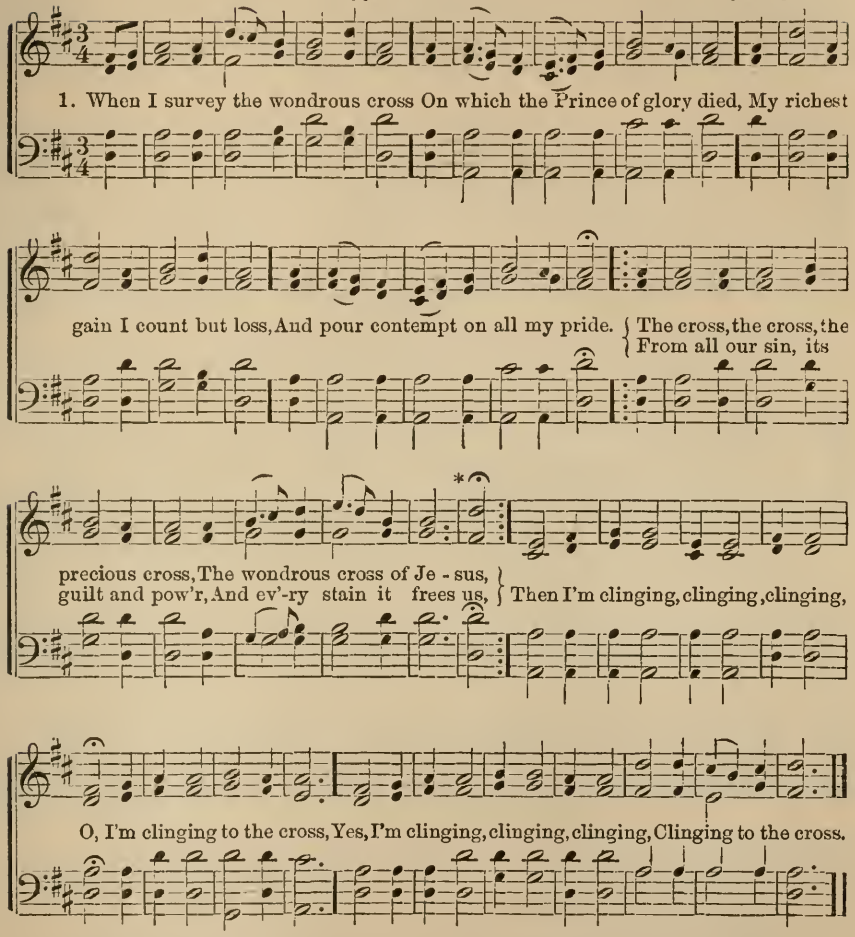
2 Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient saints alone?
Only may the ages golden
Call the Comforter their own?
No; their portion we inherit,
Ours the sorrow, ours the sin;
We beseech the Holy Spirit,
We the Comforter would win.

PART SECOND.

572. THE CROSS. L. M.

By permission of J. Hillman.

Rev. G. C. WELLS.
Newly arranged.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

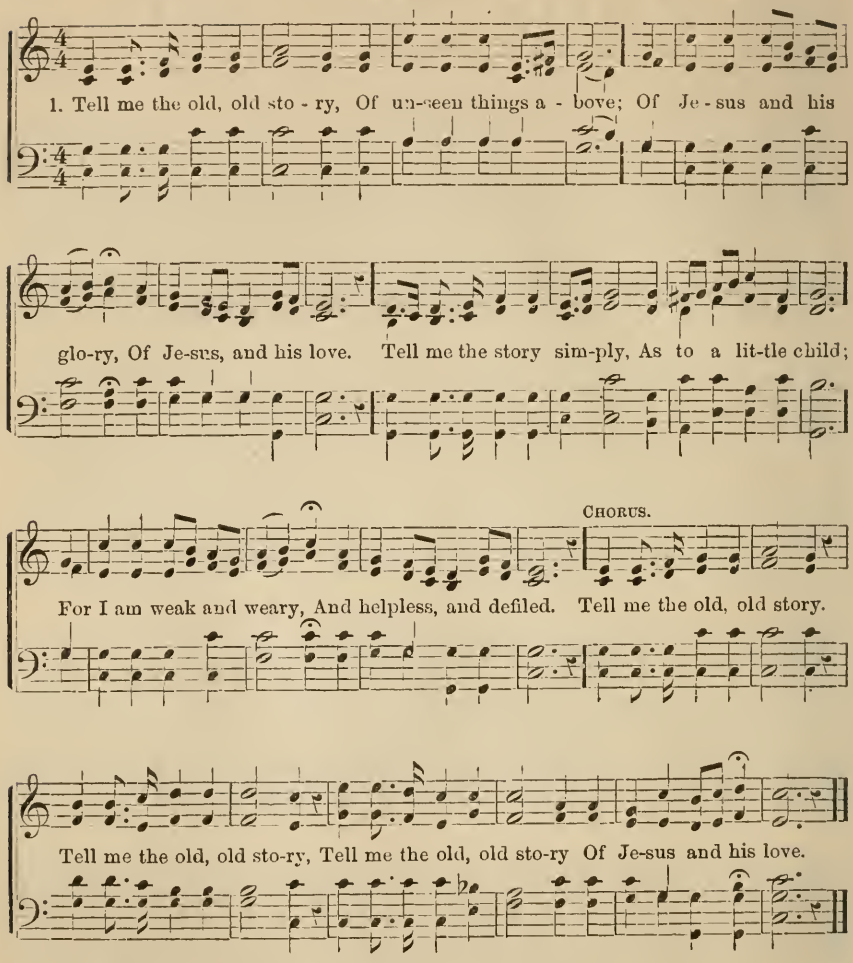
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

* Use hold in repeat only.

573. THE OLD, OLD STORY.

W. H. DOANE.

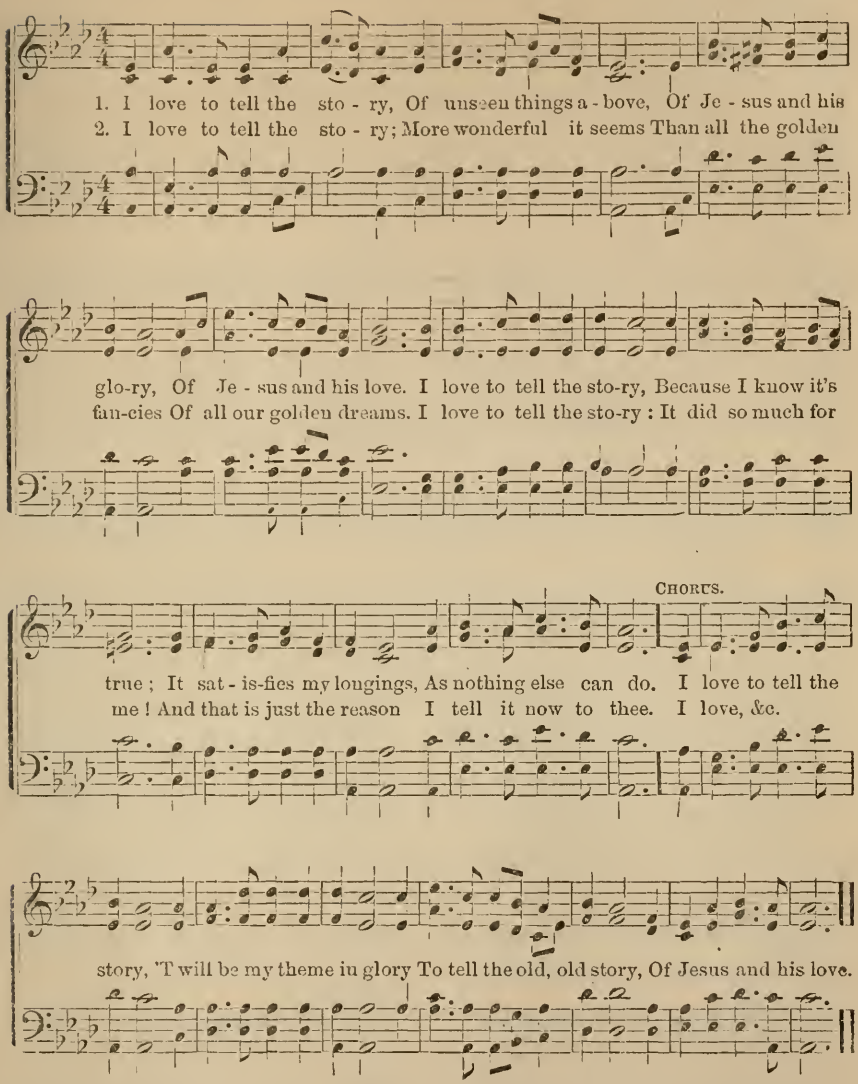
By permission of Biglow & Main. From "Songs of Devotion."



2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!—*Cho.*

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—*Cho.*

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,—
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

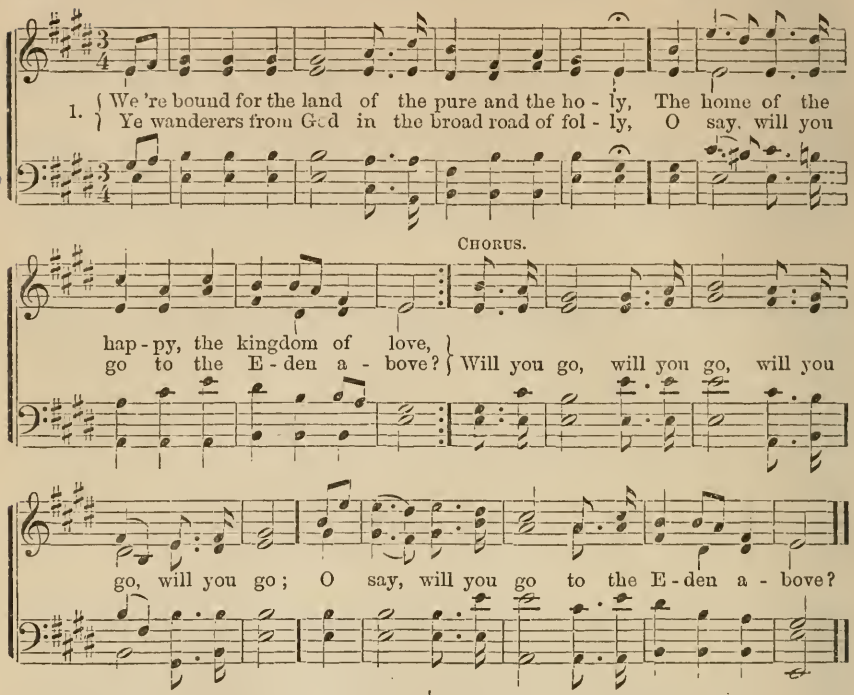


3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long!—*Cho.*

575. THE EDEN ABOVE.

Arranged from "Revival Melodies," for this work.



2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burden'd ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

3 No poverty there,—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

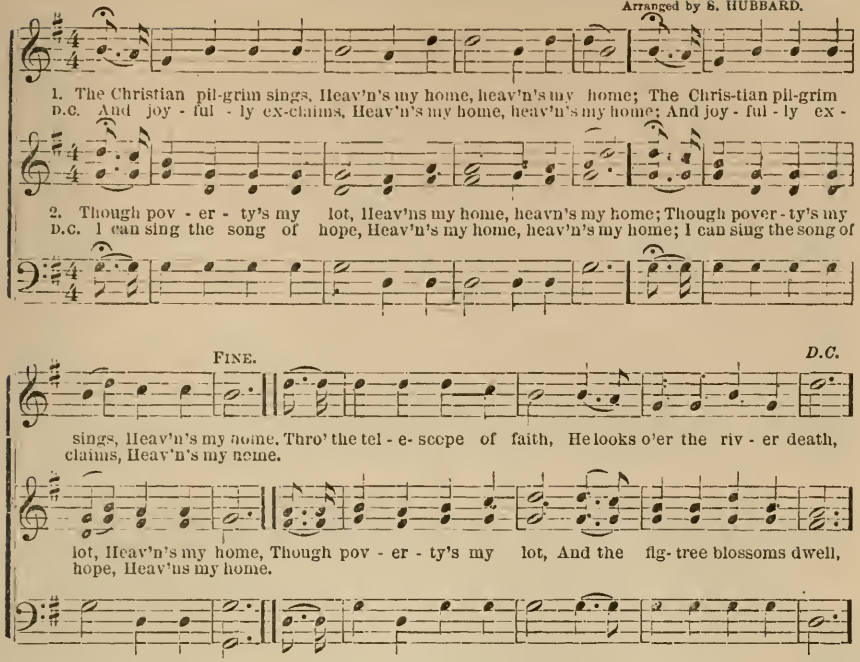
4 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summon'd to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

5 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go, &c.
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

6 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee;
We halt yet a moment, as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

7 Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
No other but Jesus; then come to him praying—
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go, &c.
At last, will you go to the Eden above.

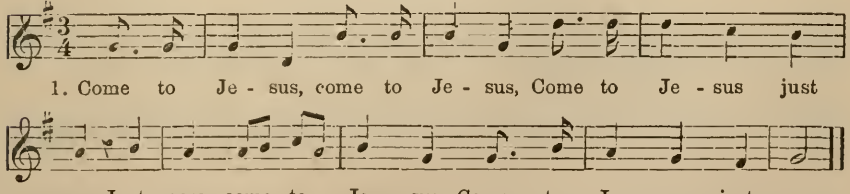
Arranged by S. HUBBARD.



3 Come ye that love the Lord, unto me, unto me,
Come ye that love the Lord, unto me;
I've something good to say,
About this narrow way,
For Christ the other day saved my soul, saved my soul,
For Christ the other day saved my soul.

4 Some said I'd soon give o'er, you shall see you shall see,
Some said I'd soon give o'er, you shall see,
Some time has past away,
Since I began to pray,
I love the Lord to-day, bless his name, bless his name.
I love the Lord to-day, bless his name.

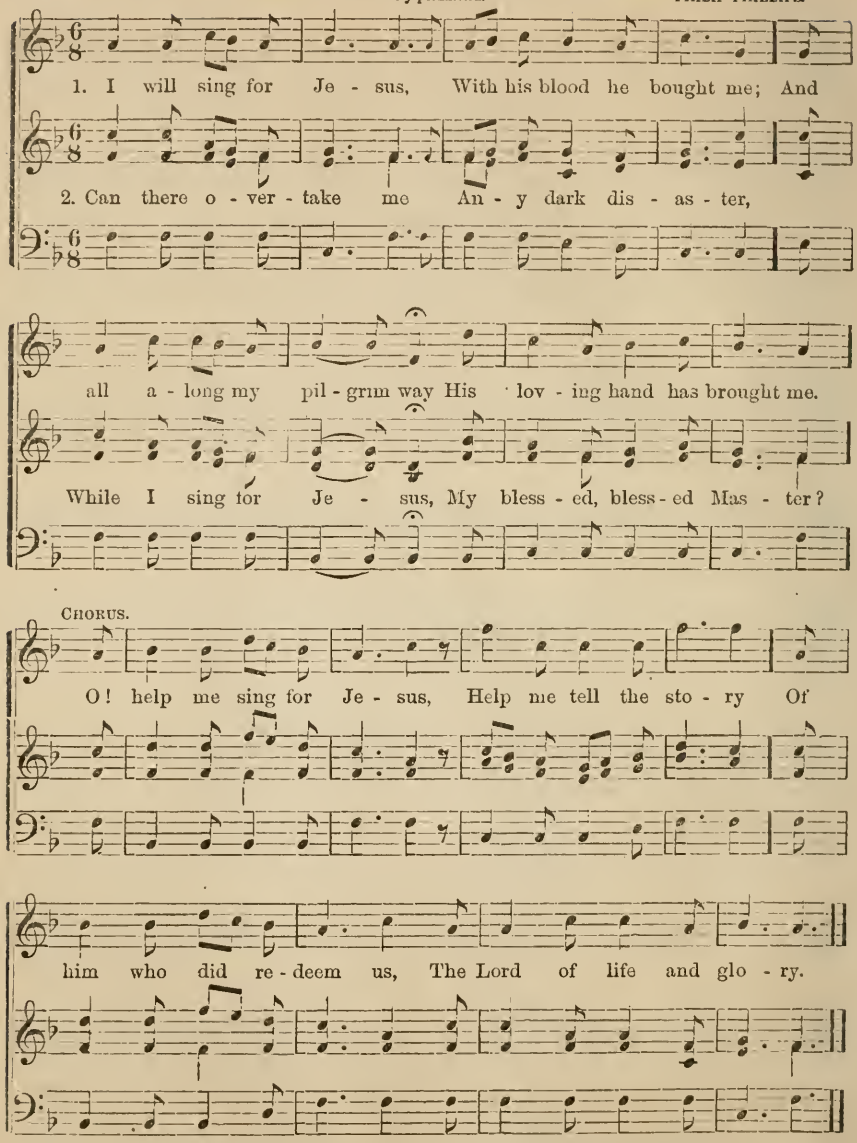
577. COME TO JESUS.



2 He will save you, &c.
3 O, believe him, &c.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 He will cleanse you.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Only trust him.

578. I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

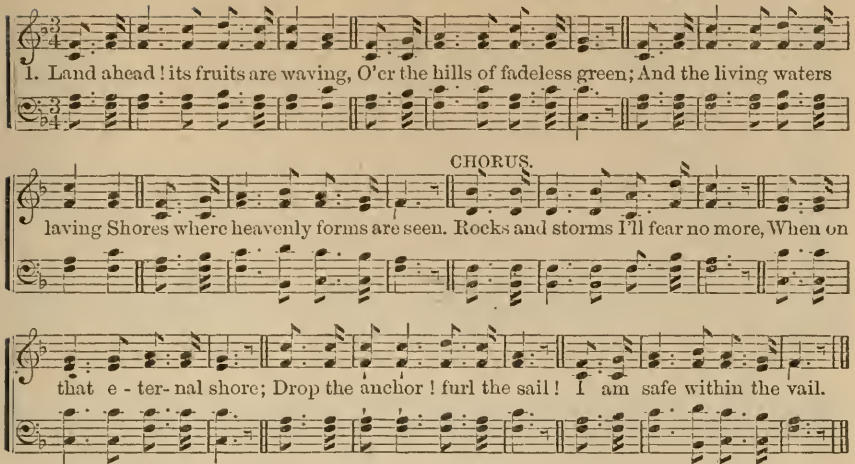
By permission. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.

J. M. EVANS. Arranged for this work.



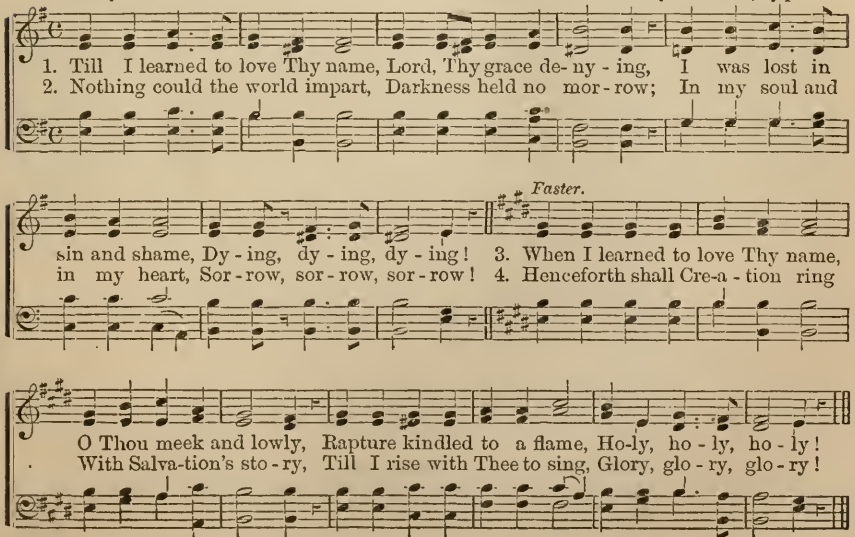
2 Onward bark! the cape I'm rounding,
See, the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands. *Cho.*

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away. *Cho.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our Salvation,
We are safe at home at last! *Cho.*

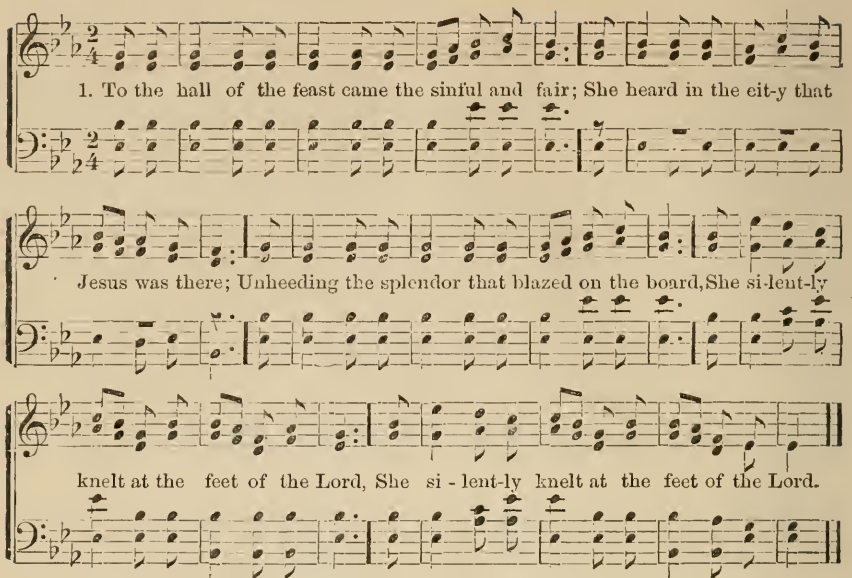
DEAD AND ALIVE.

Words by ALICE CARY. Music by OTTO FOX, by per.



580. MAGDALEN.

Arr. from "Song Crown," by W. G. F.



2 The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
No looks save of scorn, the poor outcast did greet,
As the wealth of her perfume she poured on his feet.

3 She saw but the Savior, she breathed but with sighs;
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes:
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his feet were so lovingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glare of the sunbeams, as melteth the snow,
He looked on the lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the mourner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

581.

Oh! tell me no more.

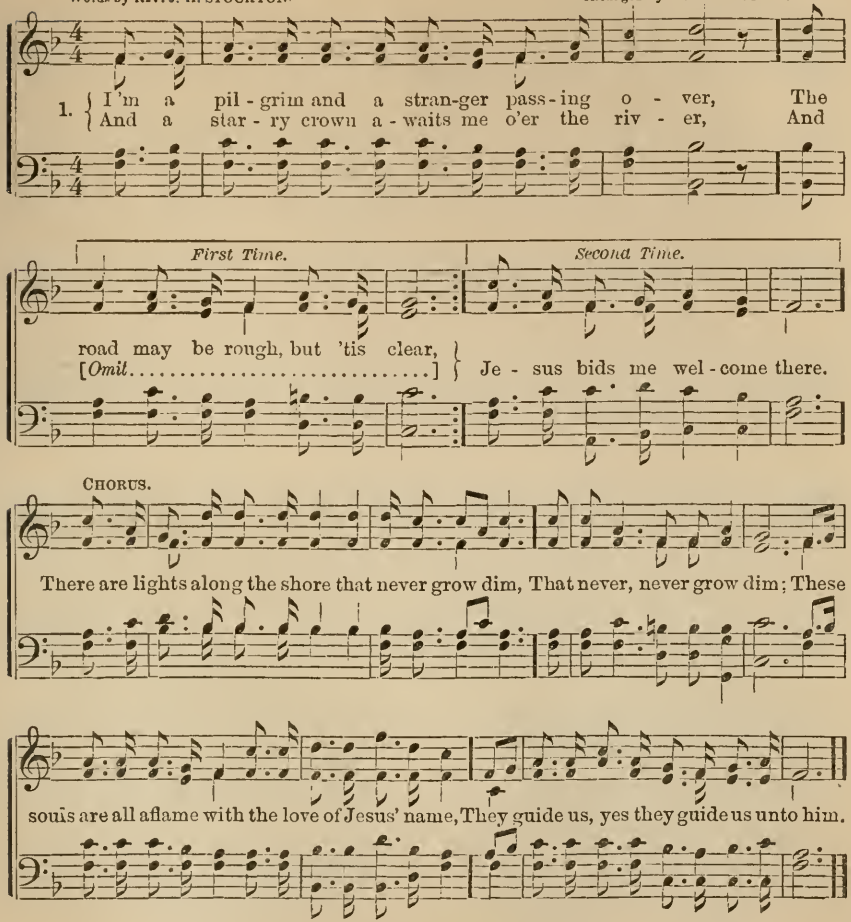
1 Oh tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me, in that number, will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away:
Rise! follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go:
Lo! onward I move, to a city above—
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within·
And when I'm to die, "receive me!" I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me—I cannot tell why.

Words by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. Arranged by WM. G. FISCHER



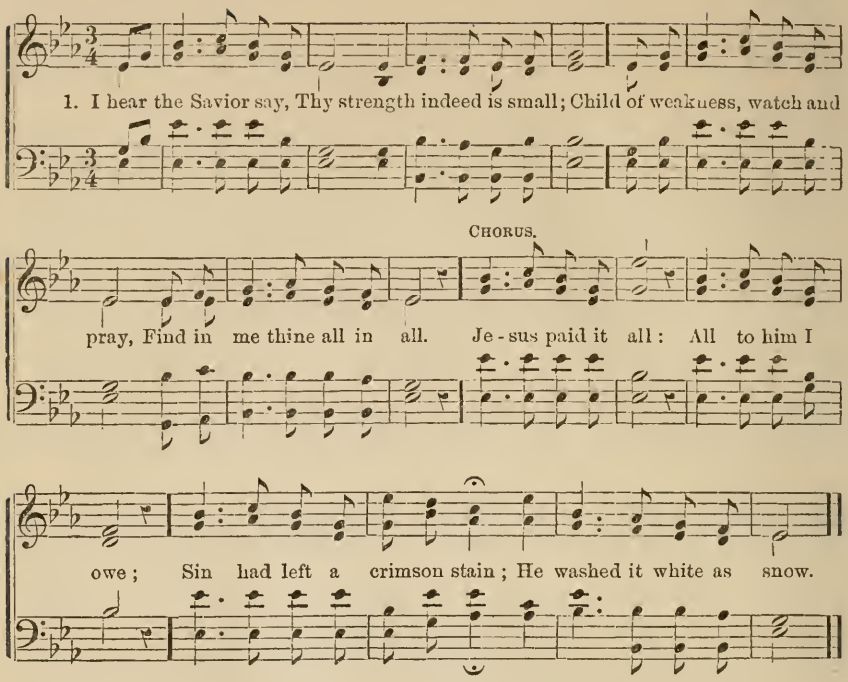
2 Sometimes I meet with trials on my journey,
Temptation and sorrow by the way:
But Jesus speaks, and says, "I'm ever near thee,
To guide to realms of endless day."
CHO.—There are lights along the shore, etc.

3 Friends of Jesus! may your lights be trimm'd and burning,
And shining along the way of love;
Soon you'll gain the heights of glory, and be singing
The happy songs of saints above.
CHO.—There are lights along the shore, etc.

4 We're a happy band of Christians, bound for Canaan,
The land is in view, the wind's fair;
We will sing redeeming love beyond the Jordan,
With Jesus dwell forever there.
CHO.—There are lights along the shore, etc.

583. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

J. T. GRAPE.



2 O Lord, at last I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change this heart of mine,
And make it all thine own.—*Cho.*

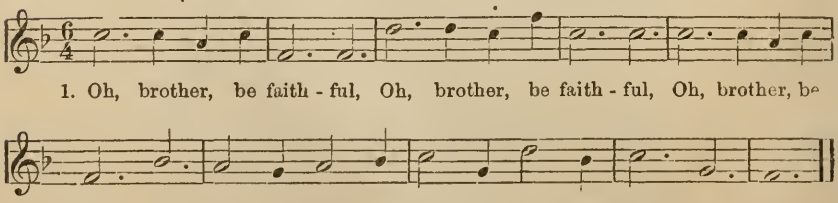
3 Then down beneath the cross,
I lay my sin-sick soul;
Nothing I bring but dross,
Thy grace must make me whole.—*Cho.*

4 I now in Christ abide—
In him is perfect rest;
Close sheltered in his side,
I am divinely blest.—*Cho.*

5 When at my post I fall.
My ransomed soul shall rise;
And "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

6 And when, in heaven above,
At Jesus' feet I fall,
My song shall ever be—
Jesus hath paid it all.—*Cho.*

584. "Oh, Brother, be Faithful."



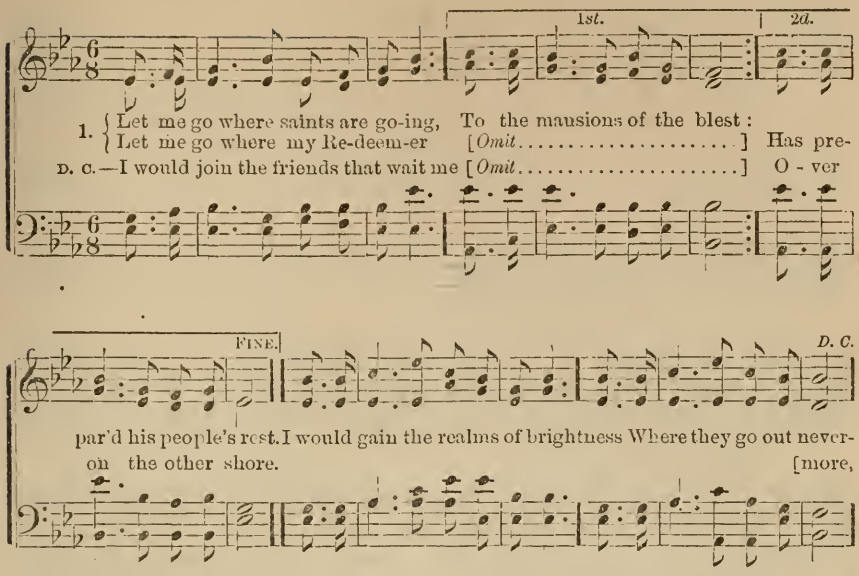
2 O sister, be faithful.

3 There we shall see Jesus.

4 There we will shout glory.

5 There'll be no more parting.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



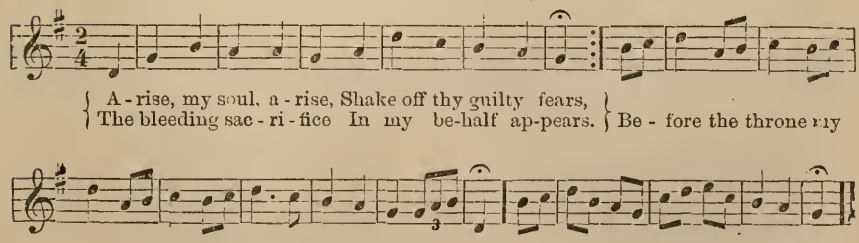
2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe,
Let me go, and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know:
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant,
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What, but cares, and toils, and sorrows,
What, but death, and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd,
Blasted, round me often lie;
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing
Are forever more unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go, I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains;
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains

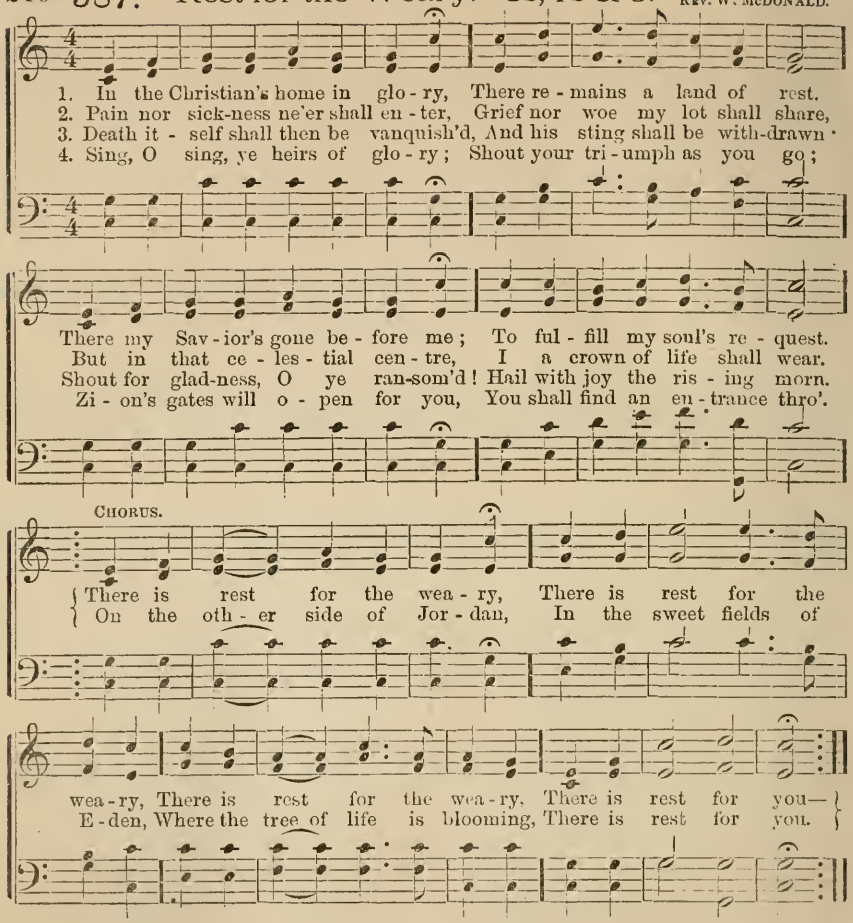
5 Let me go, O speed my journey,
Saints and seraphs lure away;
O! I almost feel the raptures,
That belong to endless day.
Oft methinks I hear the singing
That is only heard above:
Let me go, O speed my going,
Let me go where all is love.

586. CARMARTHEN. H. M.

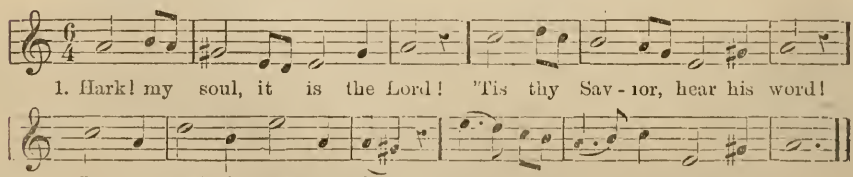


587. Rest for the Weary. 8s, 7s & 5.

Rev. W. McDONALD.



588. LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.



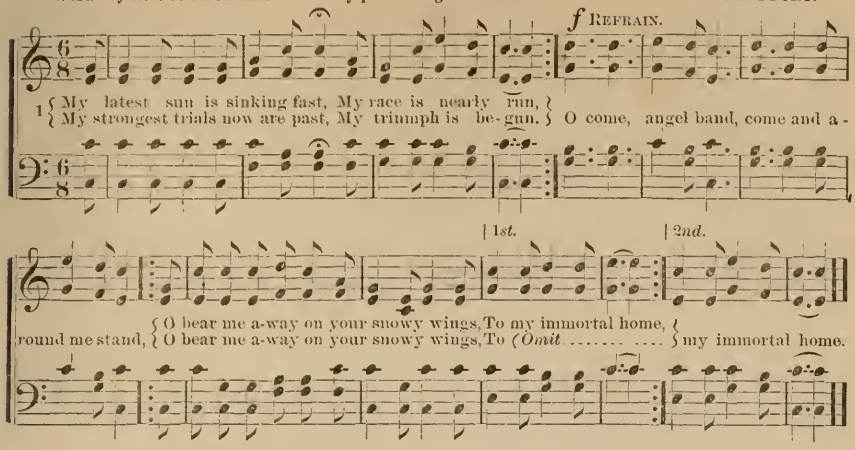
2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee free,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.

4 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done—
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

Words by Rev. J. HASKELL. By per. of Biglow & Main. Wm. B. BRADBURY.



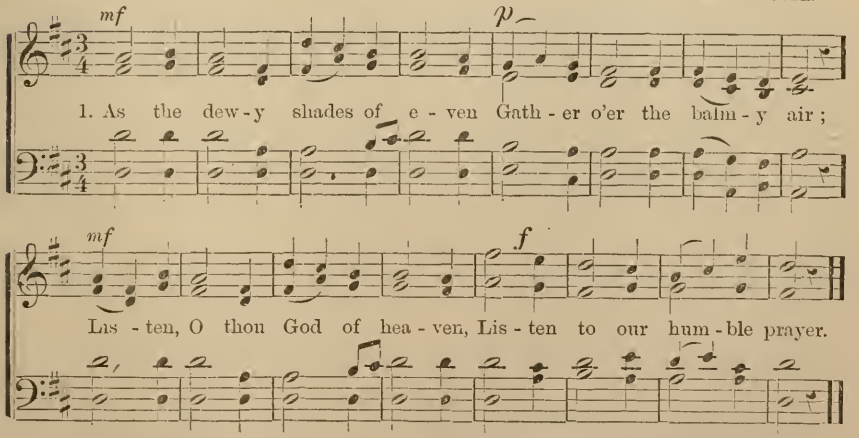
2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near. *Ref.*

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings. *Ref.*

4 O, bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory. *Ref.*

PROTECTION. 8s & 7s.

Arr. for this Work. LAMBILLOTTE.

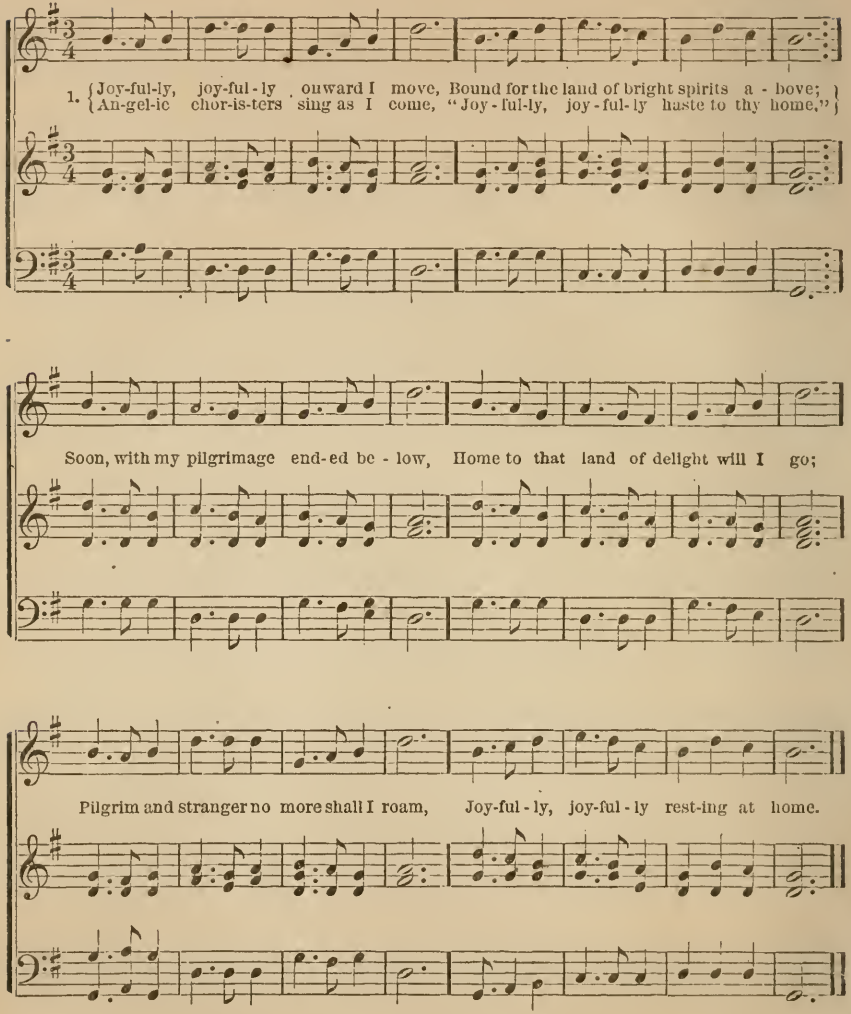


2 May the Spirit near us hover,
Free our thoughts from aught defiled;
And with wings of mercy cover
Every erring, helpless child.

3 God of Heaven! oh, guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair;
In Thy great compassion hide me;
Take me, Father, to Thy care.

590 "JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY!"

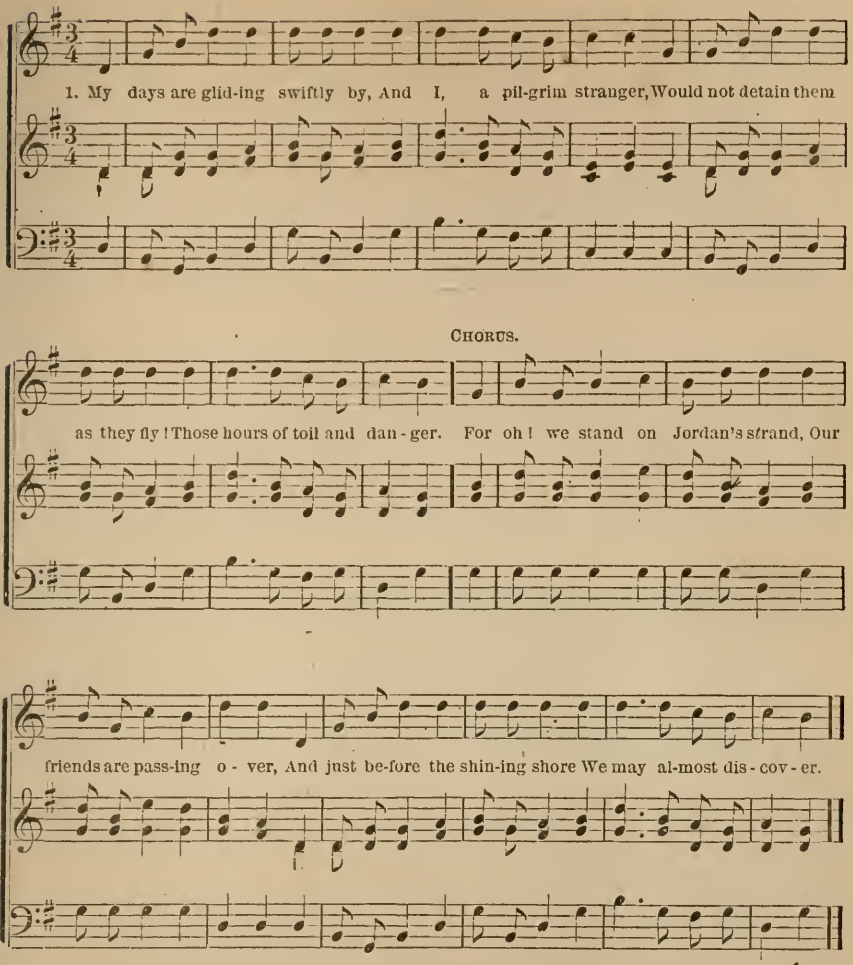
Rev. A. D. MERRILL.



2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome!
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, King of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone
Joyfully, then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

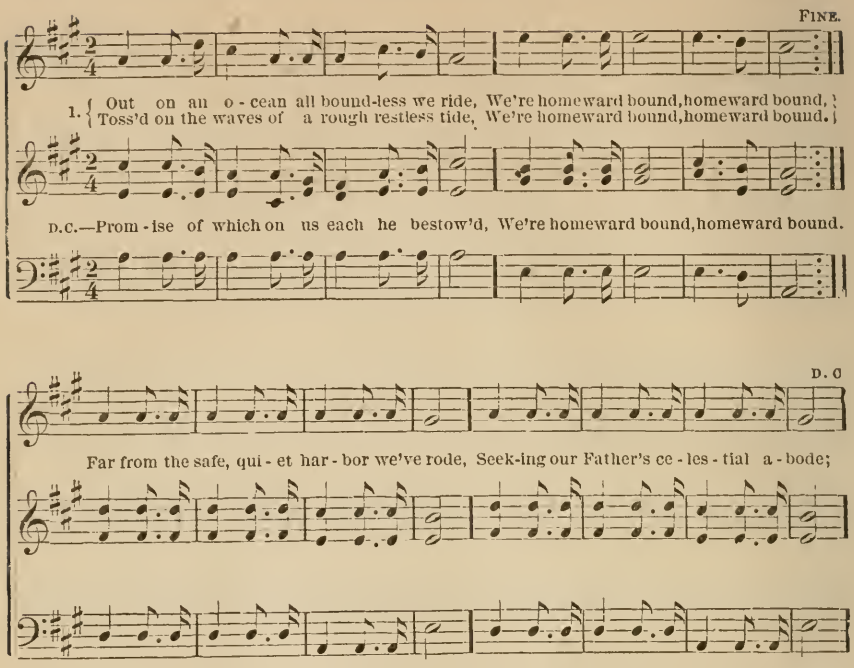


2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning—
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Prof. C. S. HARRINGTON.



2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

---

593. *Home at last.*

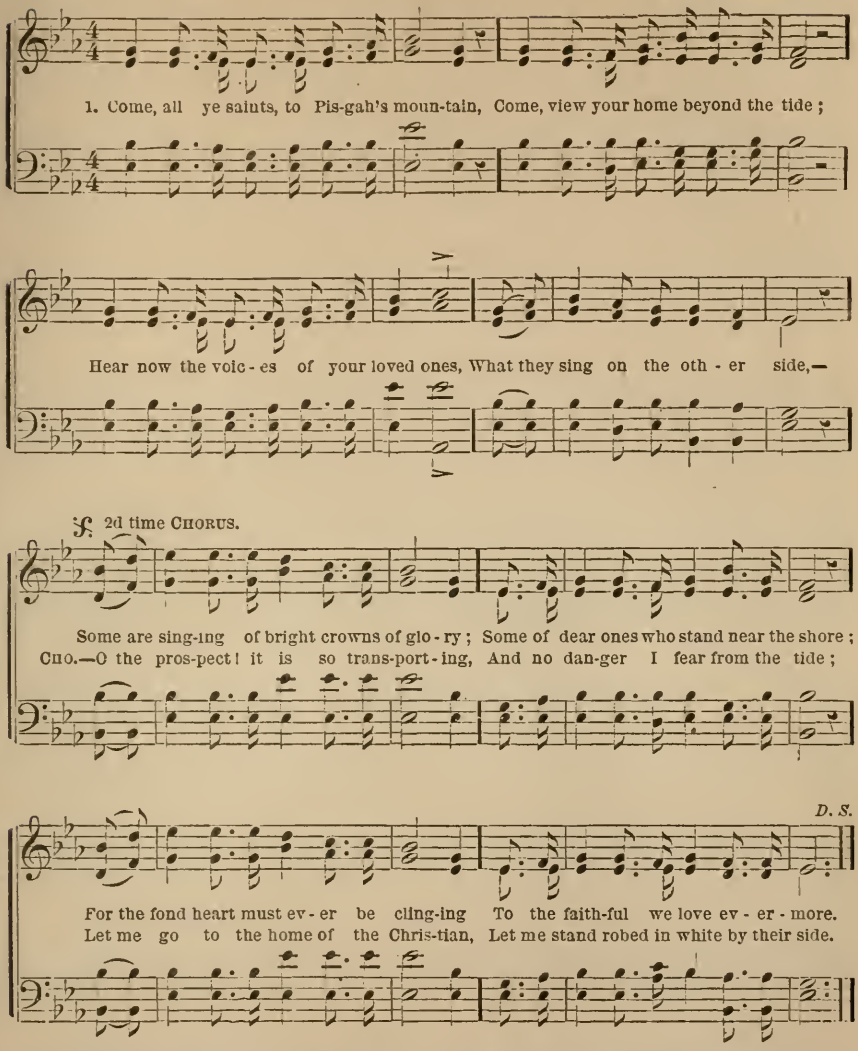
1 We live as pilgrims and strangers below,
We're homeward bound:
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share,
We hasten forward, content with the fare,
We're homeward bound.

2 Earth, with its trifles, we all have resign'd,
We're homeward bound,
Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall find.
We're homeward bound.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O, how delusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near,
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest;
Join in our number, O come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4 Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we prove,
We're home at last!
Sounding in triumph, in mansions above,
We're home at last.
Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er,
Up to our home with the blest we shall soar,
O how we'll shout as we enter the door,
We're home at last.

Words by J. W. DADMUN. By permission. Music by LESSUR.

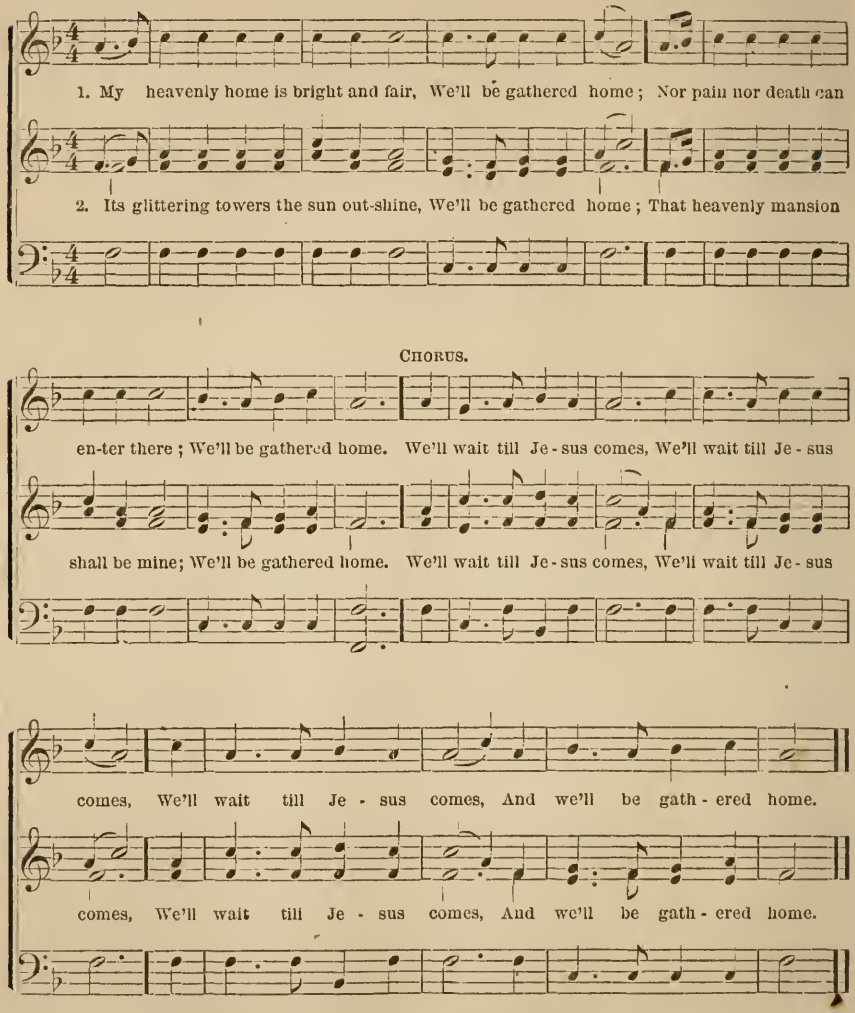


2 There endless springs of life are flowing,
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the King of the saints is seen.
Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended;
I shall join those who've passed on before;
For my loved ones, O how I do miss them!
I must press on and meet them once more.

3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne;
There, too, the Savior reigns forever,
And he'll welcome the faithful home.
Would you sit by the banks of the river,
With the friends you have loved by your side?
Would you join in the song of the angels?
Then be ready to follow your guide.

595. "We'll wait till Jesus comes."

Arranged from a Melody by DR. W. MILLER, for this Work.



3 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

4 And tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

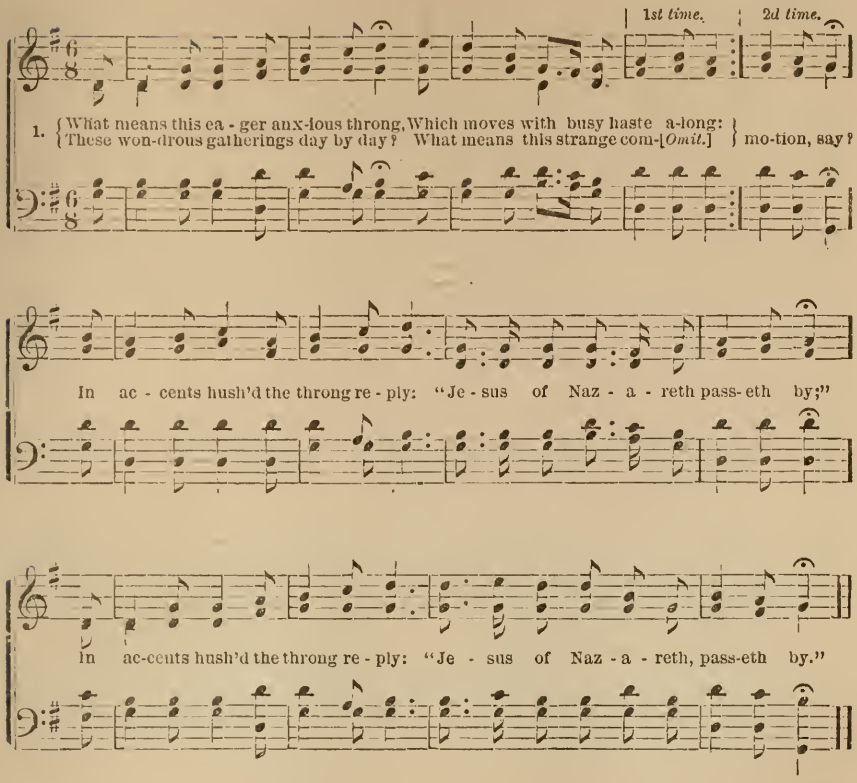
5 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

6 Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

7 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

8 All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

From "Songs of Salvation"



2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

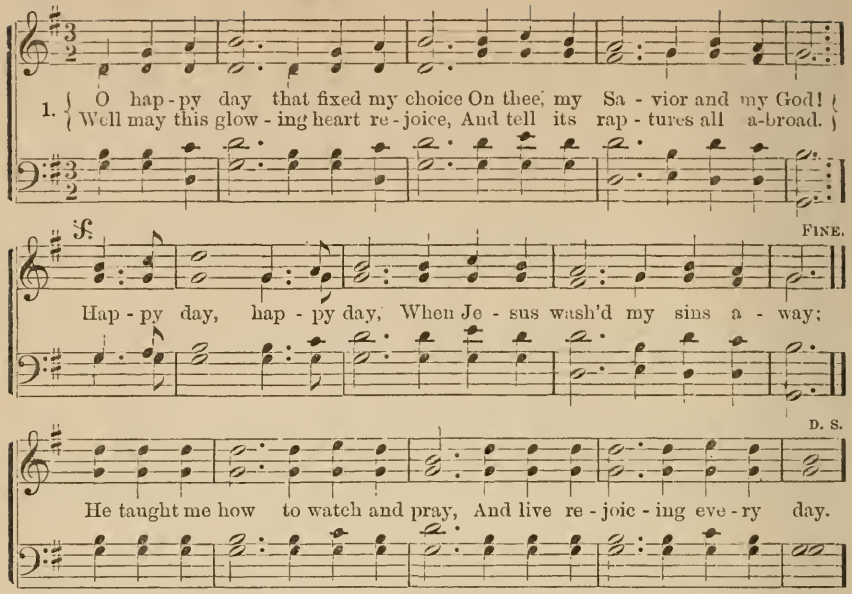
3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe:
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again he comes! From place to place,
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."—

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn
"Too late, too late!" will be the cry:-
"Jesus of Nazareth *has pass'd by.*"

597. HAPPY DAY. L. M.



2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, &c.

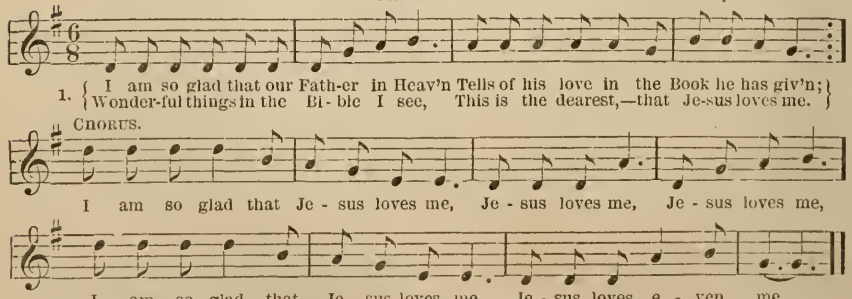
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.

4 Now rest, my long-divided-heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.
Happy day, &c.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, &c.

598. JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

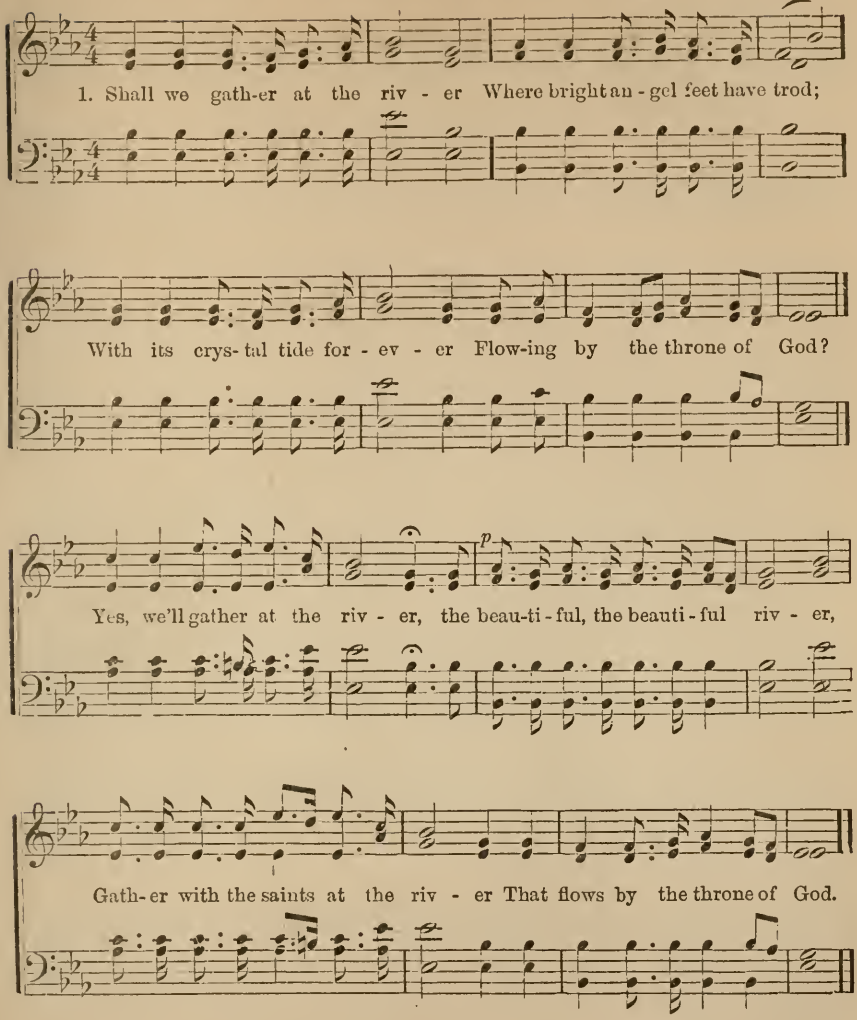
Permission of John Church & Co. Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.



2 Though I forget him, and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray;
Back to his dear, loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,—
O, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

Rev. R. Lowry, by per.



2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.—Cho.

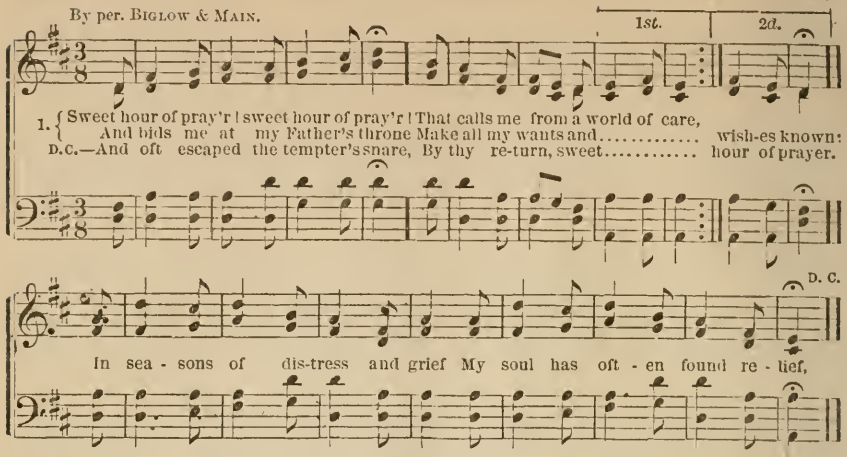
3 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—Cho.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.—Cho.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—Cho.

600. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D. WM. B. BRADBURY.

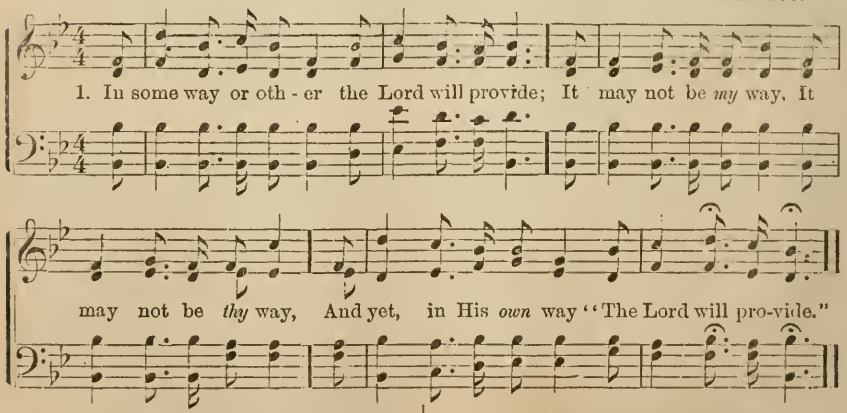
By per. BIGLOW & MAIN.



2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight !
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !

601. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. * Prof. C. S. HARRINGTON.



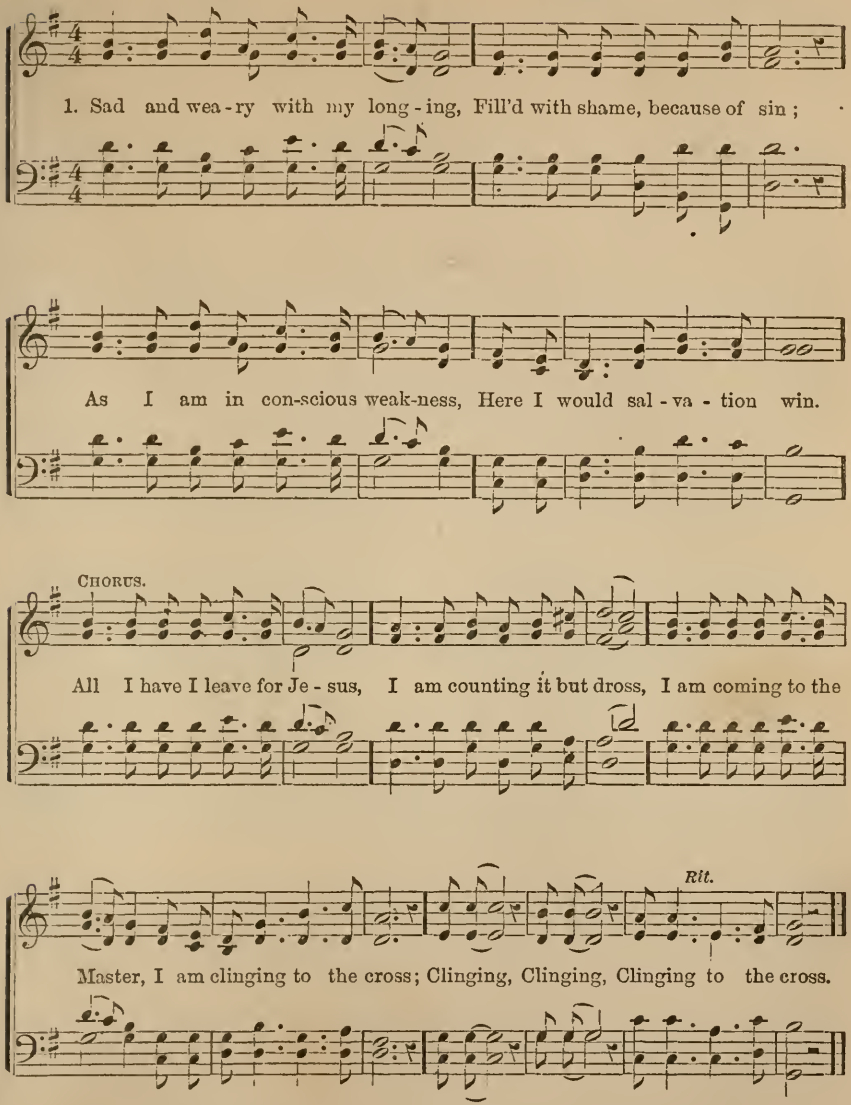
2 At some time or other the Lord will provide ;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in his *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer ; the Lord will provide ;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide ;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1873, by E. TOURJEE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Words by Rev. B. M. ADAMS. Music by E. T. COFFIN, newly arranged.

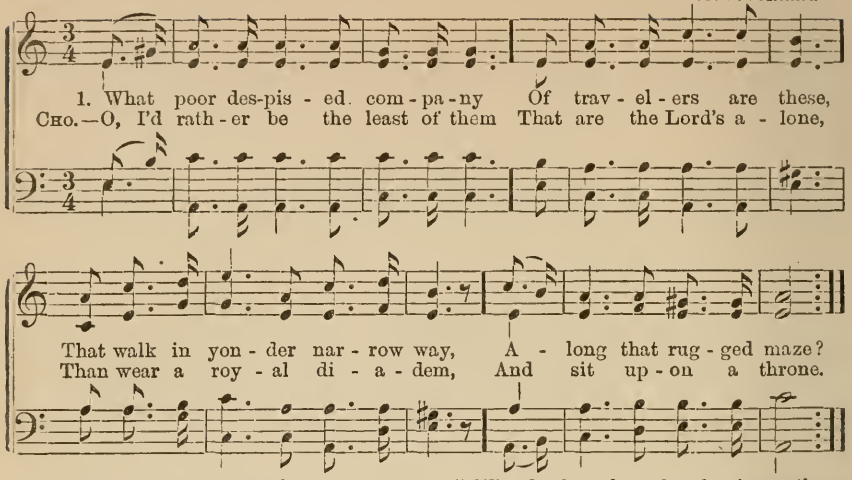


2 O the joy of knowing Jesus,
It is dawning on my soul;
I am finding his salvation,
And the power that makes me whole.

3 O refine me by thy spirit,
Make my earthly life sublime,
With my heart a home for Jesus,
Till I'm done with earth and time.

603. THE PILGRIMS. C. M.

Rev. B. W. GORHAM.



2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King:
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.

4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth pos-
With heavenly manna fed. [sess'd,

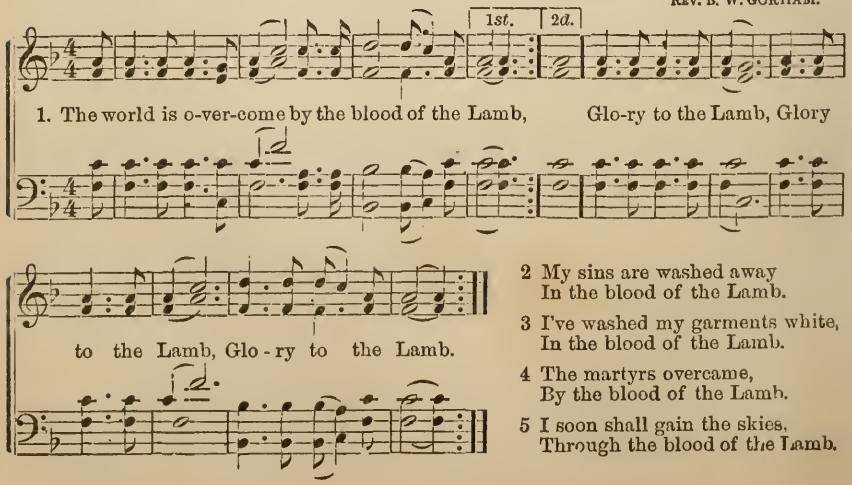
5 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death,
The open road to hell.

6 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

7 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

604. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Rev. B. W. GORHAM.



2 My sins are washed away
In the blood of the Lamb.

3 I've washed my garments white,
In the blood of the Lamb.

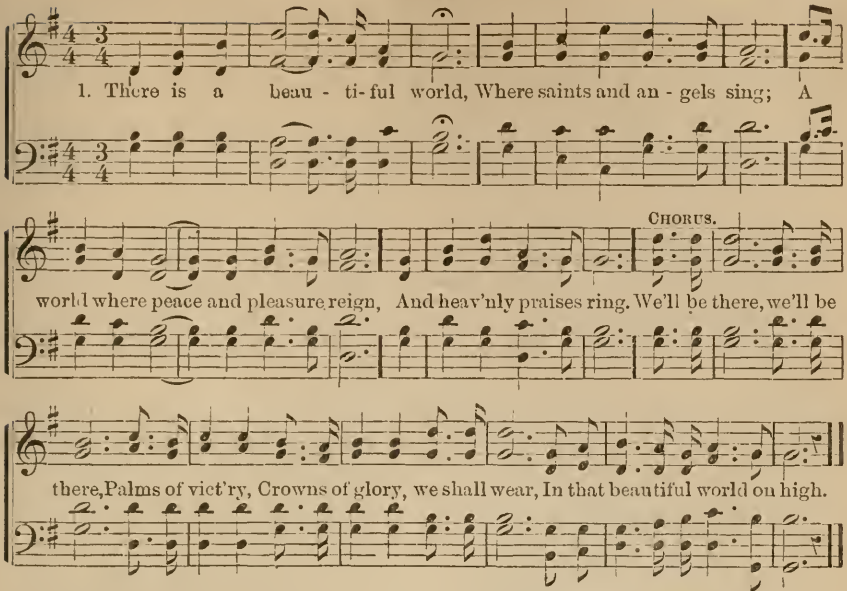
4 The martyrs overcame,
By the blood of the Lamb.

5 I soon shall gain the skies,
Through the blood of the Lamb.

605. WORLD OF LIGHT.

By Permission.

Poetry and Music by O. SNOW.



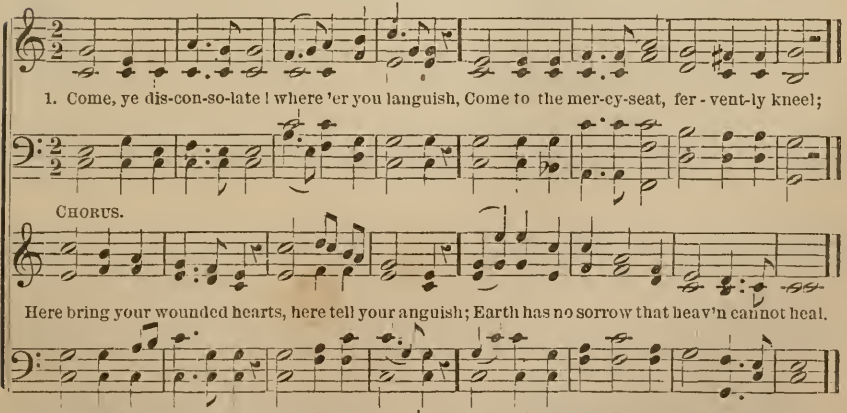
2 There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes;
A world where tears shall never fall,
In sighing for our home.—*Cho.*

3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight;
And darkness never enters there;
That home is fair and bright.—*Cho.*

4 There is a beautiful world,
Of harmony and love;
O may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.—*Cho.*

606. "Come, ye Disconsolate."

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.

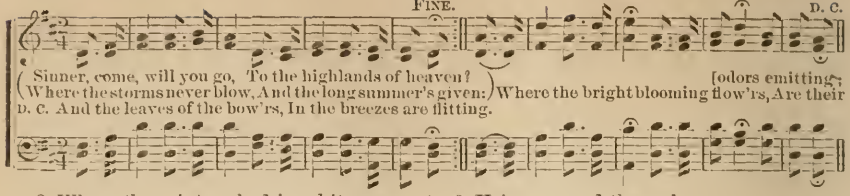


2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life: see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

607. "The Sinner Invited." 6s & 7s.

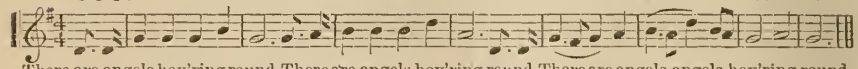
Arranged by W. Mc DONALD.



2 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain:
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain,
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

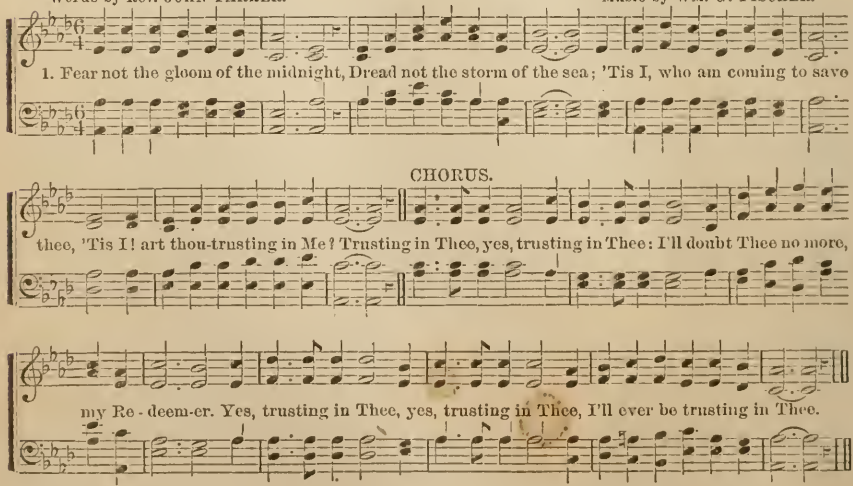
608. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND. HUSBAND.



2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We are on our journey home.

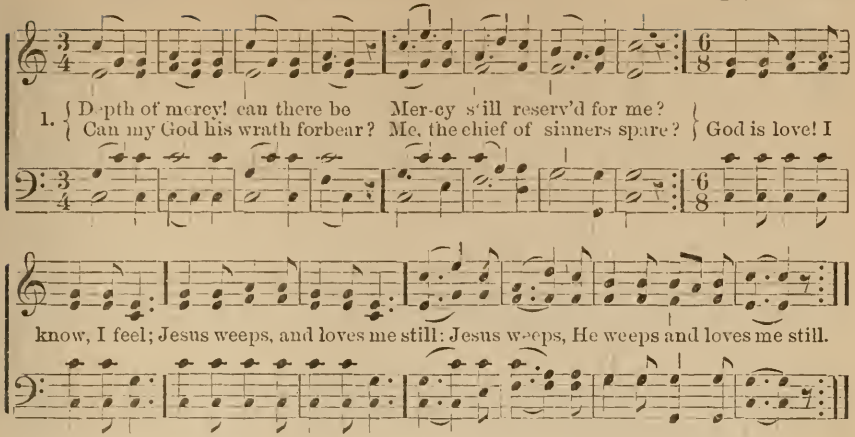
"'TIS I! BE NOT AFRAID."

Words by Rev. JOHN PARKER. Music by WM. G. FISCHER.



2 Heed not the wrath of the tempter,
My presence thy shelter shall be;
'Tis I, who am keeping thy spirit,
'Tis I! art thou trusting in Me?—*Cho.*

3 Fear not the chill of the valley,
For death but a shadow shall be;
My rod and my staff shall support thee,
'Tis I! keep on trusting in Me!—*Cho.*



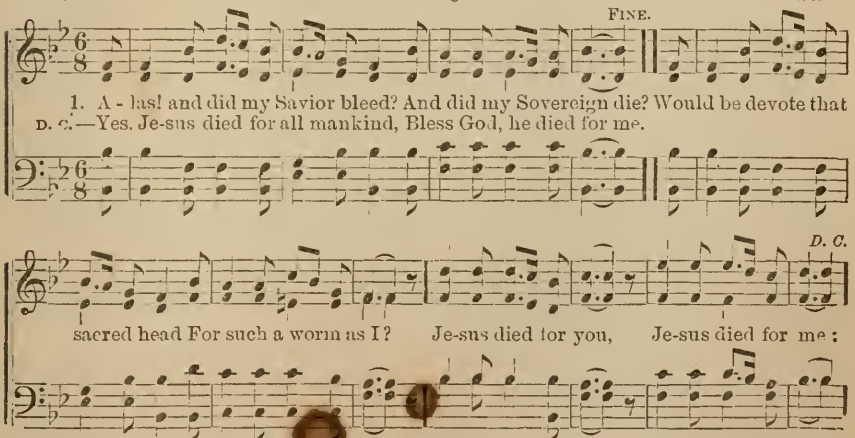
2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
God is love! &c.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
God is love! &c.

4 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
God is love! &c.

610. "Alas! and did my Savior bleed?"

S. J. VAIL.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

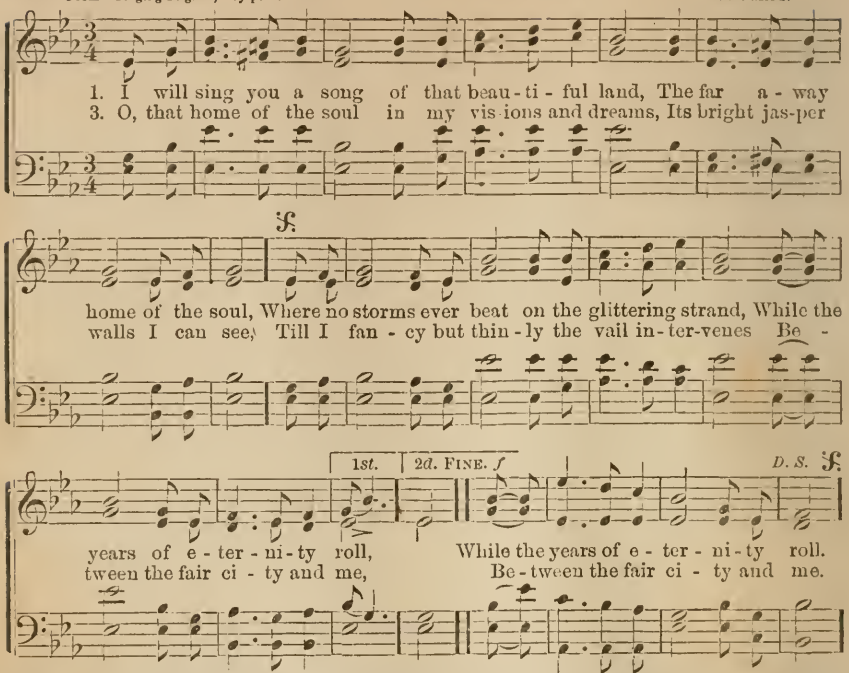
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face.
While his dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away!
'Tis all that I can do.

611. HOME OF THE SOUL.

From "Singing Pilgrim," by permission. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

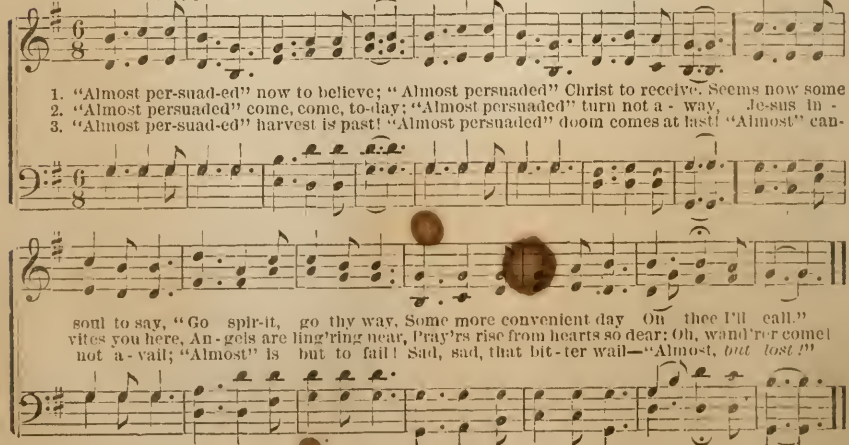


3 That unchangeable home is for you and me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands; [for
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 O how sweet will it be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain; [land,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

612. ALMOST PERSUADED.

From the "Charm," by permission. Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.



Harmony by L. F. Snow.

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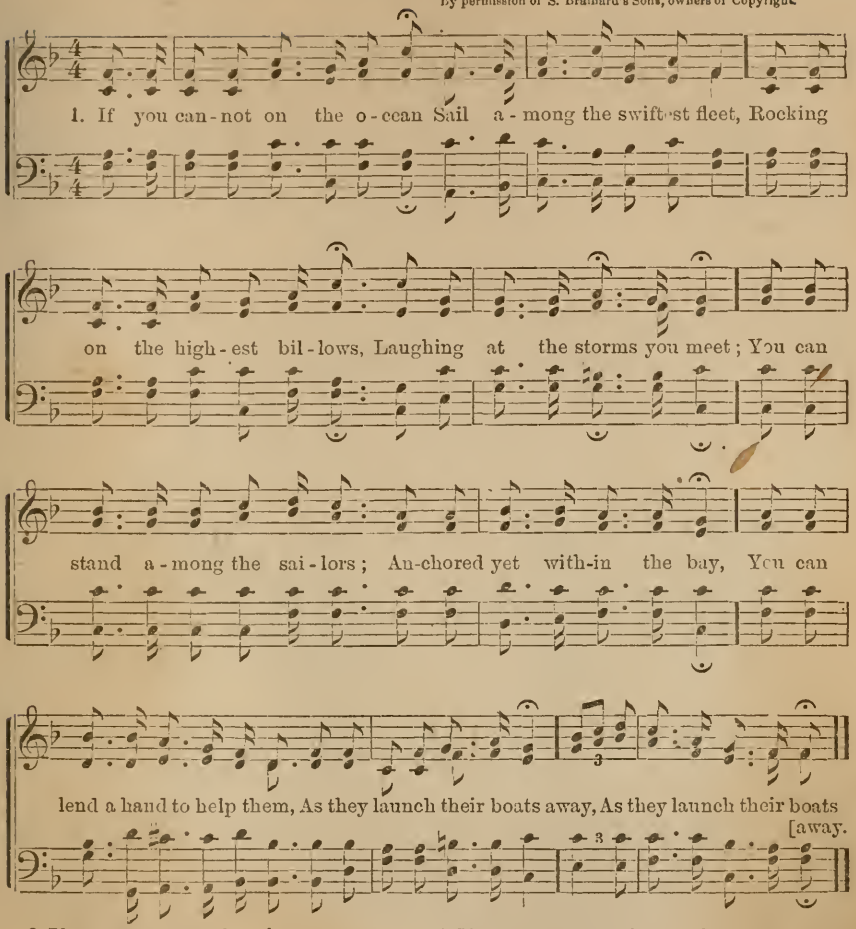


2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high;
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by:
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

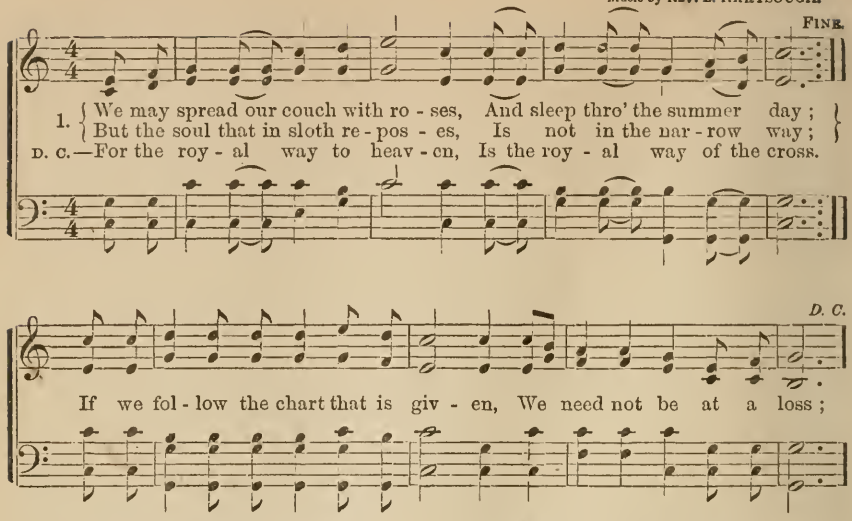
3 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden
May the careless reapers leave.
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all:
With your prayers and with your bounties,
You can do what heaven demands,
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Time moves on with rapid motion,
Life and death are both in view;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it any where.

614. "Royal Way of the Cross."

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

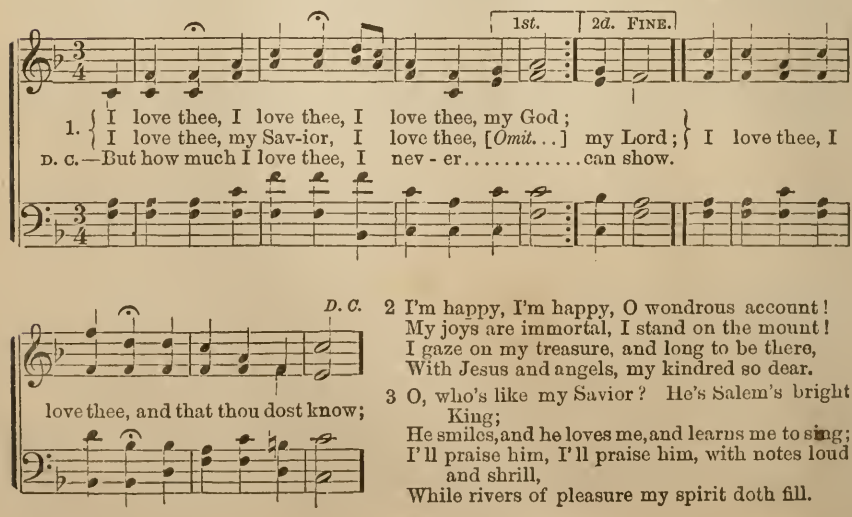


2 To one who is reared in splendor,
The cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender,
Will shrink from the thorny road:
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be as dross;
For the royal way of heaven,
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day;
And still, with our lukewarm sorrow,
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven,
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven,
By the royal way of the cross.

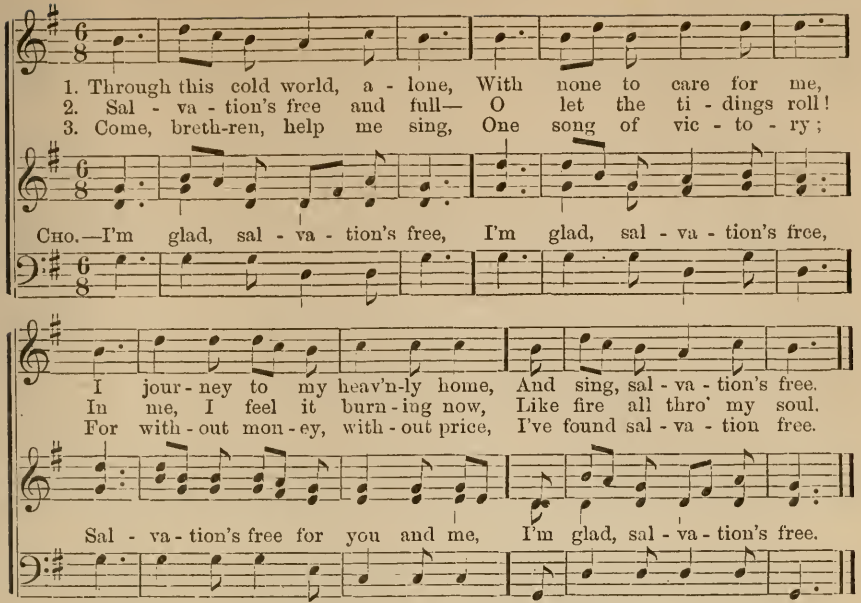
615. "I LOVE THEE."

Arr. for this work.

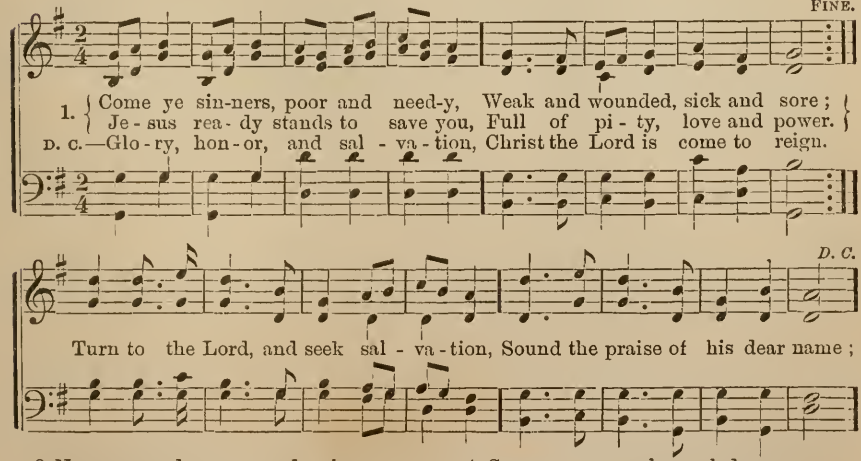


2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3 O, who's like my Savior? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.



617. TURN TO THE LORD.



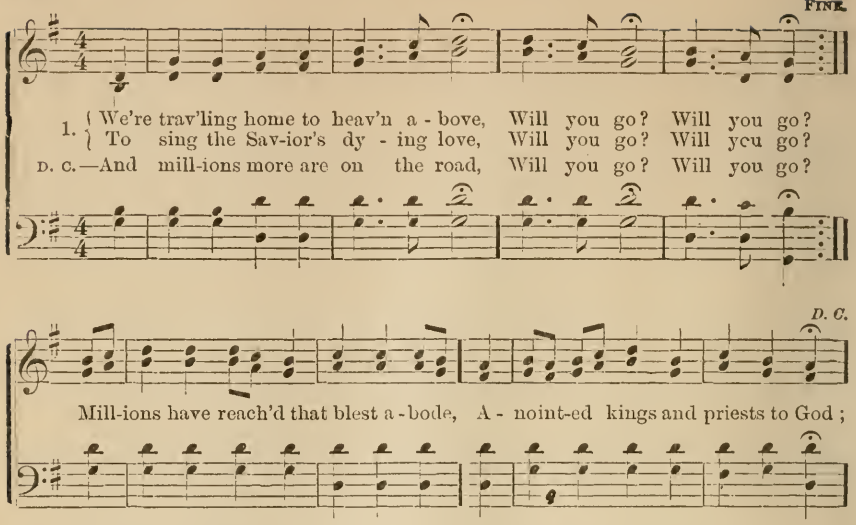
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies'
On the bloody tree behold him—
Hear him cry before he dies.

618. 'WILL YOU GO?"



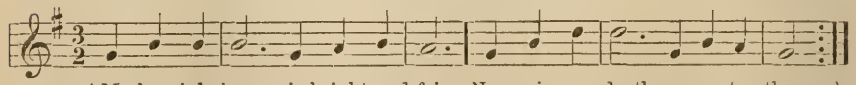
2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name ;
Will you go? Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.
Will you go? Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go? Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go? Will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see.
Will you go? Will you go?

4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go! I will go!
I'll start this moment—clear the way ;
Let me go! let me go!
My old companions, fare you well ;
I will not go with you to hell!
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell ;
Let me go! Let me go!

619. "I'M GOING HOME."

Rev. W. Mc. DONALD.



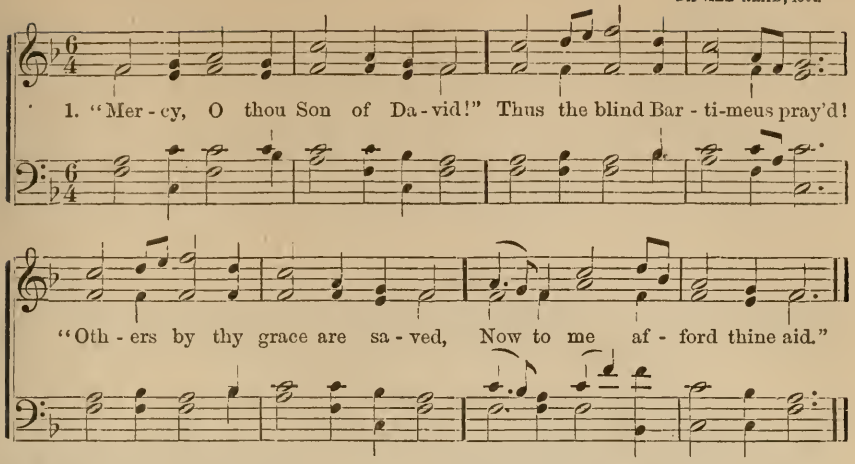
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, &c.

3 While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c,

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine ;
All nature sink, and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

DANIEL READ, 1804.



2 Many for his crying chide him,
But he called the louder still!
Till the gracious Savior bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted!
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but Christ could give.

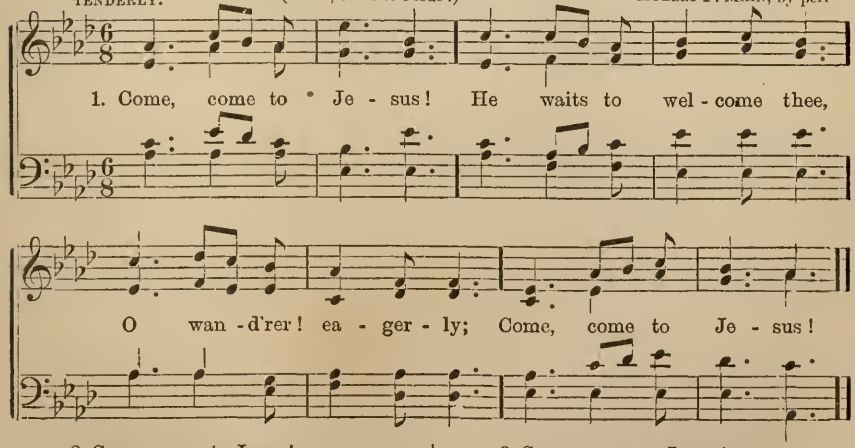
4 Lord remove this grievous blindness,
Turn my darkness into day;
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found.

6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely, they would hasten to him;
He would cause them all to see.

621. JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

TENDERLY. (Come, come to Jesus!) HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



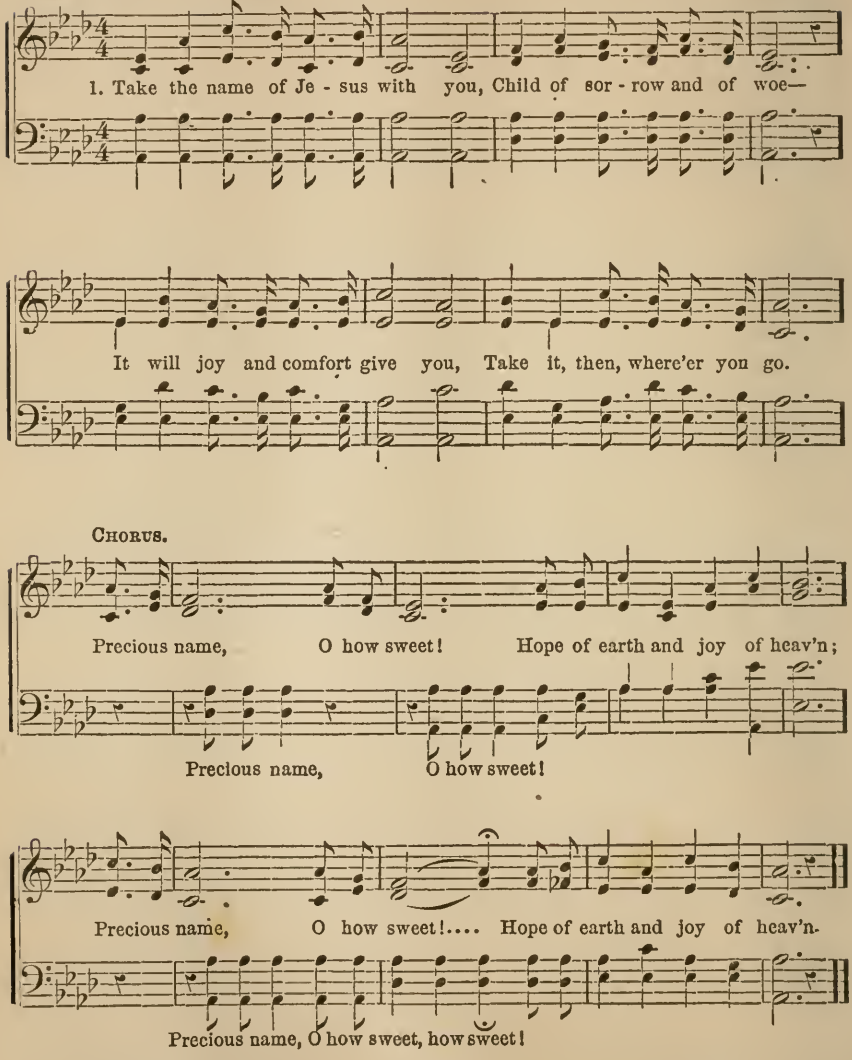
2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O Slave! eternally;
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee;
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

622. PRECIOUS NAME.

Words by
MRS. LYDIA A. BAXTER.

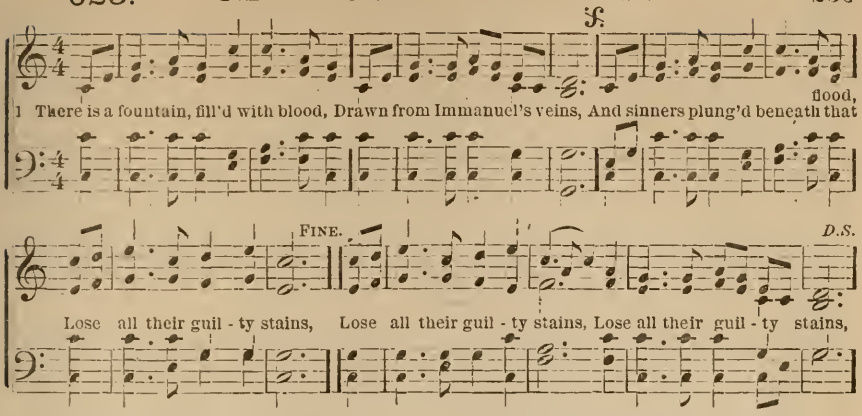
W. H. DOANE.
From Pure Gold, by per.



2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from ev'ry snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.—*Cho.*

3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ.—*Cho.*

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.—*Cho.*



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

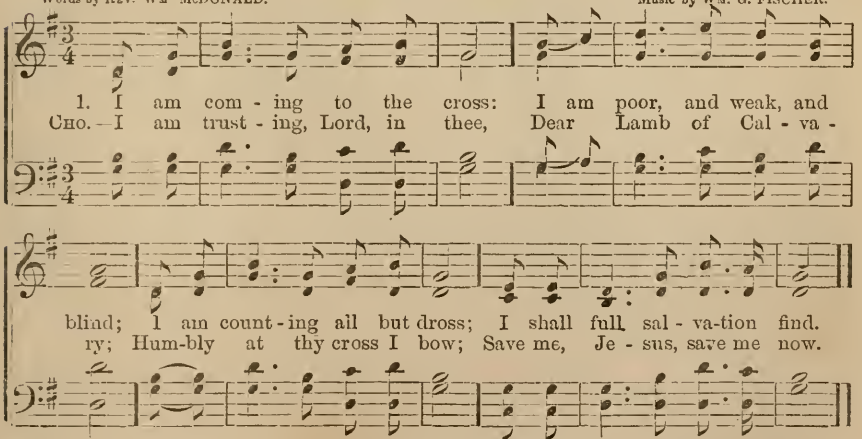
3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

624. "I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee."

Words by Rev. Wm McDONALD. Music by Wm. G. FISCHER.



2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*

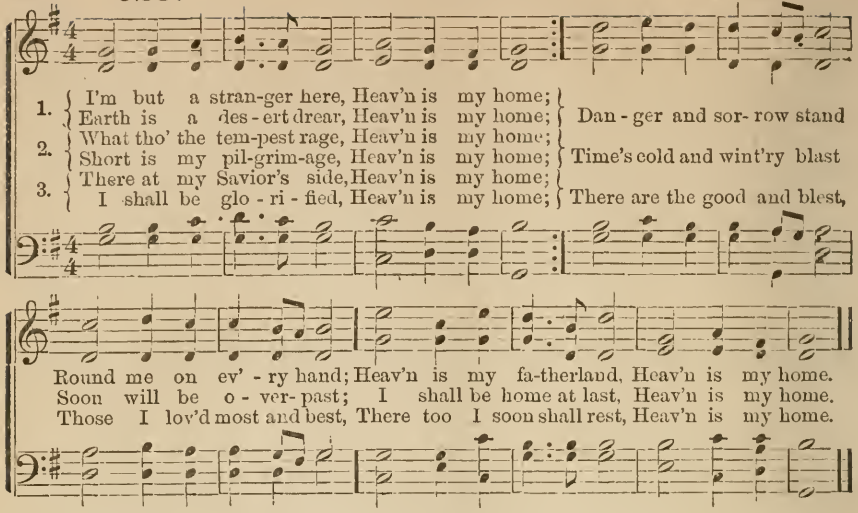
3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine forevermore.—*Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!—*Cho.*

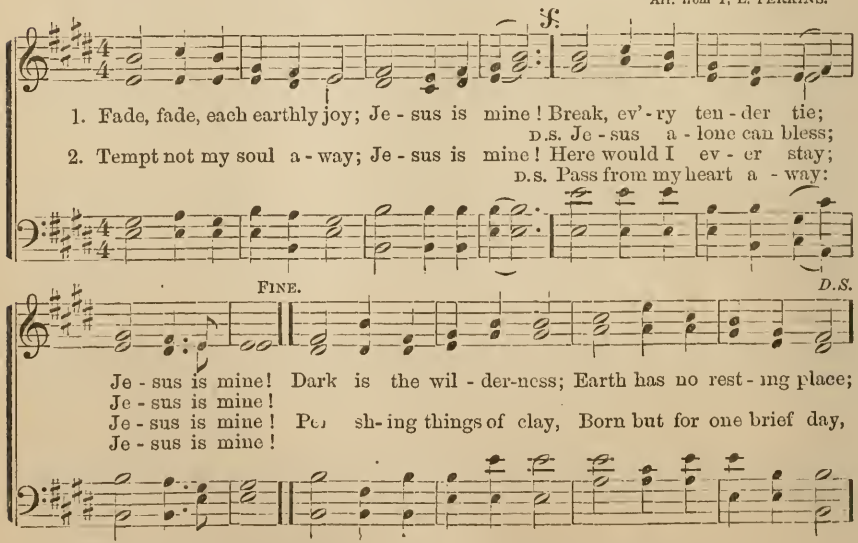
625. OAK. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.



626. "Fade, fade each Earthly Joy."

Arr. from T. E. PERKINS.



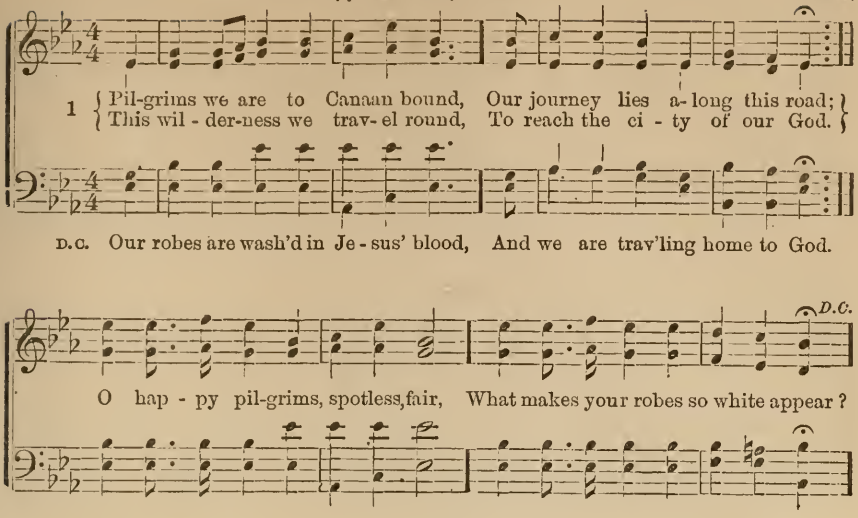
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality:
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity:
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest;
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast:
Jesus is mine!

627. ZION'S PILGRIM. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

By permission of Biglow & Main.



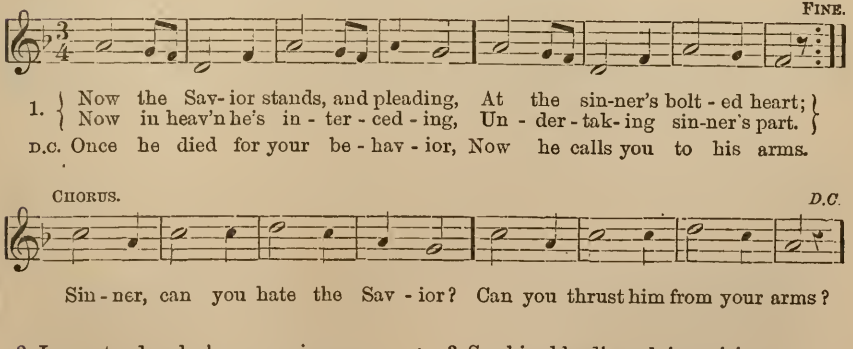
2 O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?
And one redeemed, unbroken band
United be forevermore.
O happy Pilgrims, &c.

3 And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blest abode?
O yes, they all shall dwell in light,
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.
O happy Pilgrims, &c.

4 We all shall reach that golden shore,
If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but Pilgrims find the way.
O happy Pilgrims, &c.

5 O may we meet at last above,
Amid the holy, blood-washed throng,
And sing forever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.
O happy Pilgrims, &c.

628. ENTREATY. 8s & 7s.

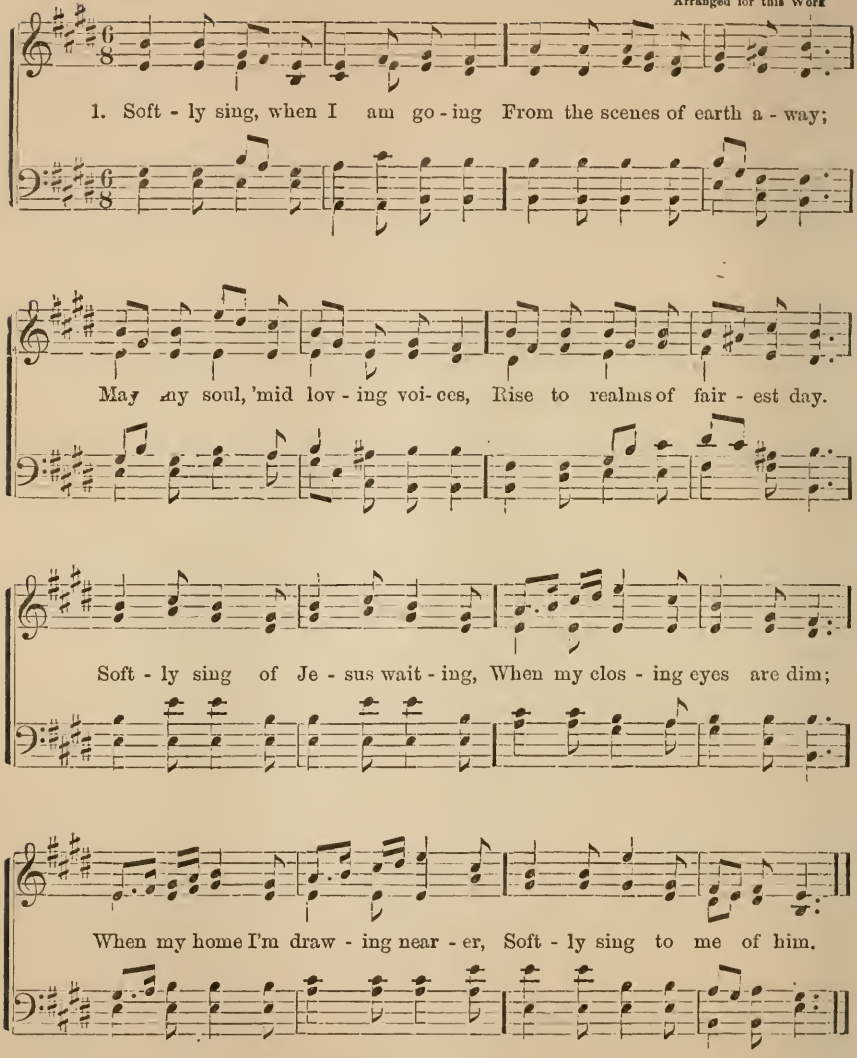


2 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing,
Stands and knocks at every door;
In his hand ten thousand blessings,
Proffer'd to the wretched poor.—*Cho.*

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest;
Listen, while he kindly calls you,
Hear, and be forever blest.—*Cho.*

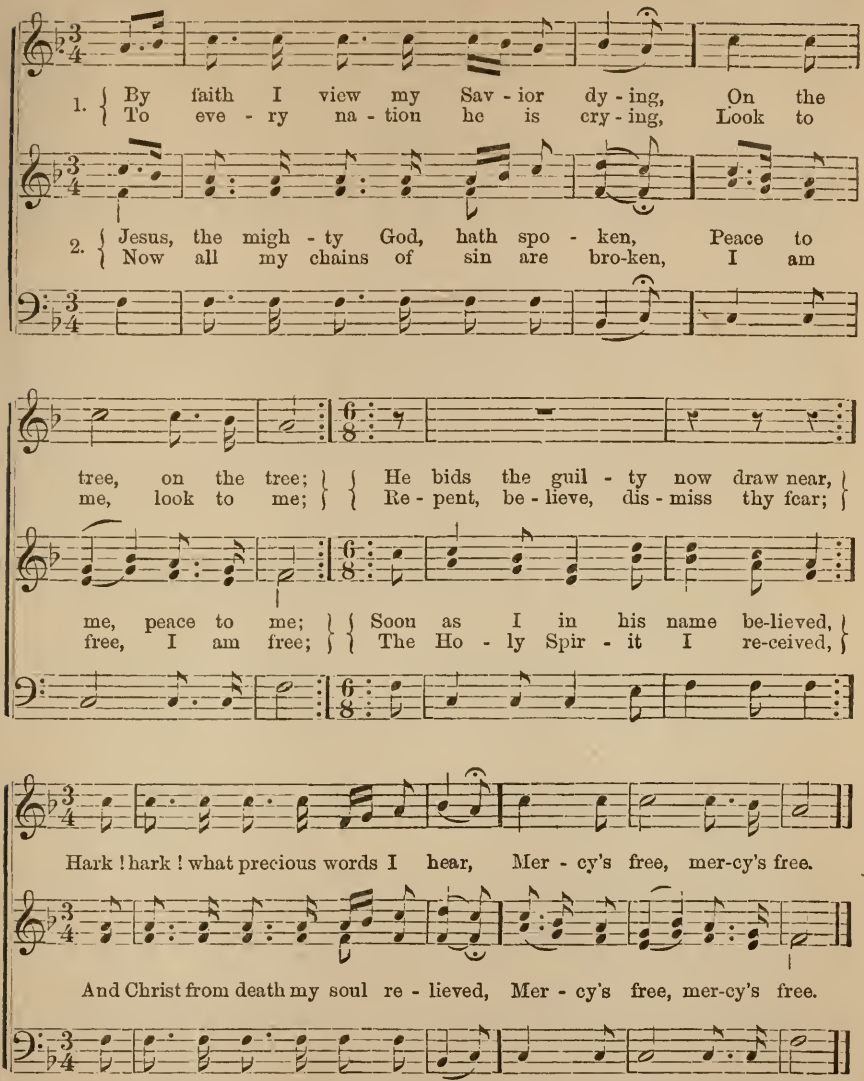
629. HAPPY DYING. 8s & 7s

O. SNOW
Arranged for this Work



2 Softly sing of joyful meetings,
In the hallowed land above;
Tell me then of peaceful greetings,
With the missing ones I love.
Softly sing of angels praising
God around his glorious throne,
There that I may hope to join them,
When I've cross'd the stream alone.

3 Softly sing of sweet forgiveness,
Thro' the Lamb that died for me,
May his cross, in radiance beaming,
Be my last, my only plea:
Softly sing, when I am passing
From the scenes of earth away;
May my soul, 'mid loving voices,
Rise to realms of fairest day.

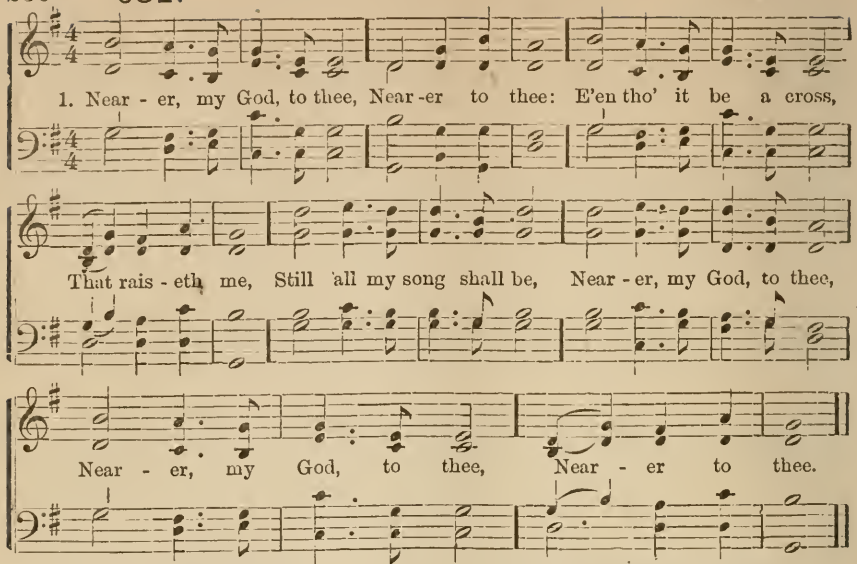


Jesus my weary soul refreshed,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me :
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Savior's love,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free :
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

631. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON, Arr. for this work.



2 Though like a wanderer,
Day-light all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee.—Nearer, &c.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee.—Nearer, &c.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee.—Nearer, &c.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.—Nearer, &c.

632.

Nearer, my God, to thee.

1 "NEARER my God to thee,
Nearer to thee;"
'Tis by the Cross of Christ
Thou raisest me.
And all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

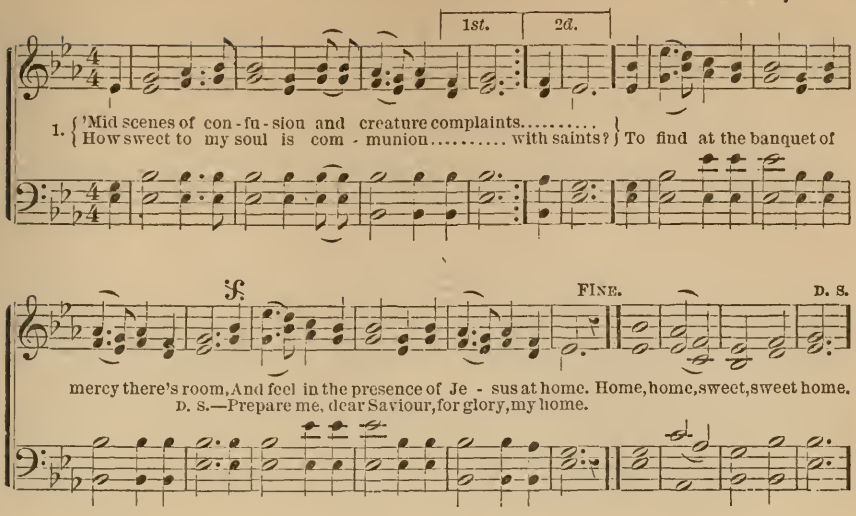
2 When guilt disturbs my breast,
My peace all gone,
My spirit seeking rest
And finding none,
Thy Cross, O Christ, I see,
My fears and sorrows flee,
I come for rest to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 When sunbeams gild my way,
Serene the sky,
Tempting my soul to stray,
By earthly joy,
Then, let thy gifts all be
Fingers that point to thee,
Glad voices calling me
Nearer to thee.

4 When tempests shroud the day,
And earth is drear,
Be thou, O God, my stay,
My sadness cheer;
And, through the gathering night,
Lead upward to the light,—
The portals ever bright:
Nearer to thee.

5 When life's last pulses wane,
Jesus, be near;
My sinking heart sustain;
Banish my fear.
To thee my hands shall cling;
Of thee, my lips shall sing;
My soul in glory bring
Nearer to thee.

Ancient Melody.



2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace.
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.—*Home, &c.*

3 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay:
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.—*Home, &c.*

4 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.—*Home, &c.*

634.

I've started for Canaan.

1 I HAVE started for Canaan, must I leave you behind?
Will you not go up with me? come, make up your mind:
The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view;
Its fruits are abundant, they are offered for you.
Come, come, friends, friends, come,
I've started for Canaan, oh, will you not come?

2 What can tempt you to linger, or turn from the way?
The fields are all blooming, as blooming as May:
The music is charming, the harmony pure;
The joys there are lasting, they ever endure.—*Come, &c.*

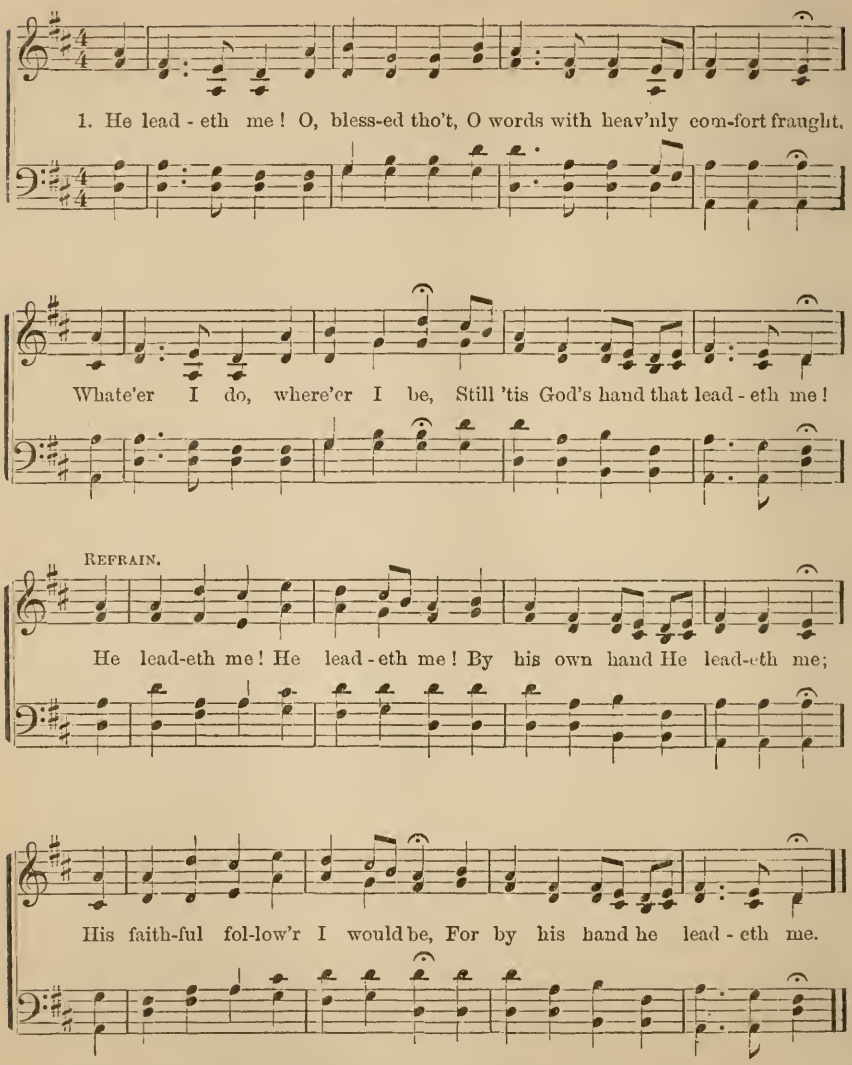
3 You have friends in that country, most dear to your heart,
Do you not wish to meet them, where friends never part?
Then start in a moment, no longer delay;
While you stop to consider, the night ends the day.—*Come, &c.*

4 'Tis the last call of mercy, oh! turn, lest you die!
Give your heart to the Savior, to-day he is nigh:
While his arms are extended, while his children all pray,
Will you not join our number? come, join us to-day.—*Come, &c.*

635. "HE LEADETH ME."

By permission of Biglow & Main.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

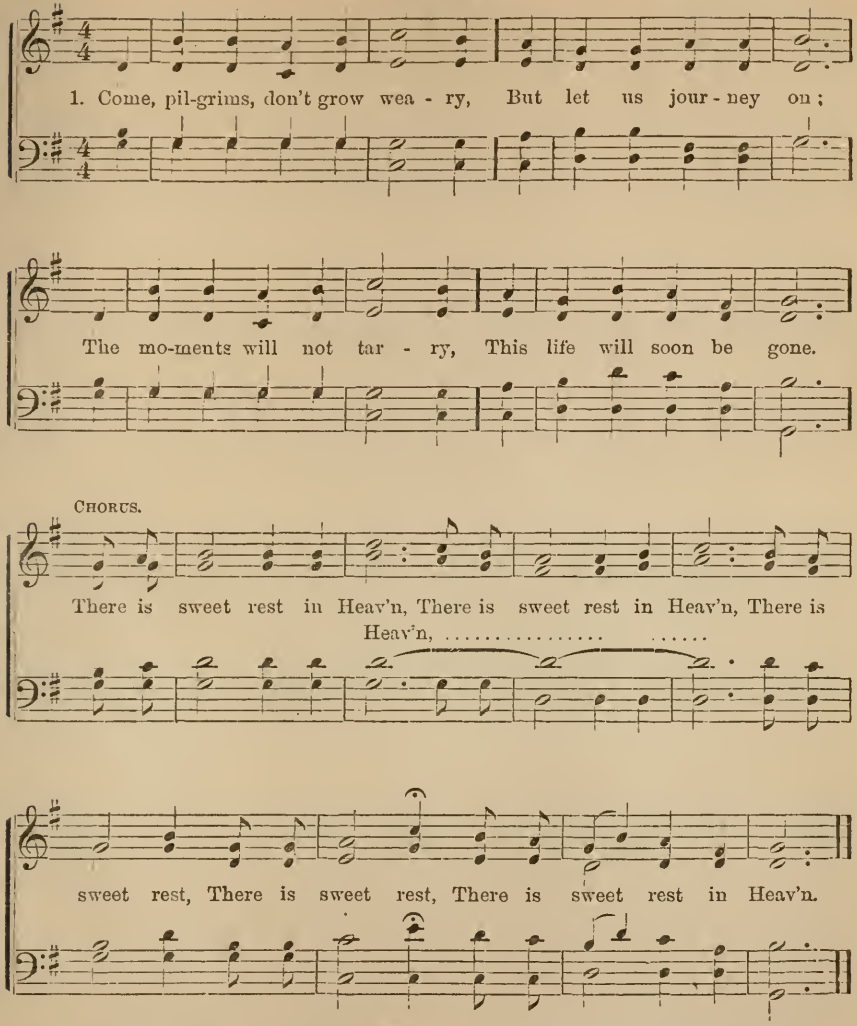


2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea —
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
REF.—He leadeth me! &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine —
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
REF.—He leadeth me! &c.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
REF.—He leadeth me! &c.

By permission of Biglow & Main. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 We've 'listed for the army,
We've 'listed for the war;
We'll fight until we conquer,
By faith and humble prayer.
Cho.—There is sweet rest in Heav'n.

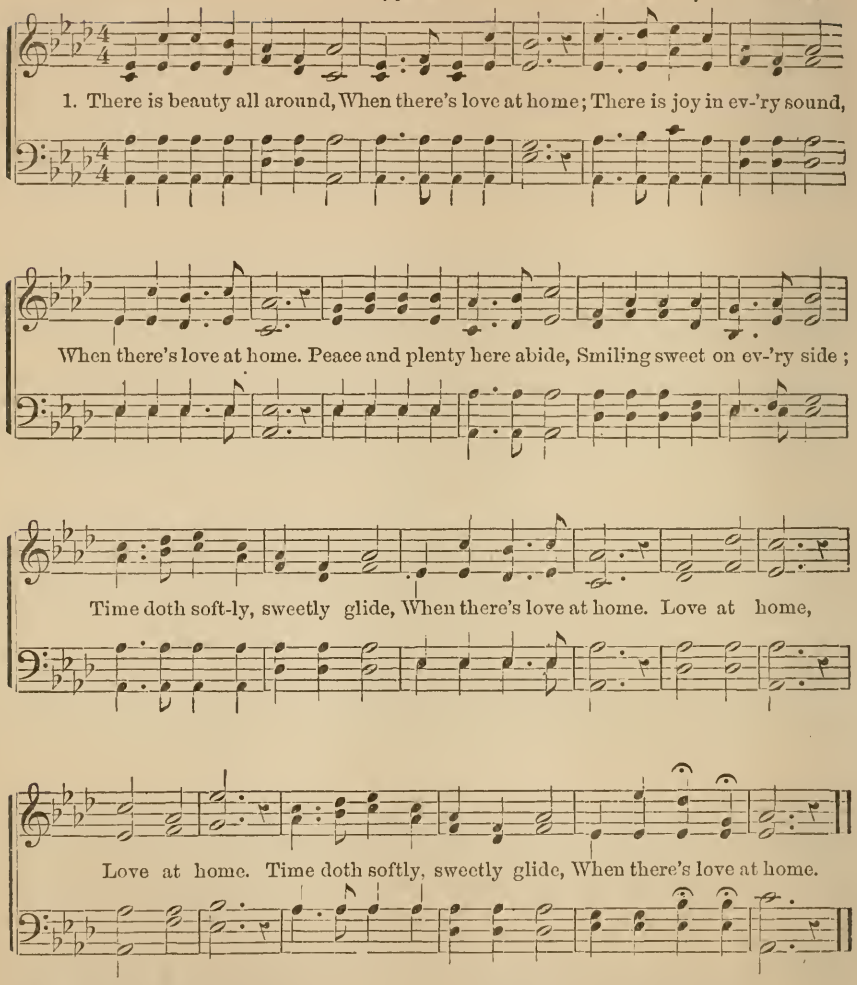
3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He bids us all to come;
High up, in endless glory,
He's fitted up our home.
Cho.—There is sweet rest in Heav'n.

4 And Jesus will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end;
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend.
Cho.—There is sweet rest in Heav'n.

5 Then glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good.
Cho.—There is sweet rest in Heav'n.

637. LOVE AT HOME.

By permission. Words and Music by McNAUGHTON.

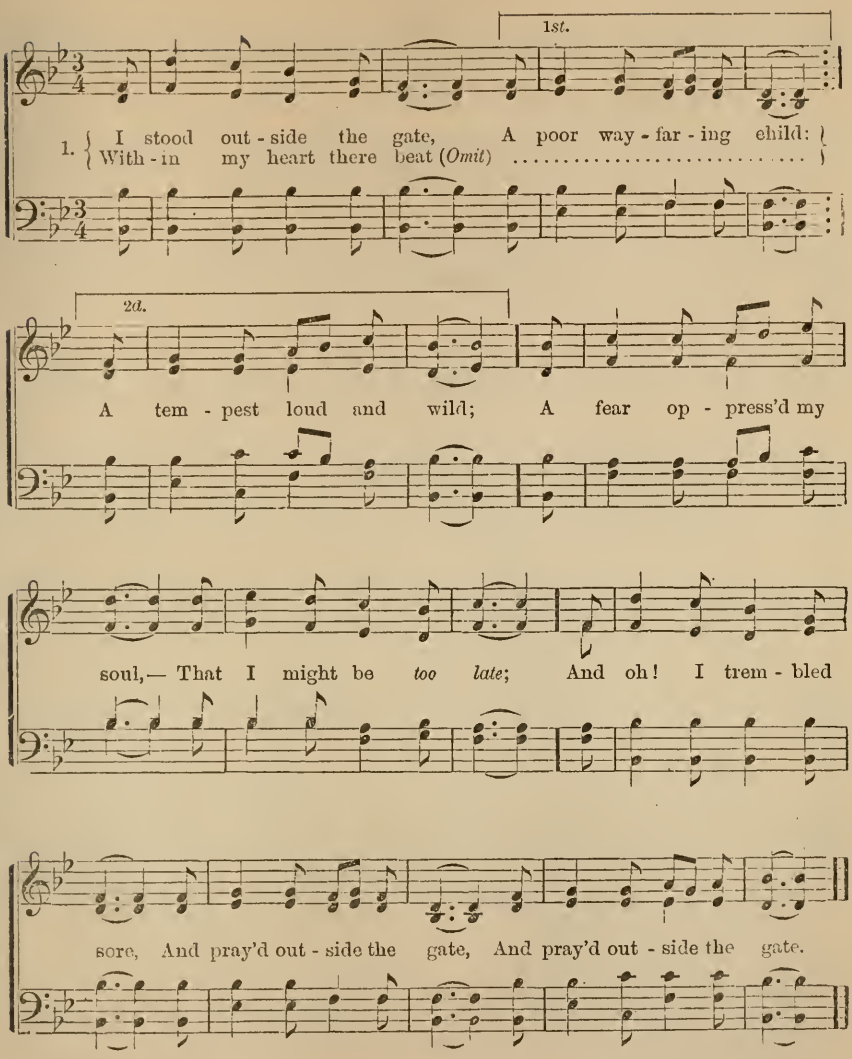


2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky:
Oh, there's one who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper I am thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's love at home.

By permission. PHILLIP PHILLIPS.

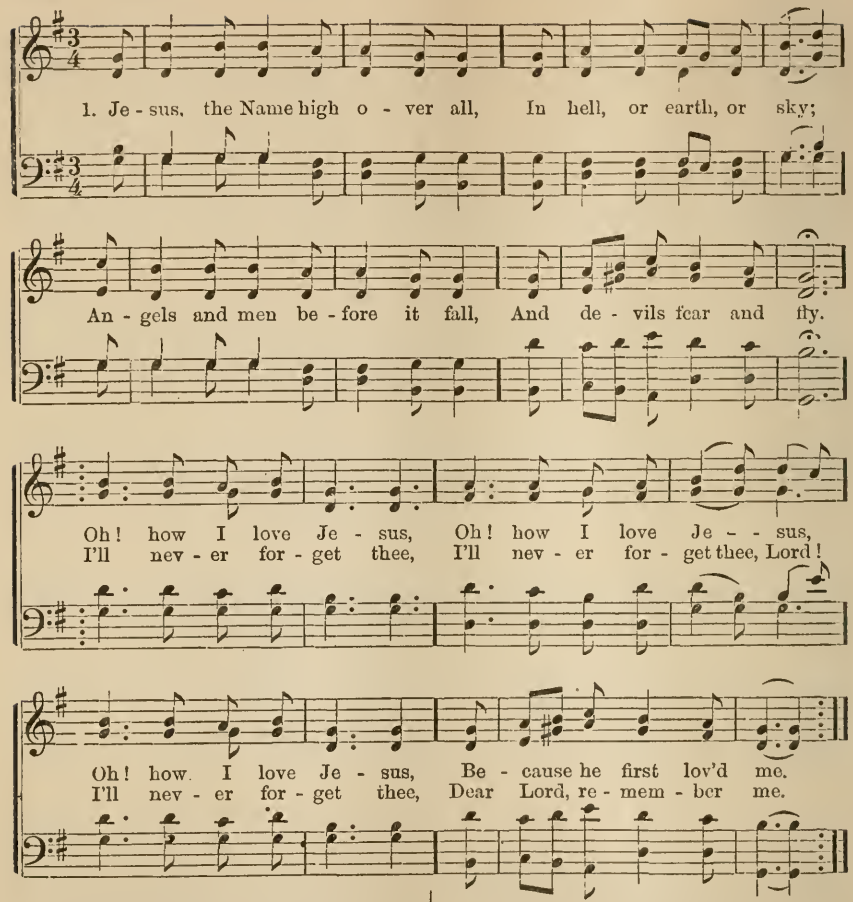


2 "Mercy," I loudly cried;
"Oh give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied,
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And carried all my sin;
She eased my burdened soul,
Then Jesus took me in.

2 In Mercy's guise, I knew
The Savior long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in.

639. O HOW I LOVE JESUS.

Arr. for this work.



2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace:
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

---

640. *Invitation to praise the Redeemer.*

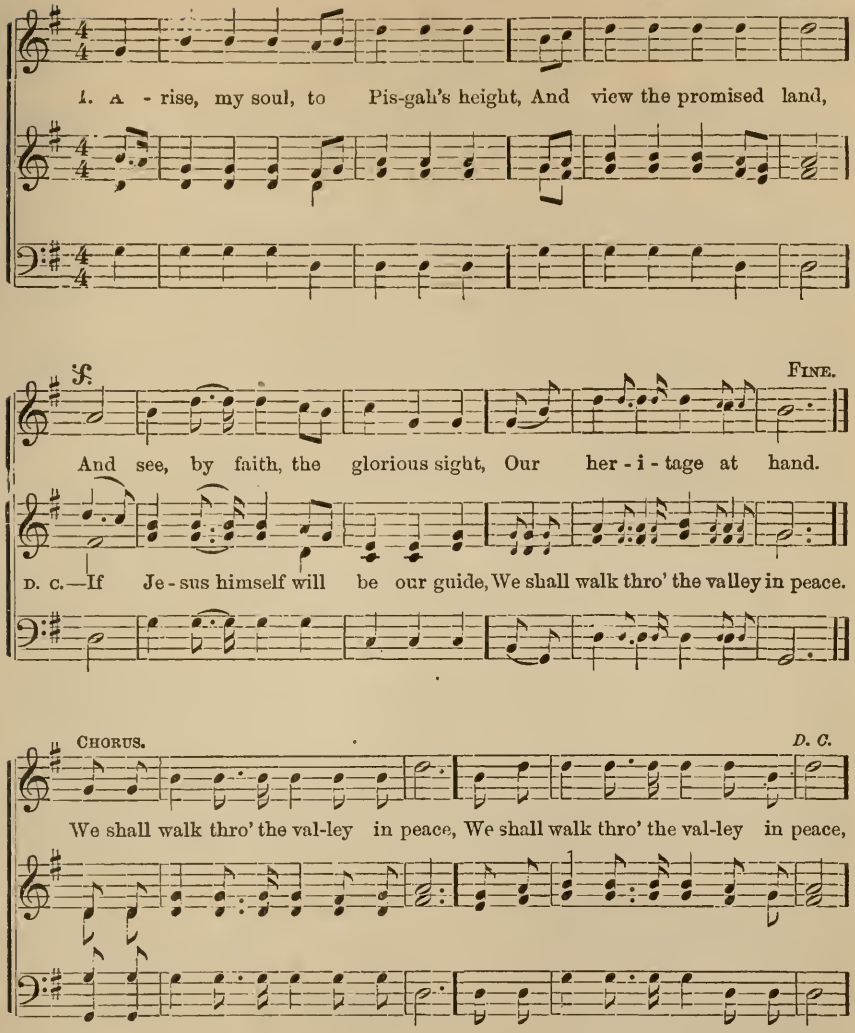
1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the world abroad
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood avail'd for me.

Arr. by W. McDONALD.



2 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
And fields adorned in living green,
The residence of God.

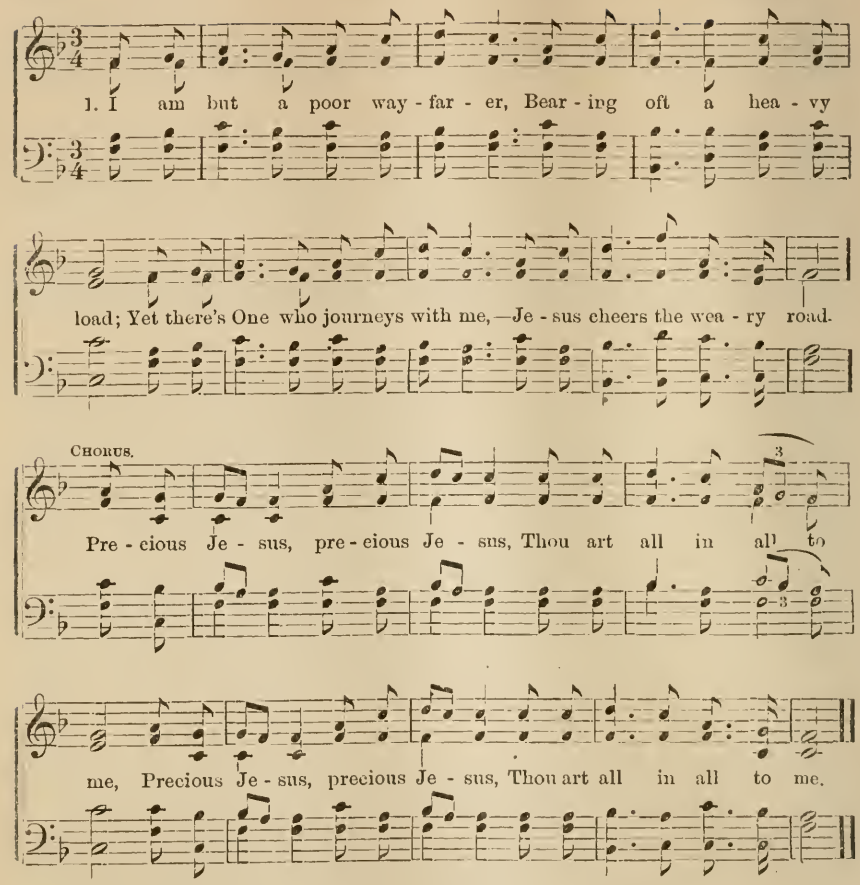
3 My conflicts here will soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns;
Through toil and death I'll reach at last
Fair Canaan's happy plains.

4 O could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear;
My bark would every tempest brave,
For O! my Captain's near.

5 My lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay;
And then my happy soul will sail
To everlasting day.

642. PRECIOUS JESUS.

WM. G. FISCHER.
By permission.



2 When the noon-day sun is burning,
And my soul athirst is made,
Lo! appears the cloudy pillar,
And I rest within the shade.—*Cho.*

3 When the night seems long and dreary,
And the path is clouded o'er,
Comes the shining of his presence,
Lighting all the gloom before.—*Cho.*

4 Blessed presence! dear companion!
Be the journey what it may,
All my needs are met in Jesus,—
Jesus is my life and way!—*Cho.*

---

643. *Confidence in God's protection.*

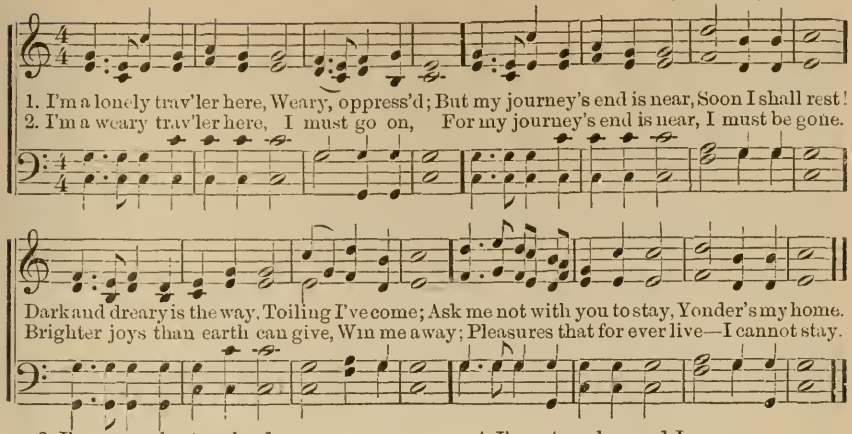
1 SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal!—
Cho.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us:
We are safe if thou art nigh.—*Cho.*

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.—*Cho.*

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.—*Cho.*

N. BILLINGS.

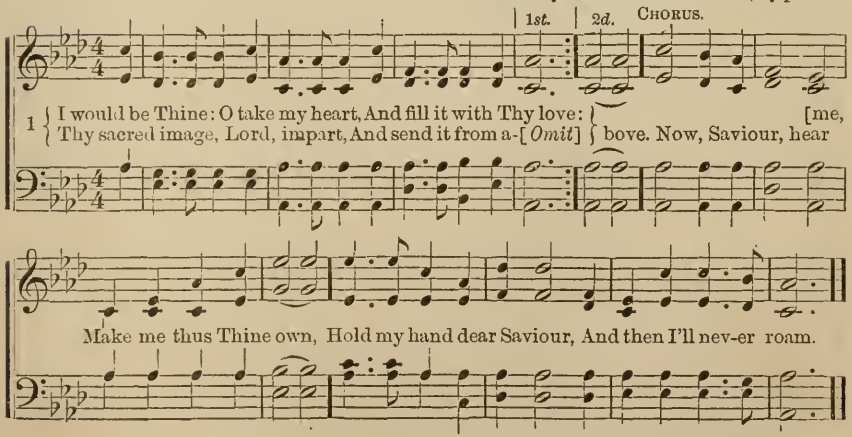


3 I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad:
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below,
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

I WOULD BE THINE.

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.



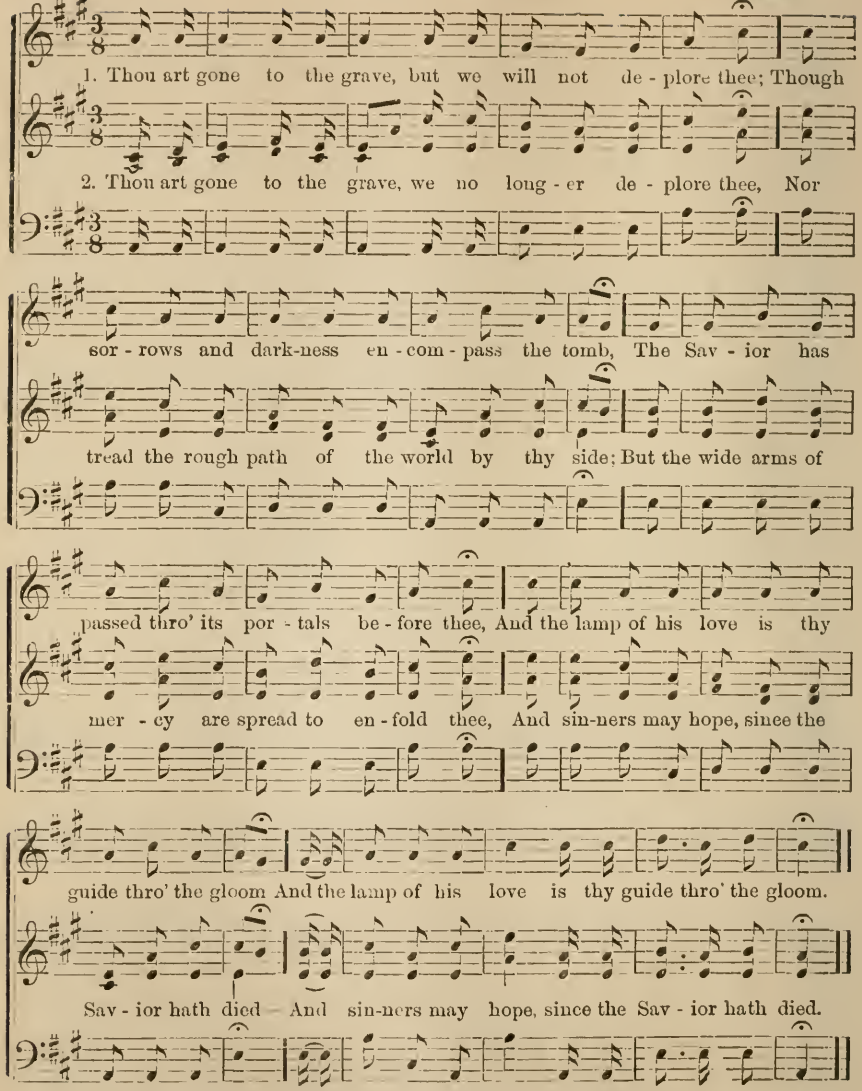
2 I would be Thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.—*Cho.*

3 I would be Thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:—
Do Thou Thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.—*Cho.*

4 I would be Thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse Thy grace,
And now my soul restore.—*Cho.*

645. SCOTLAND.

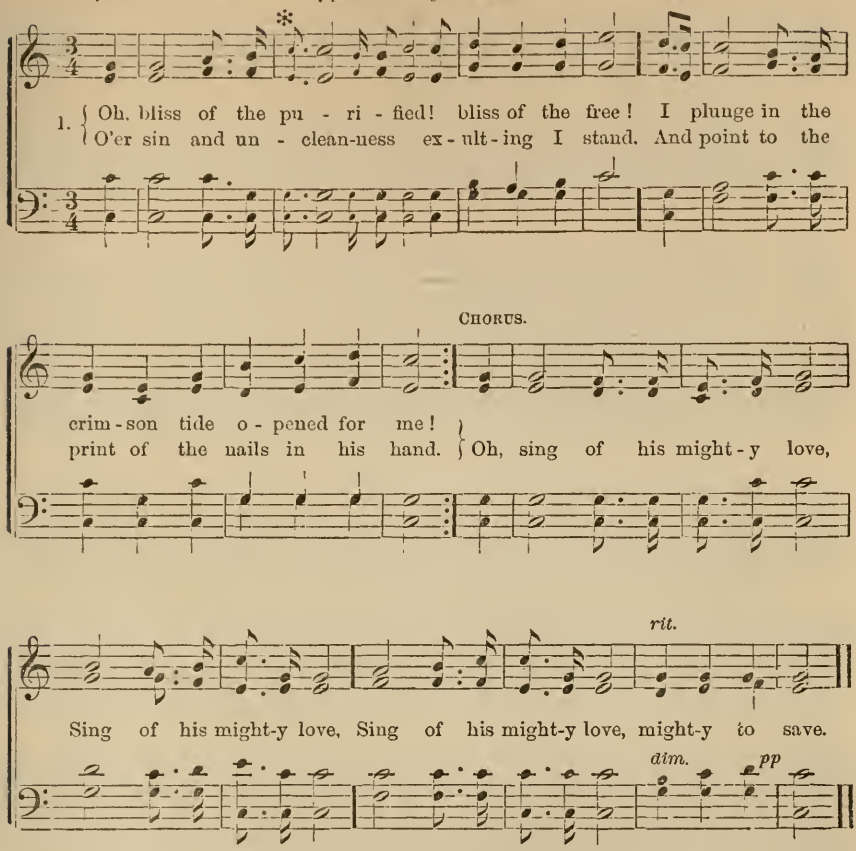
Dr. JOHN CLARKE.



3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died.

Words by Rev. F. BOTTOME. By permission of Biglow & Main. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the smiles of his face!—*Cho.*

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—
No tears but may dry them on Jesus's breast.—*Cho.*

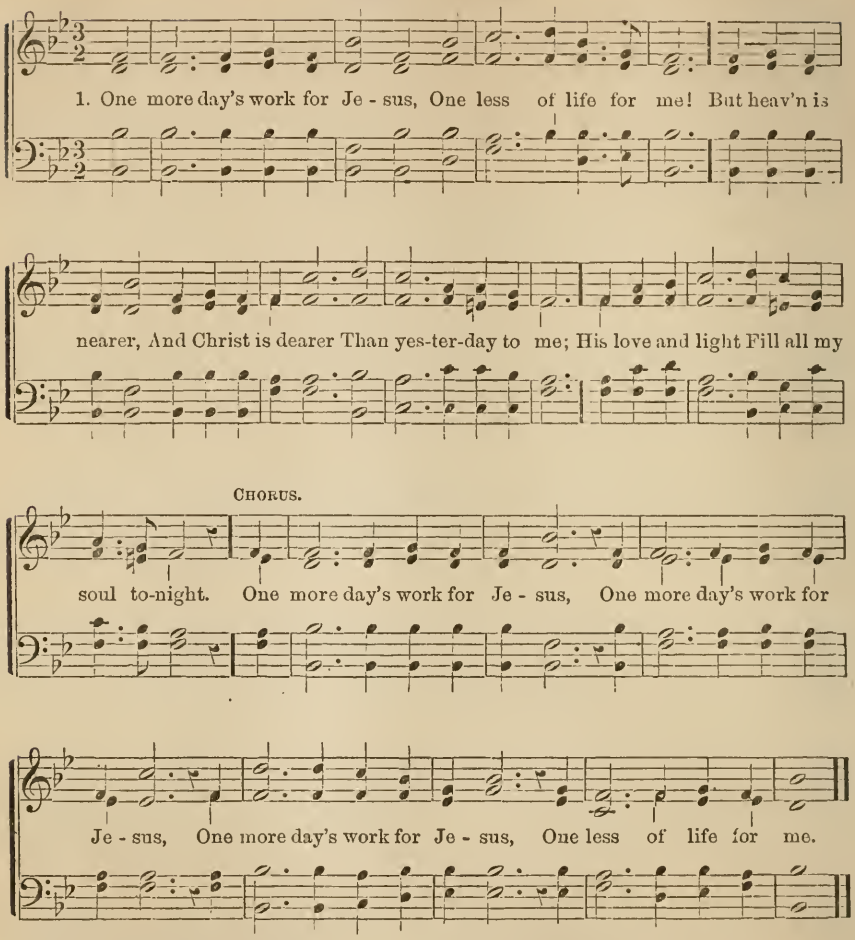
4 O Jesus the Crucified! thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the Mighty to save.—*Cho.*

* Sing the small notes to the first line of each verse only.

647. "One more Day's Work for Jesus."

By permission of Biglow & Main.

REV. R. LOWRY.



2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing,
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.—*Cho.*

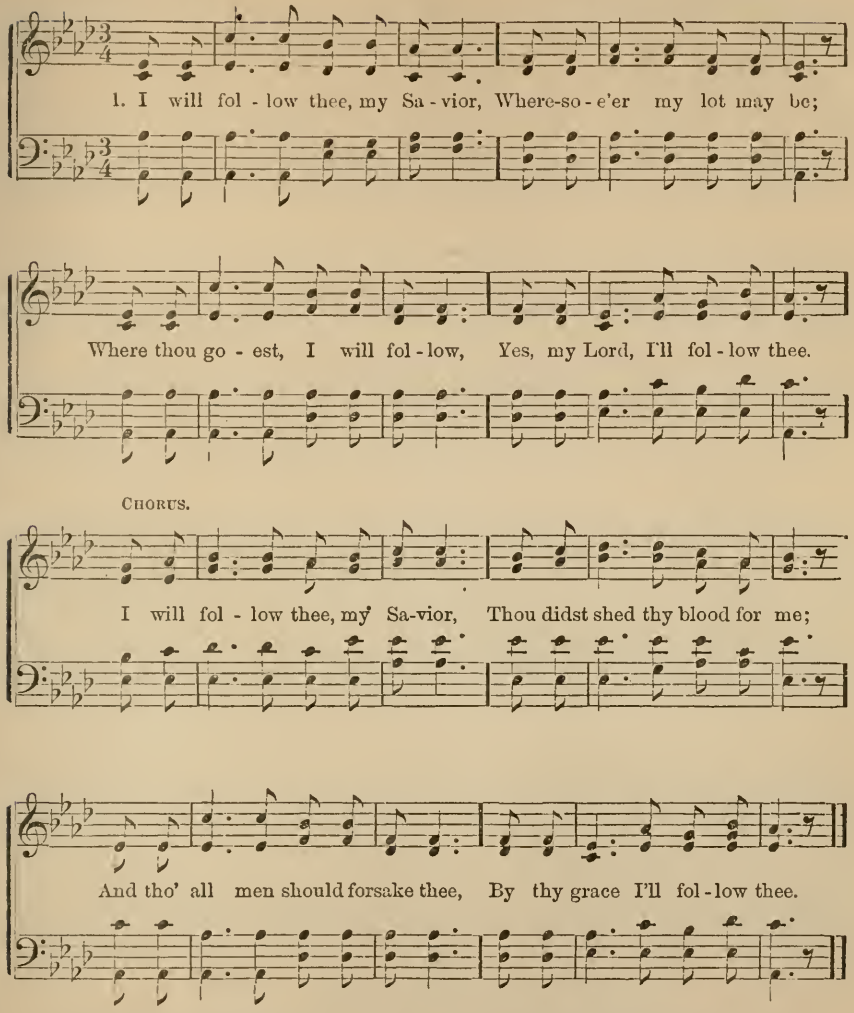
3 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!—*Cho.*

4 One more day's work for Jesus!
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
Before his face I fall.—*Cho.*

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh! rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

Arranged for this work.

Words and Music by JAS. L. ELGINBURG.



2 Though the road be rough and thorny,
Tra kless as the foaming sea,
Thou hast trod this way before me,
And I gladly follow thee.—*Cho.*

3 Though 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
Cheerless though my path may be,
If thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow thee.—*Cho.*

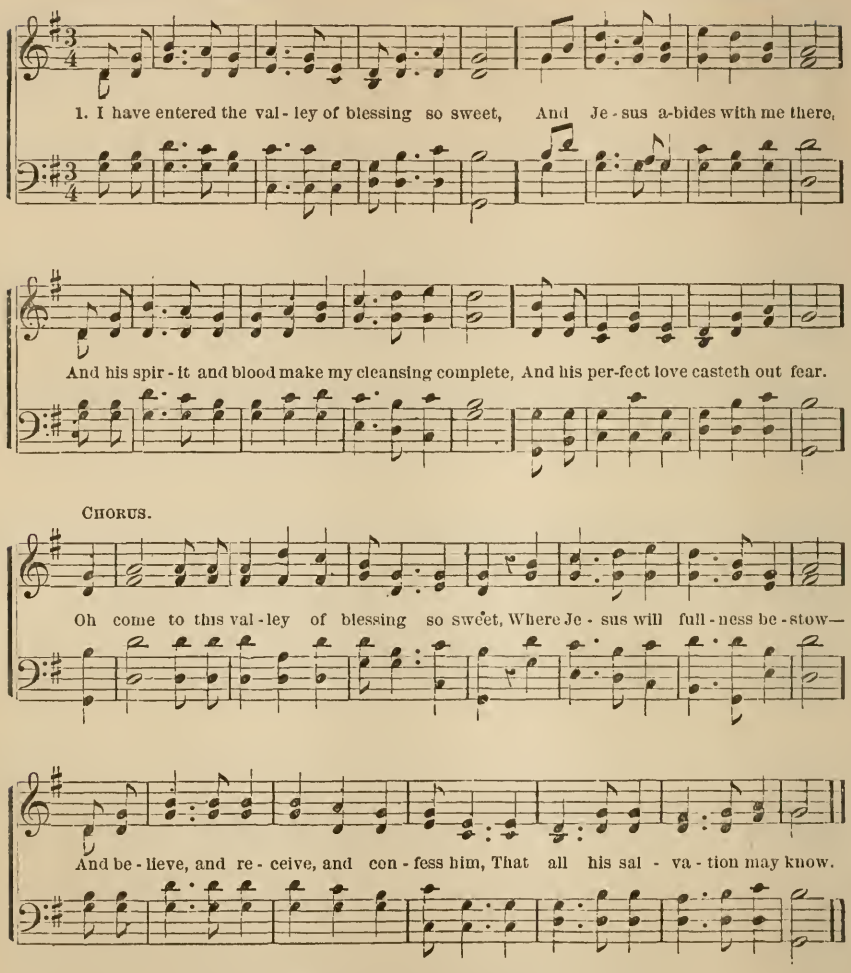
4 Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be,
I remember thou was tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee.—*Cho.*

5 Though thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.—*Cho.*

6 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.—*Cho.*

649. VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Words by Mrs. Annie Wittenmyre. By permission. Music by W. G. FISCHER.

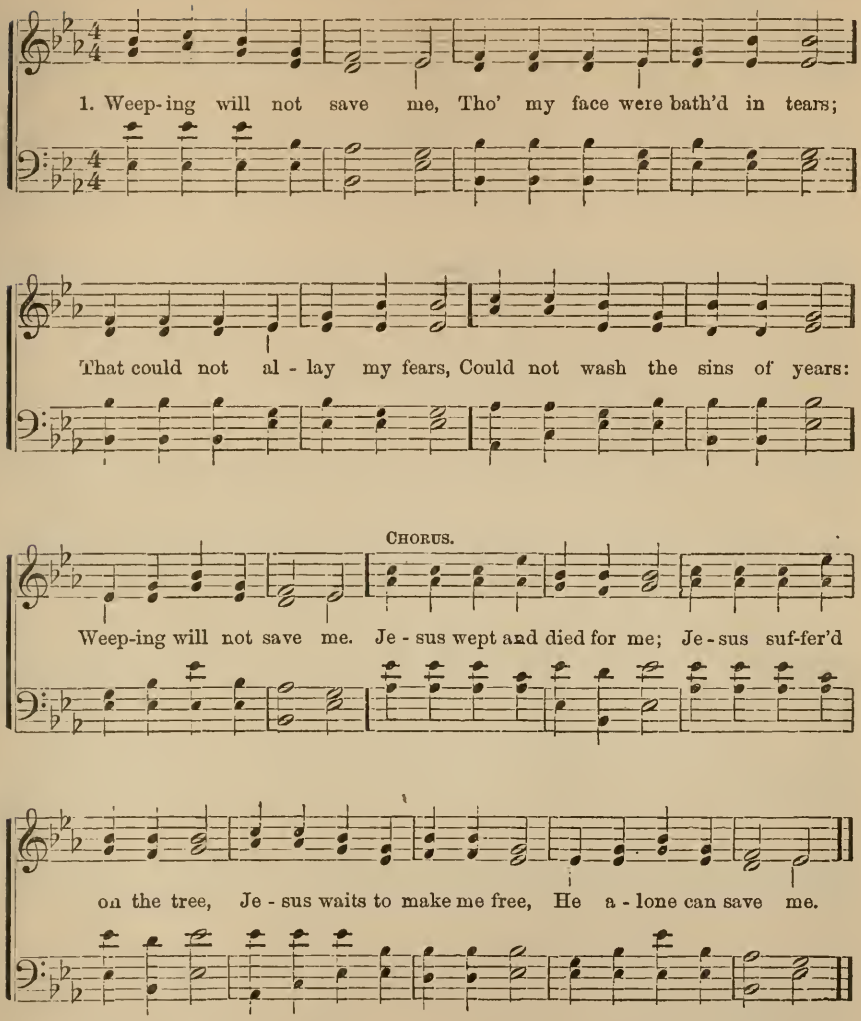


2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.—*Chorus.*

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.—*Chorus.*

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"—*Chorus.*

By permission of Biglow & Main. Rev. R. LOWRY



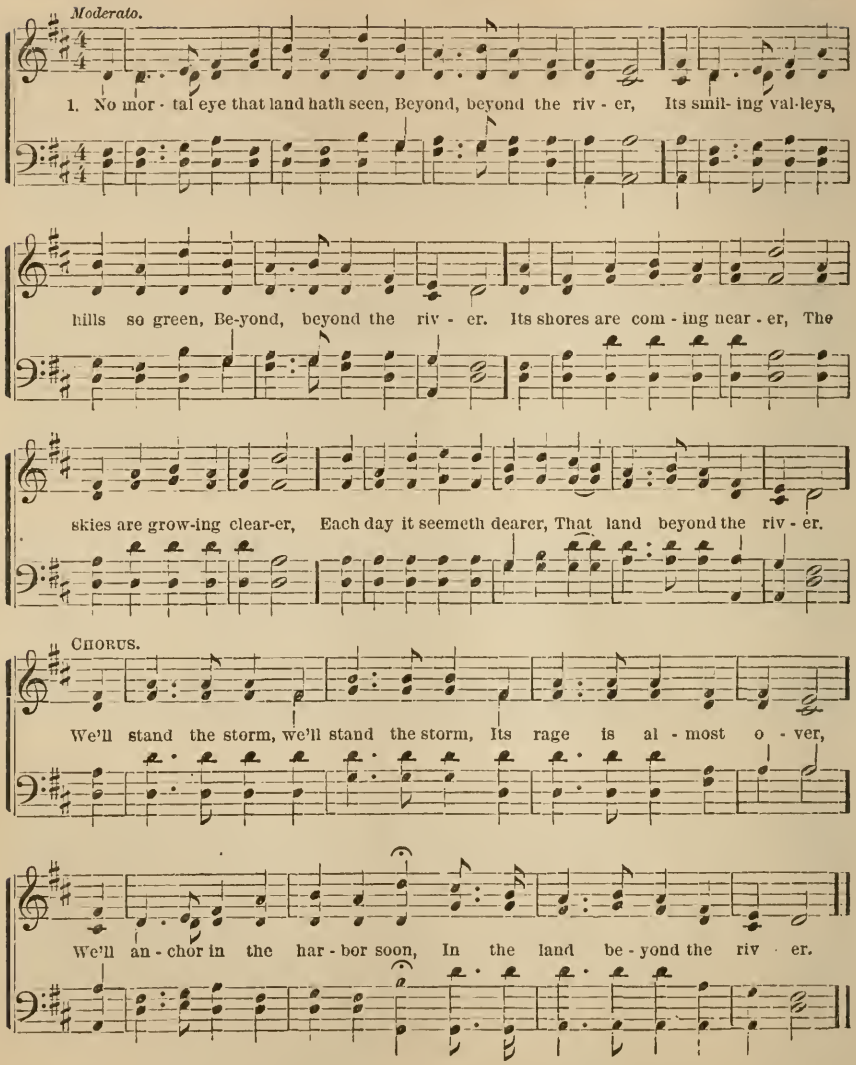
2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings, too,
Cannot form my soul anew;
Working will not save me.
CHO.—Jesus wept, &c.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.
CHO.—Jesus wept, &c.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that he has done:
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.
CHO.—Jesus wept, &c.

651. THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

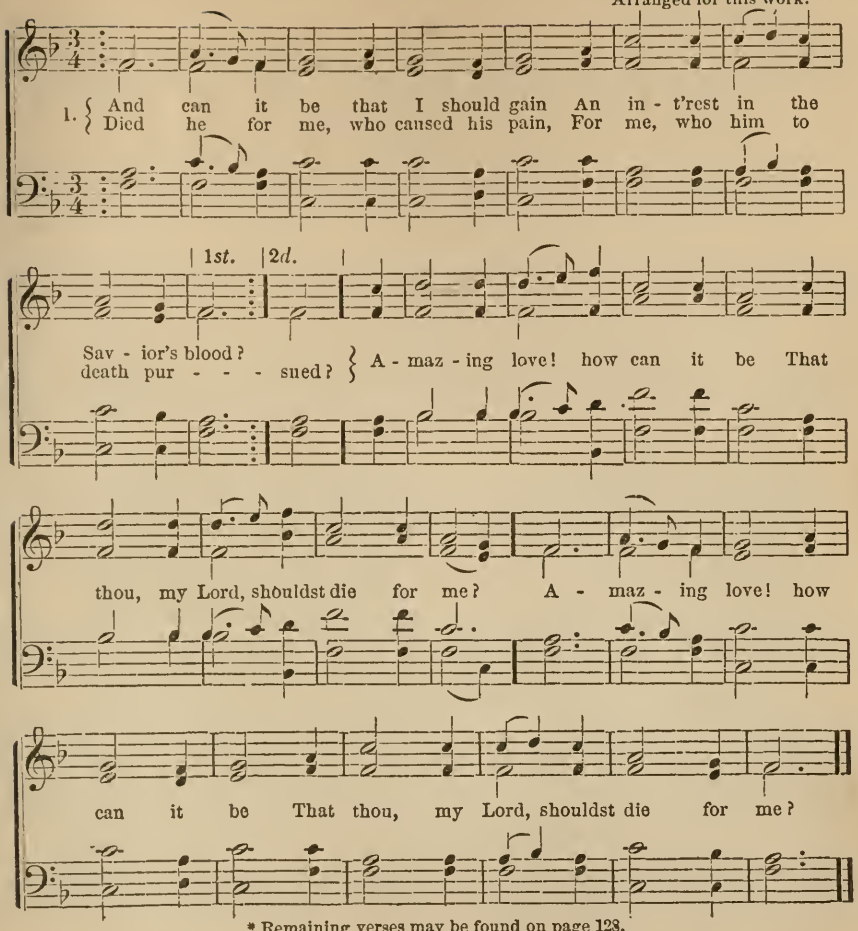
H. L. FRISBIE.



2 That glorious day will ne'er be done,
Beyond, beyond the river,
When we've the crown and kingdom won,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure
In the land beyond the river.—*Cho.*

3 When shall we look from Zion's hill,
Beyond, beyond the river?
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There angels bright are singing,
Where golden harps are ringing
We ne'er shall cease our singing,
In the land beyond the river.—*Cho.*

Arranged for this work.



* Remaining verses may be found on page 128.

653. *The Temperance Standard.* TUNE—*Zion, page* 128.

1 Round the Temp'rance standard rally
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing and blind,
Kindly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

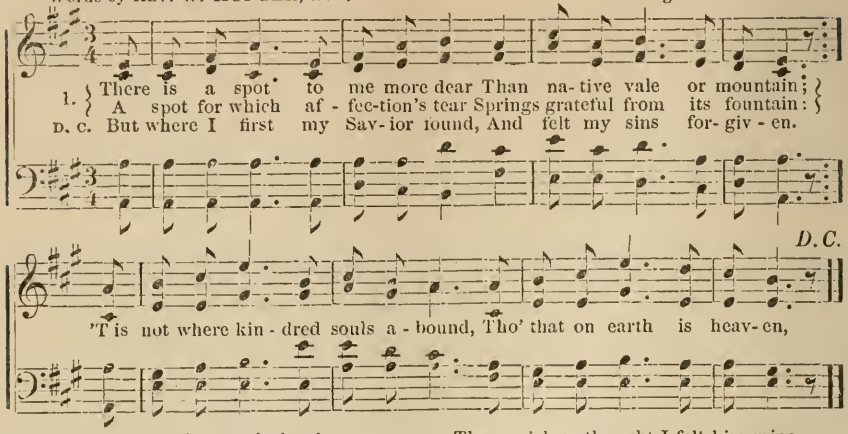
2 Bear the blissful tidings onward,
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downward
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

3 Plant the Temp'rance standard firmly;
Round it live and round it die;
Young and old defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory;
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

4 Now unto the Lamb forever,
Fountain of all light and love;
Let the glory, fading never,
Be ascribed to him above,
Whose compassion
Did the friends of Temp'rance move.

654. THE HALLOWED SPOT.

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER, D.D. Arranged for this work.



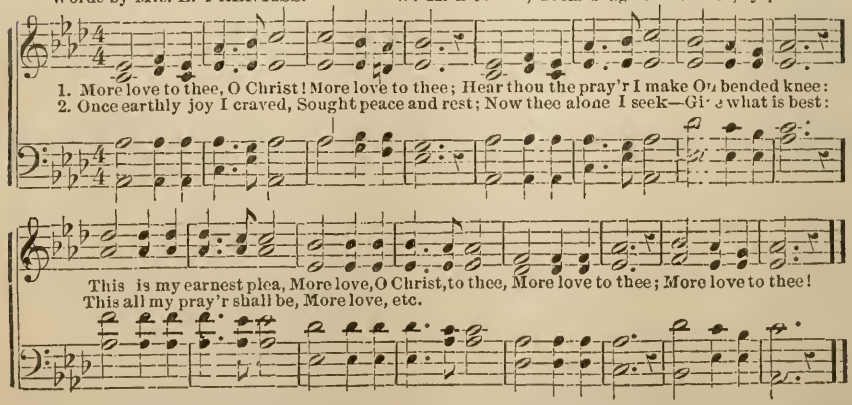
2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean:
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the waves' commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.

3 Sinking and panting, as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, Oh, save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me!
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,—
My Savior stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, Glory! glory!

4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee:
And when from earth I rise to soar,
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast mine eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

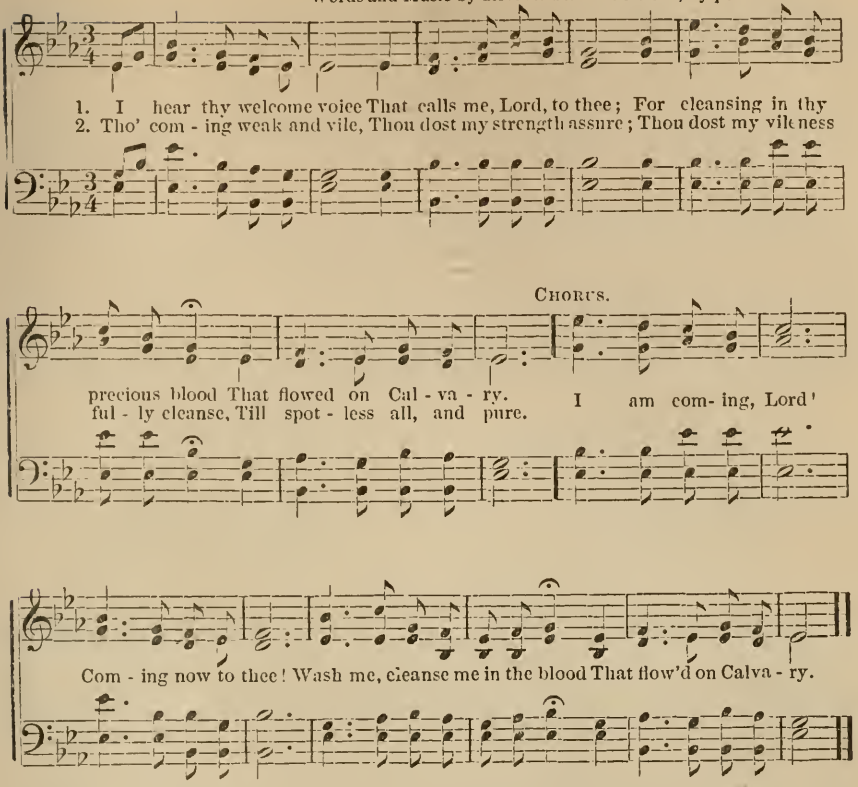
Words by Mrs. E. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE, From Songs of Devotion, by per.



3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me—
More love, O Christ, to thee, &c.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee, &c.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by permission.



3 'T is Jesus calls me on
To perfect Faith and Love,
To perfect Hope, and Peace, and Trust,
For earth and heaven above.—*Cho.*

4 'T is Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.—*Cho.*

5 And he the Witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.—*Cho.*

6 All hail! atoning Blood!
All hail! redeeming Grace!
All hail! the Gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.—*Cho.*

Temperance Hymn.—(*A prayer for Divine Aid.*) TUNE—*Hamburg, page* 6.

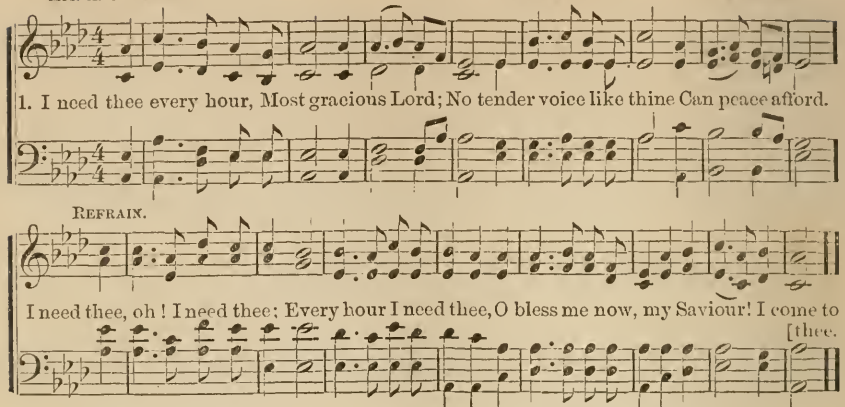
1 Great God, to whom alone belong
Tributes of praise forever more,
Oh, deign to hear our humble song,
While here thy goodness we adore.

2 In times gone by thou kindly blessed
The humble efforts we have made;
Again we plead for those oppressed,
The slaves of drink of every grade.

3 Oh, breathe thy Spirit on us, Lord,
And teach us how their hearts to win;
Thy choicest blessings now afford,
And keep us, Lord, from every sin.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. A. S. HAWKS. From "Royal Diadem," by per. Rev. R. LOWRY.



2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh. *Ref.*

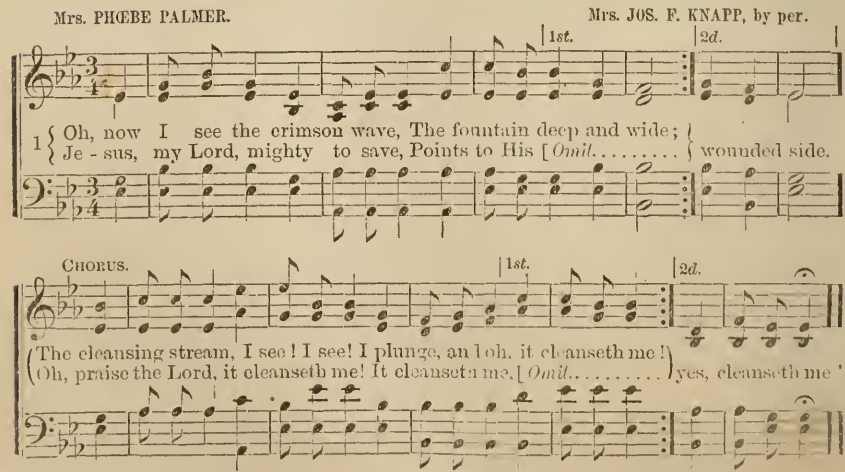
3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Ref.*

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill. *Ref.*

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. *Ref.*

THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

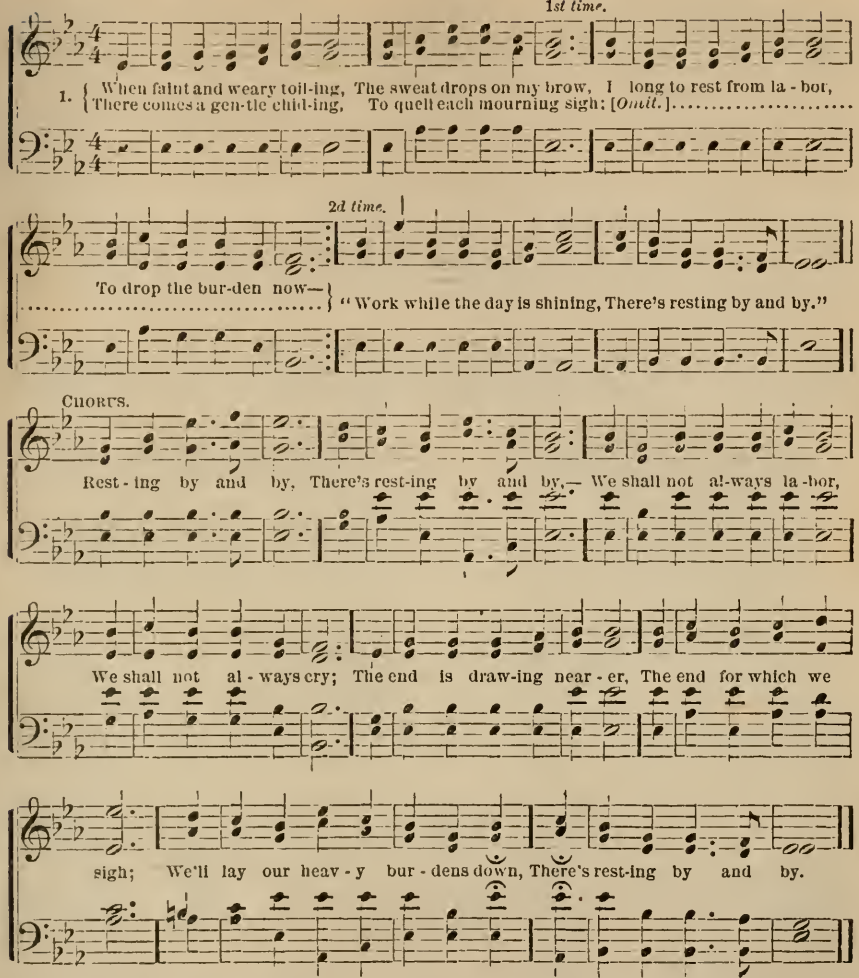


2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks! 'neath the cleansing flood. *Cho.*

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within. *Cho.*

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified. *Cho.*

Words by Rev. SYDNEY DYER. By permission. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.



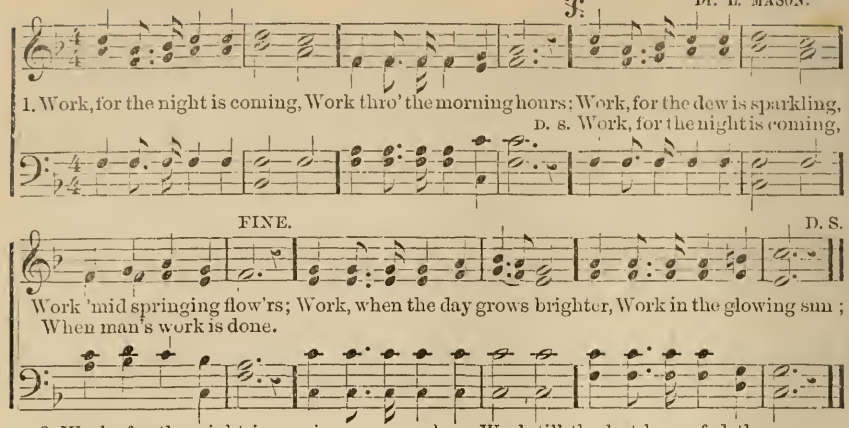
2 This life to toil is given,
And he improves it best
Who seeks by patient labor
To enter into rest;
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,
Press on! the goal is nigh;
The prize is straight before thee,
There's resting by and by.—*Cho.*

3 Nor ask, when, overburdened,
You long for friendly aid,—
"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?"
The Master bids him tarry,
And dare you ask him why?
"Go, labor in my vineyard;
There's resting by and by."—*Cho.*

4 Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain,—
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings you eternal gain,
Then bear the cross with patience,
To fields of duty hie;
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
There's resting by and by.—*Cho.*

658. "WORK, FOR THE NIGHT."

Dr. L. MASON.



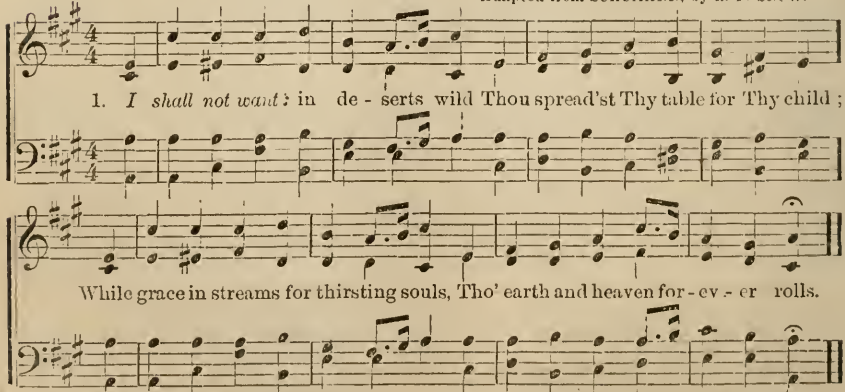
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,—
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more,

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming,
Work while the fields are white;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work while hopes are bright;
Gather thy sheaves at morning;
Rest not thy hand at noon;
Labor and strive till evening;
Rest when daylight's gone.

SUFFICIENCY. L. M.

Adapted from SCHUMANN, by L. F. SNOW.

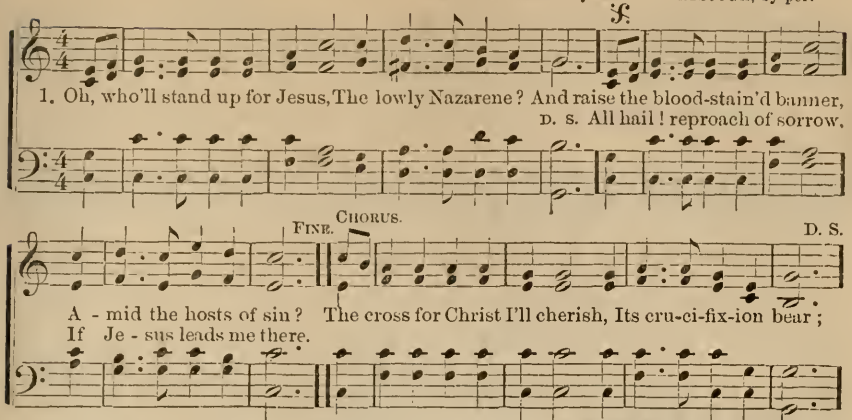


2 *I shall not want:* my darkest night
Thy loving smile shall fill with light,
While promises around me bloom,
And cheer me with divine perfume.

3 *I shall not want:* Thy righteousness
My soul shall clothe with glorious dress,
My blood-washed robe shall be more fair
Than garments kings or angels wear.

4 *I shall not want:* whate'er is good
Of daily bread or angel's food
Shall to my Father's child be sure
So long as earth and heaven endure.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per.



2 Oh, who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink or falter,
Who'll glory in His NAME?

3 My *all* to Christ I've *giv'n*,
My *talents*, *time* and *voice*,
Myself, my *reputation*,
The *lone way* is my choice.

4 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend!
Come fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

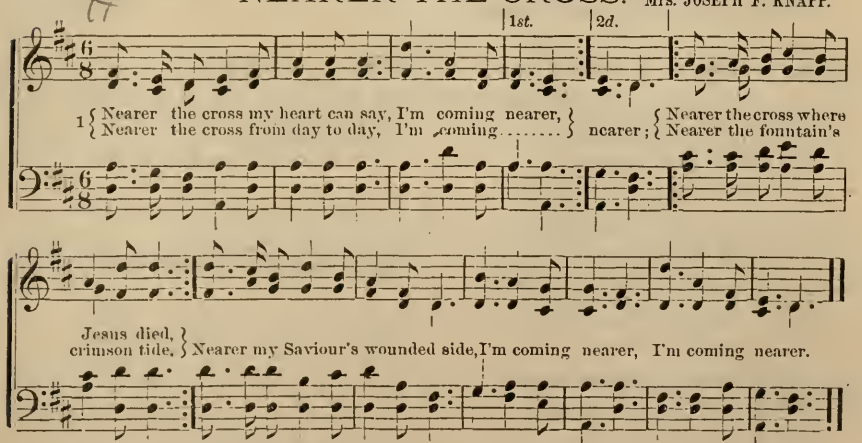
660.

1 Ashamed to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know
I'm on the way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow?
Forbid it, blessed Saviour,
That I should ever be
Afraid the cross to cherish,
Or blush to follow thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King;
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness
Of mercy, rich and free.

NEARER THE CROSS.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

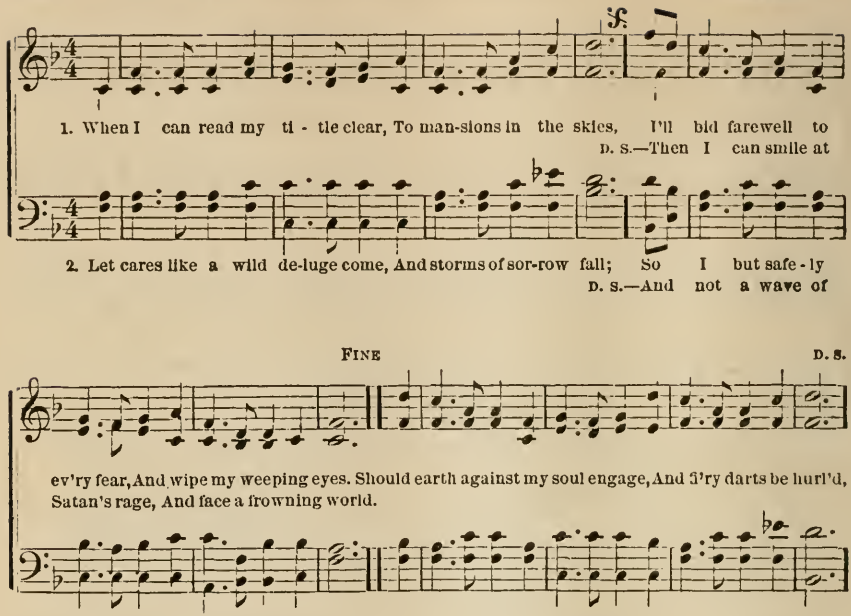


2 Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat,
I'm coming nearer,
Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
I'm coming nearer;
Strong in faith more clear I see
Jesus who gave himself for me,
Nearer to Him I still would be,
||: Still coming nearer. ||:

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,
I'm coming nearer.
Deeper the love my soul desires,
I'm coming nearer;
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear,
||: I'm coming nearer. :||

661. UNION. C. M.

Scotch Melody.



662. *Grateful praise for delivering mercy.*

1 O THOU, who, when we did complain,
Didst all our griefs remove;
O Savior, do not now disdain
Our humble praise and love.

2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And hear us when we pray'd,
We'll call upon thee while we live,
And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
Our souls encompass'd round;
Anguish, and fear, and dread, and pain,
On every side we found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, we pray'd,
And did for succor flee:
O save,—in our distress we said,—
The souls that trust in thee.

5 How good thou art! how large thy grace!
How ready to forgive!
Thy mercies crown our fleeting days;
And by thy love we live.

6 Our eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
Our feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, we'll live to thee.

663. *Perpetual praise.*

1 YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my fleeting days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

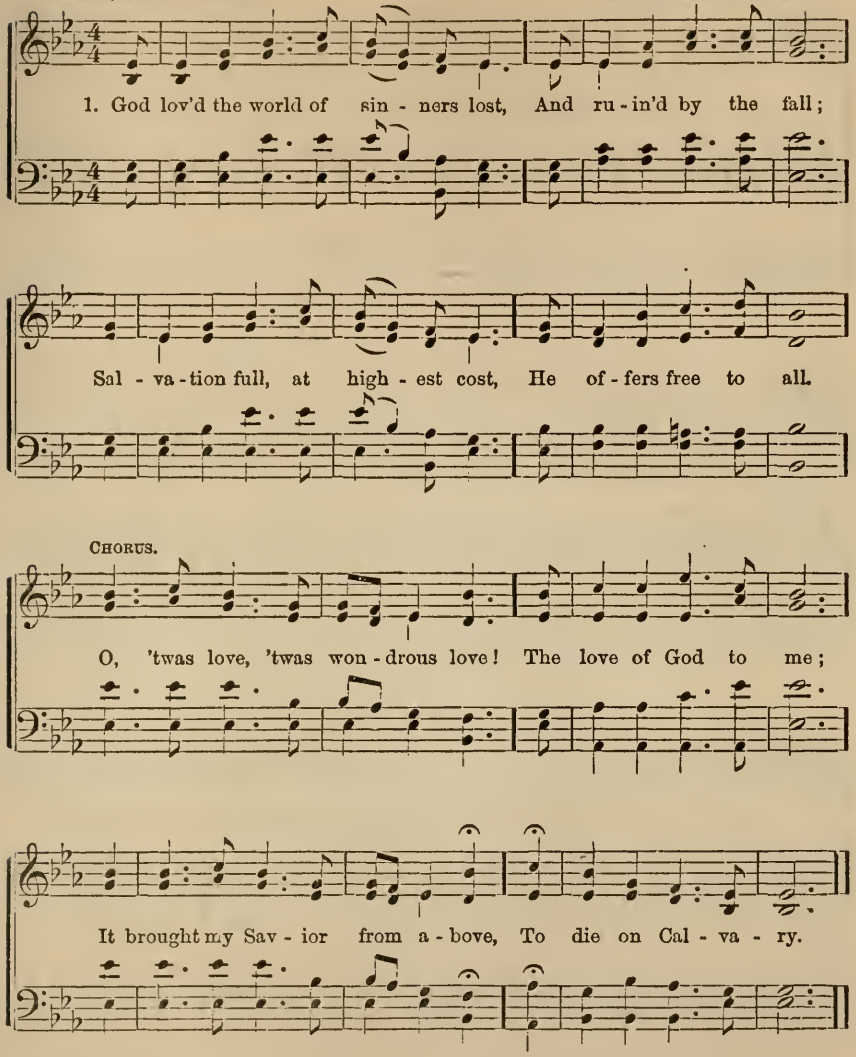
2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing,
When death shall close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler hights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

Words by Mrs. M. STOCKTON. Music by WM. G. FISCHER.



2 E'en now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through his blood.—*Cho.*

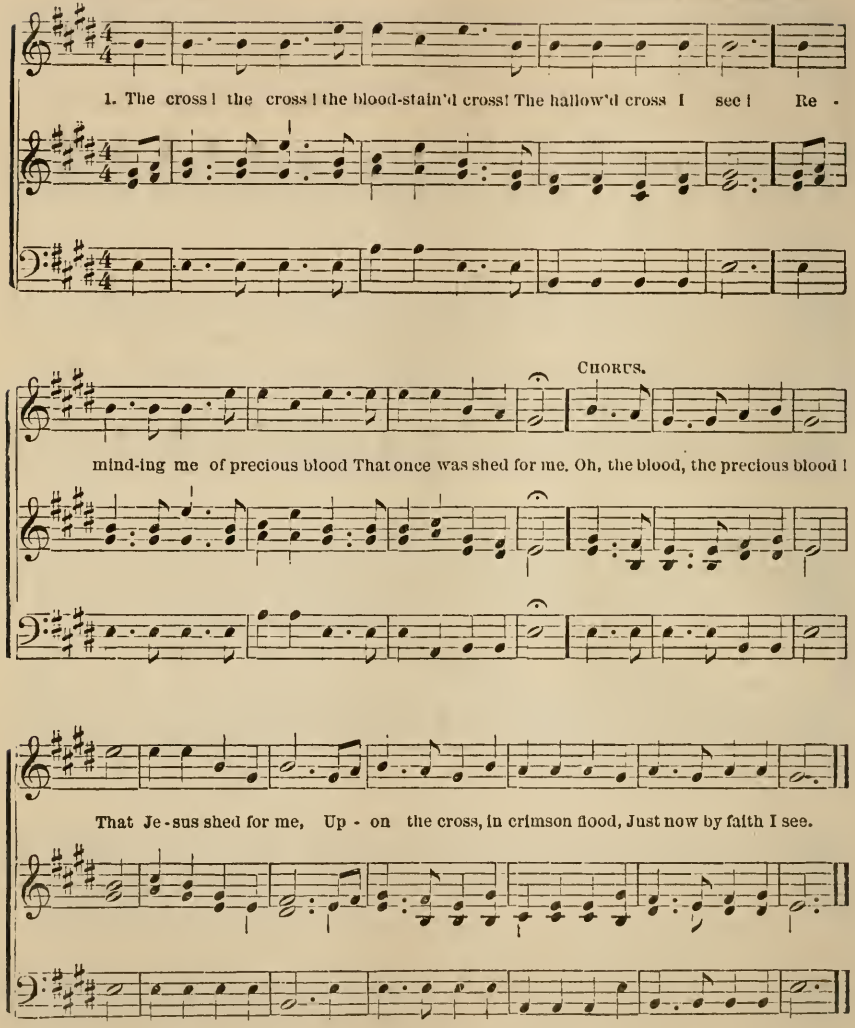
3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.—*Cho.*

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go,
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below,
Of endless life in heaven.—*Cho.*

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
L't all the ransomed sing:
And triumph in the dying hour,
Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.—*Cho.*

665. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Arranged for this Work. Music and Chorus by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

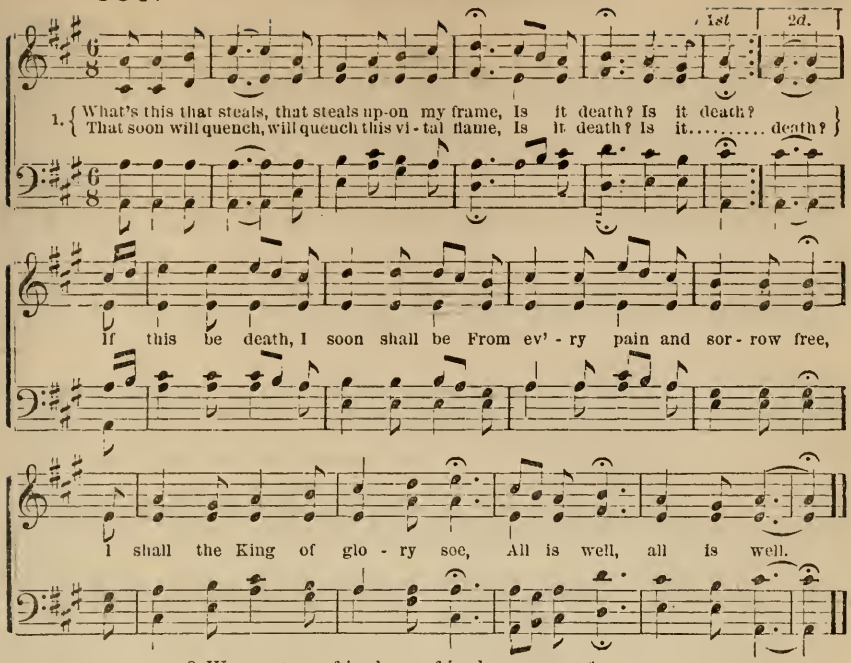


2 A thousand, thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring,
As Jesus' precious blood.—*Chorus.*

3 That priceless blood my ransom paid,
While I in bondage stood;
On Jesus all my sins were laid,
He saved me with his blood.—*Chorus.*

4 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:
All praise to Jesus' blood.—*Chorus.*

5 This wond'rous theme will best employ
My harp before my God,
And make all heaven resound with joy,
For Jesus' cleansing blood.—*Chorus.*



2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well, all is well.
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well, all is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Savior from my eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well, all is well.
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well, all is well.

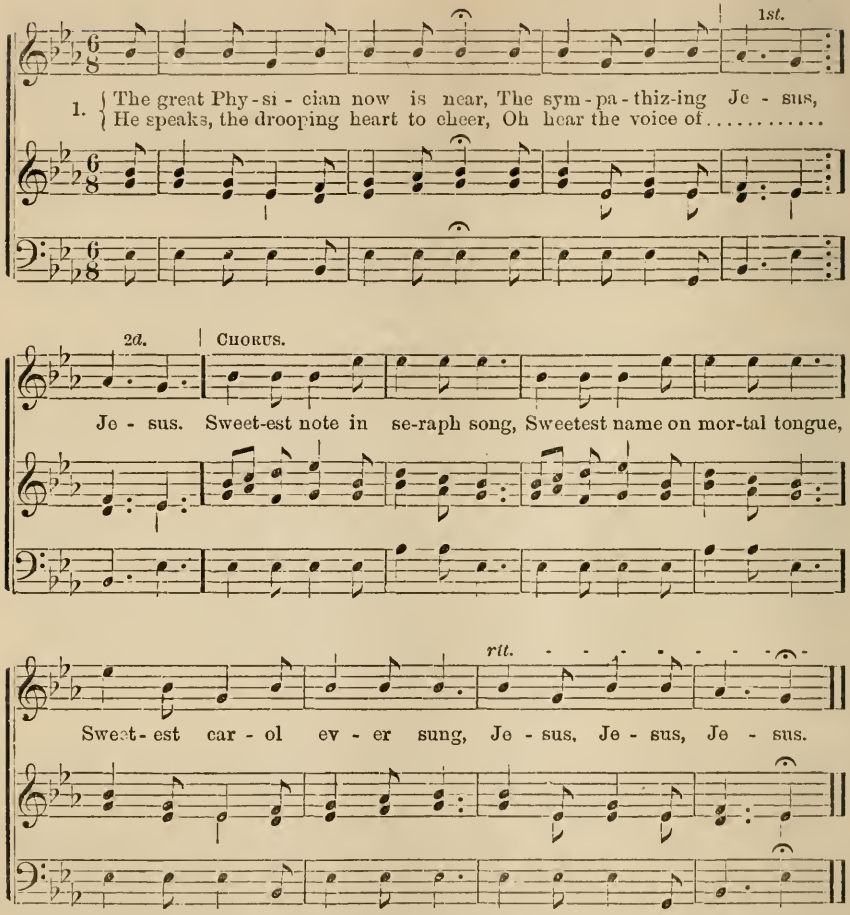
667. GOD IS LOVE.

1 What sound is this, a song thro' heaven resounding,
God is love, God is love?
And now from earth I hear the sound rebounding,
God is love, God is love.
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim—
Love is his nature,—Love his name;
My soul, repeat on earth the same,
God is love, God is love.

2 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is love, God is love.
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is love, God is love.
This then shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is love, God is love

668. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Arr. for this work. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus:
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
Cho.—Sweetest note, &c.

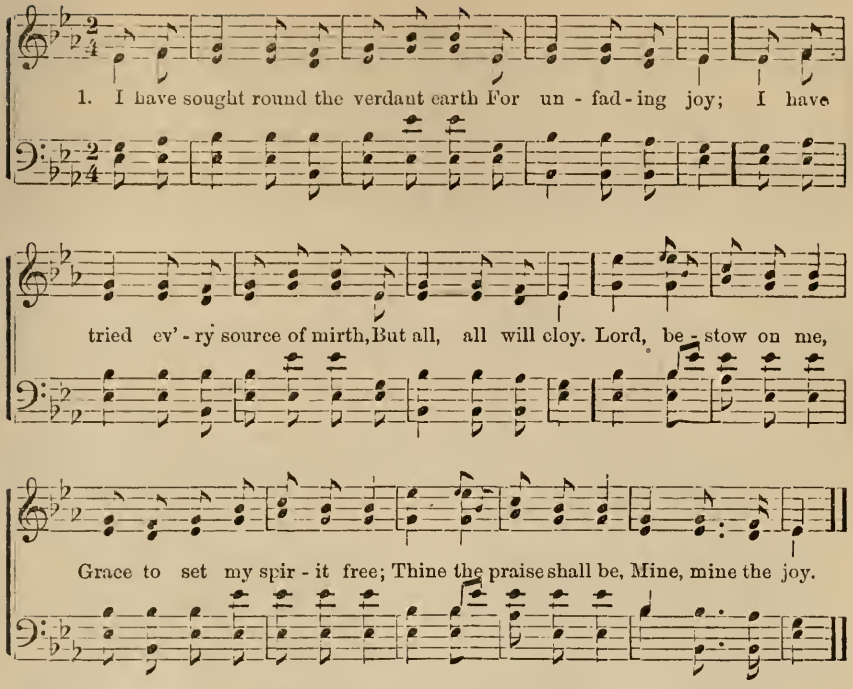
3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
I now believe in Jesus:
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
Cho.—Sweetest note, &c.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.
Cho.—Sweetest note, &c.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh! praise the name of Jesus;
And, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh! bless the name of Jesus.
Cho.—Sweetest note, &c.

6 The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call,
To work and live for Jesus.
Cho.—Sweetest note, &c.

7 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
The name the name of Jesus.
Cho.—Sweetest note, &c.



2 I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress,
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief,
Filled my lab'ring soul with grief,
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted to thy holy word
That taught me to pray.
Here I found release—
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring,
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

670. *The Happy Land.*

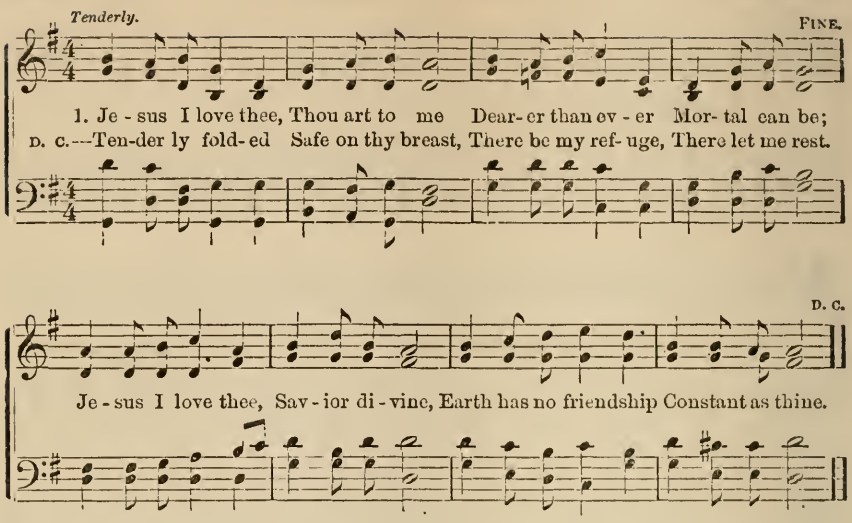
1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,—
Worthy is our Savior King;
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

671. JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

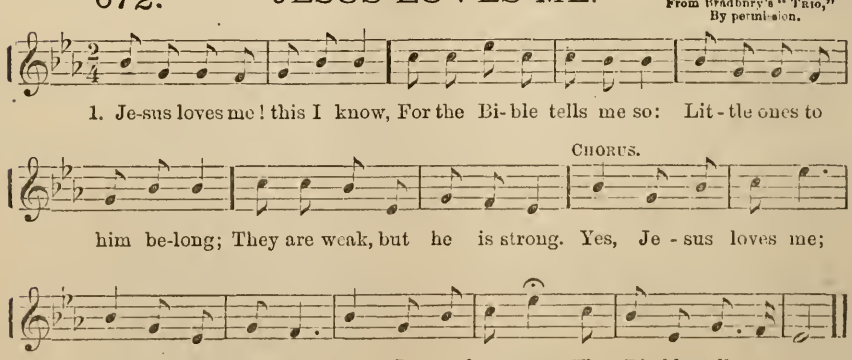


2 Full of compassion, Loving and mild,
Thou art my Father, I am thy child;
Thou wilt forgive me, When I am wrong;
Thou art my comfort, Thou art my song.
Blessed Redeemer, Precious to me,
Draw me still closer, Closer to thee.

3 Jesus, I love thee, Reign in my heart,
Oh, may thy Spirit Never depart.
Jesus I love thee, Yes, thou art mine—
Living or dying, Still I am thine.
Jesus, I love thee, Thou art to me
Dearer than ever Mortal can be.

672. JESUS LOVES ME.

From Bradbury's "Trio," By permission.



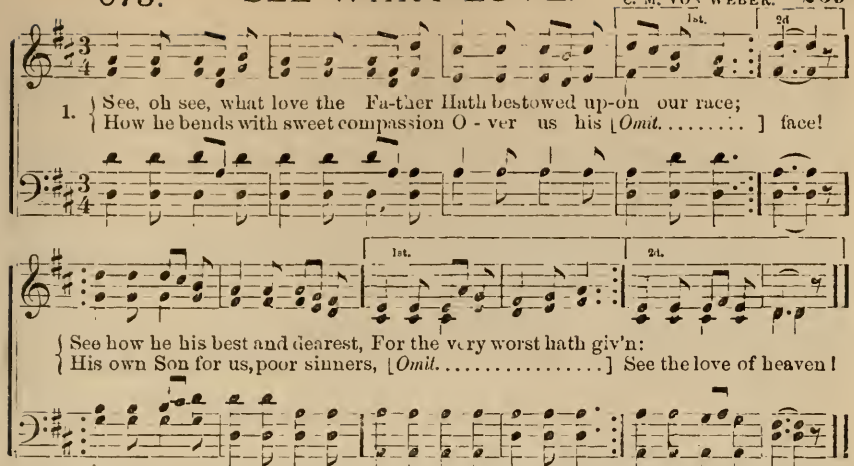
2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.—*Cho.*

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Come to watch me where I lie.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die,
He will take me home on high.—*Cho.*

673. SEE WHAT LOVE.

C. M. VON WEBER.

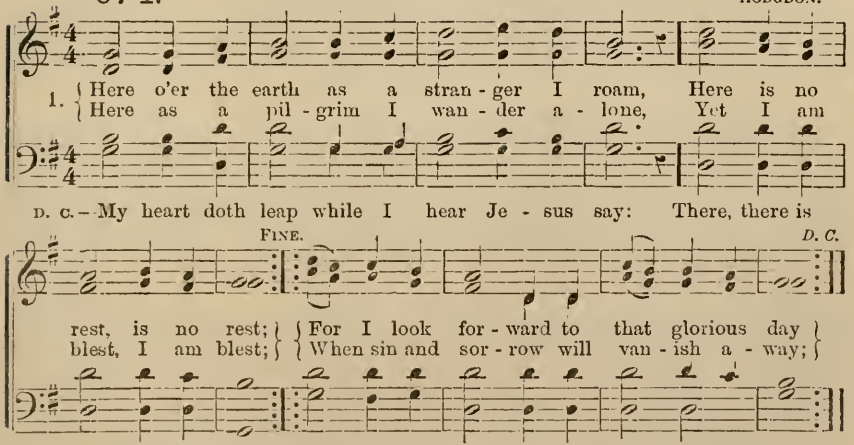


2 See, oh see, what love the Savior,
Also on us hath bestowed.
How he bled and suffered for us,
Bore our heavy load:
On the cross, and in the garden,
O how sore was his distress!
And how great the love of Jesus,
Tongue can ne'er express!

3 See, oh see, what love is shown us
Also by the Holy Ghost!
How he strives with us, poor sinners,
When we sin the most.
Teaching, comforting, correcting,
Where he sees it needful is:
O what heart would not be thankful,
For such love as this?

674. HERE IS NO REST.

HODGDON.



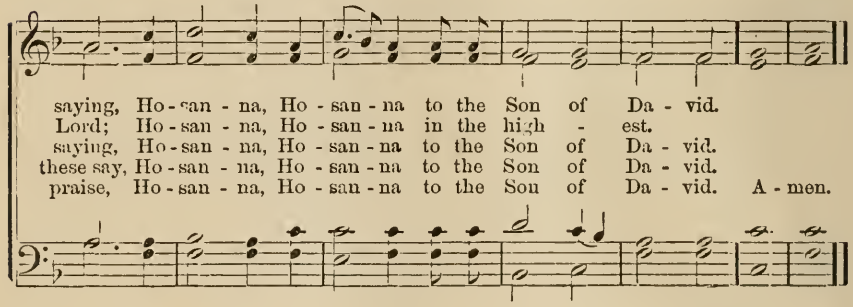
2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround,
Yet I am blest, I am b'est.
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, is no rest.
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are the. who have died in the Lord;
They have been called to receive their reward
There, there is rest, there is rest.

675.

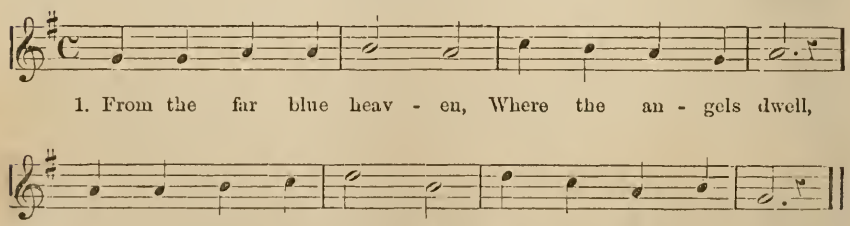
DAVID PAINE, by permission.

1. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried.....
2. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the.....
3. And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and.....
4. They were sore displeased, and said unto him, hearest thou what.....
5. And Jesus said unto them, yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes sucklings hast thou perfected.....



676. SAFETY.

S. MUELLER.

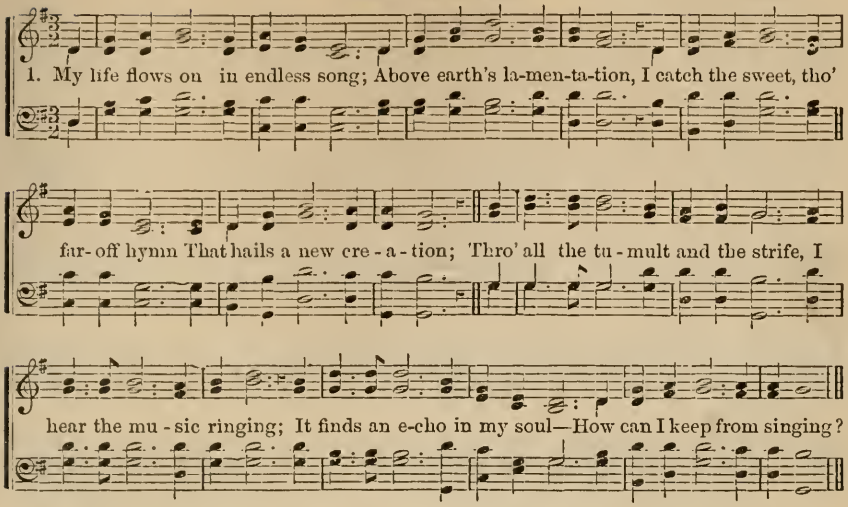


2 He will hear their praying,
Either day or night;
And, with gentle kindness,
Guide their steps aright.

3 He will, like a father,
Give them daily bread;
To the end will keep them,
Safe from fear and dread.

4 All ye little children!
Hear the truth we tell:
God will ne'er forget you,
For he loves you well!

By per. of Biglow & Main. Rev. R. LOWRY.

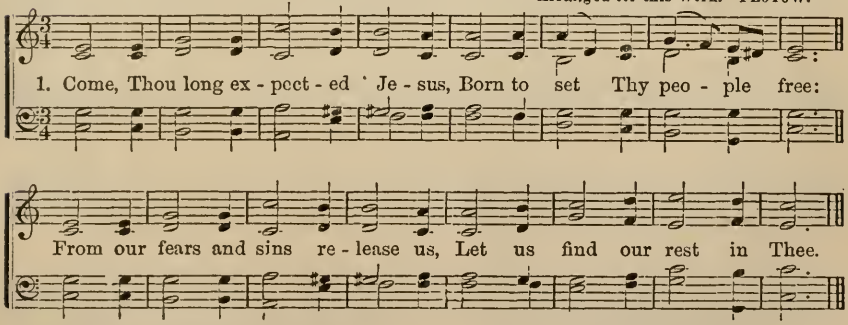


2 What tho' my joys and comfort die?
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth;
What tho' the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth;
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

ADVENT. 8, 7.

Arranged for this Work. PLOTOW.



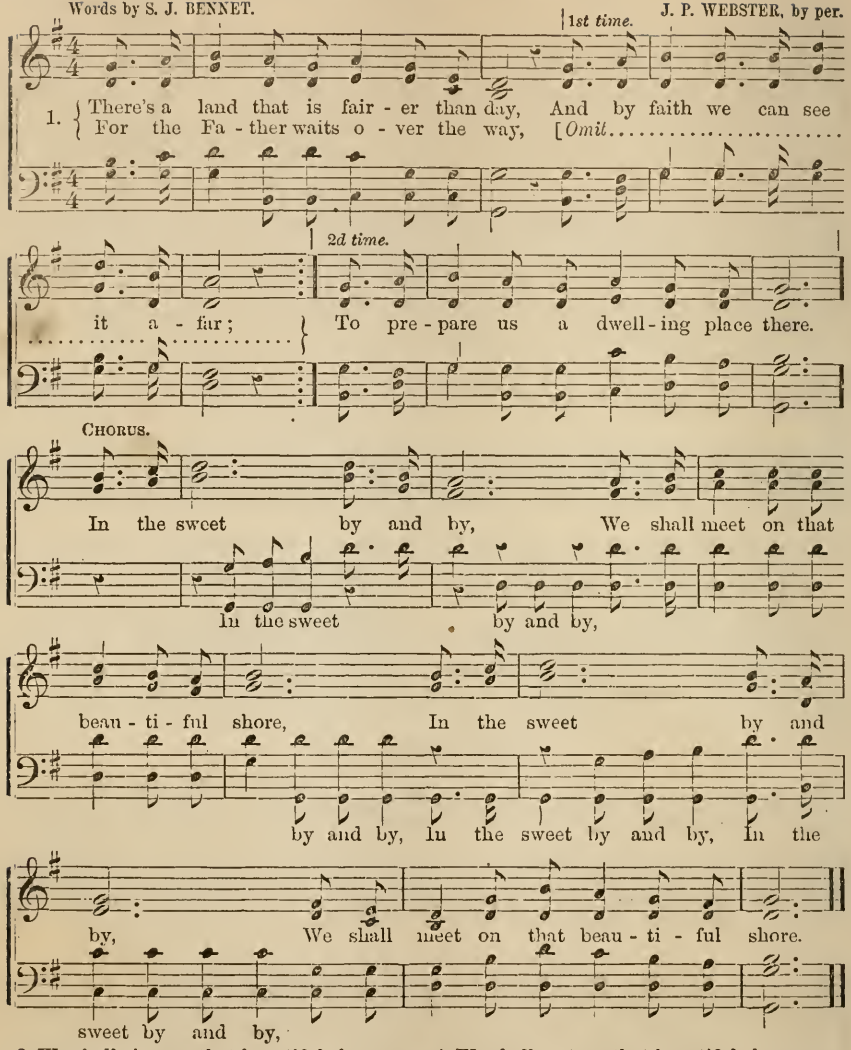
2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver:
Born a Child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

678. SWEET BY-AND-BY.

Words by S. J. BENNET. J. P. WEBSTER, by per.



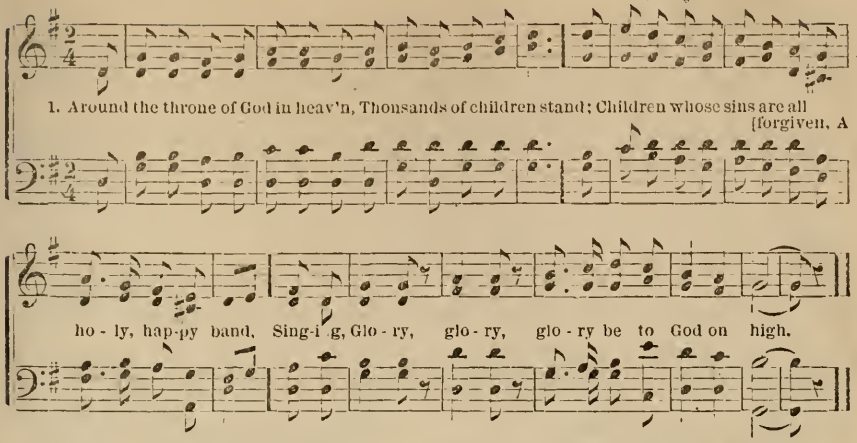
2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet, etc.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days!
In the sweet, etc.

4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share
All our pilgrimage-toil will be o'er,
And the conquerors crown we shall wear.
In the sweet, etc.

5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign
In the land where the saved never die!
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by-and-by.
In the sweet, etc.

Arranged for this Work.



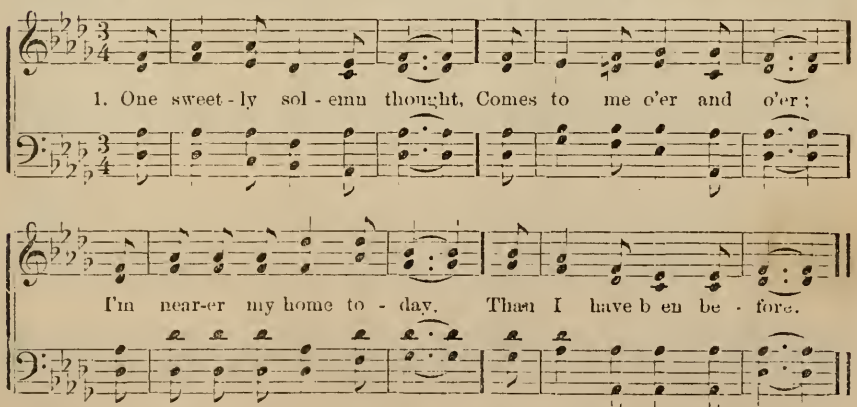
2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

3 What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

4 Because the Savior shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

5 On earth they sought the Savior's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

680. "One sweetly solemn Thought."*



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the blest mansions be;
I'm nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea:

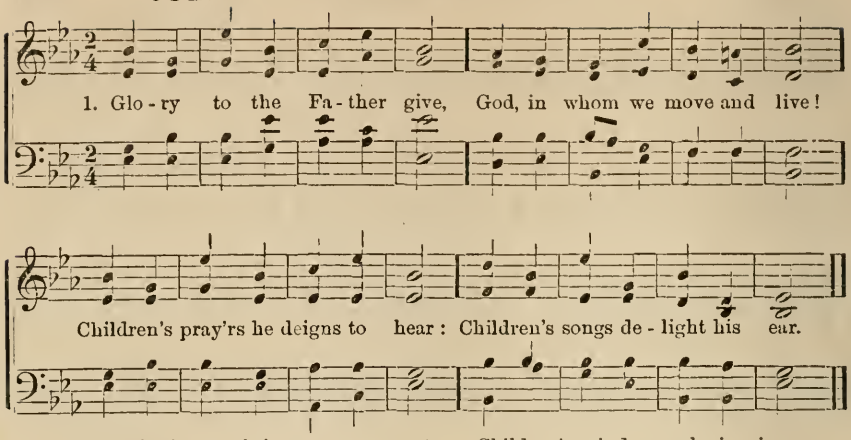
3 Nearer the bound where we
Must lay our burdens down;
And nearer the time to leave
The cross and wear the crown.

4 Father, perfect my trust,
That I may rest, in death,
On Christ, my Lord, alone,
And thus resign my breath.

* Entered, according to act of Congress, A.D. 1873, by E. Tourjee, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

681. DOWNES. 7s.

L. T. DOWNES.



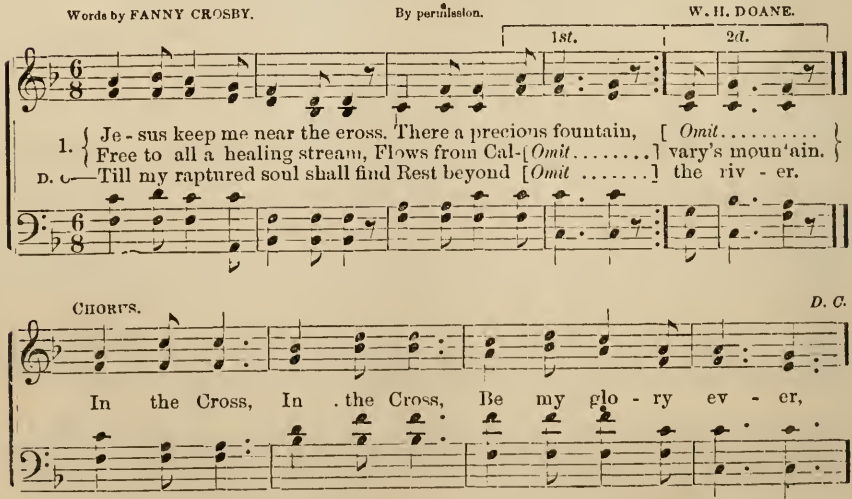
2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children! raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,—
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity!
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

682. NEAR THE CROSS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. By permission. W. H. DOANE.



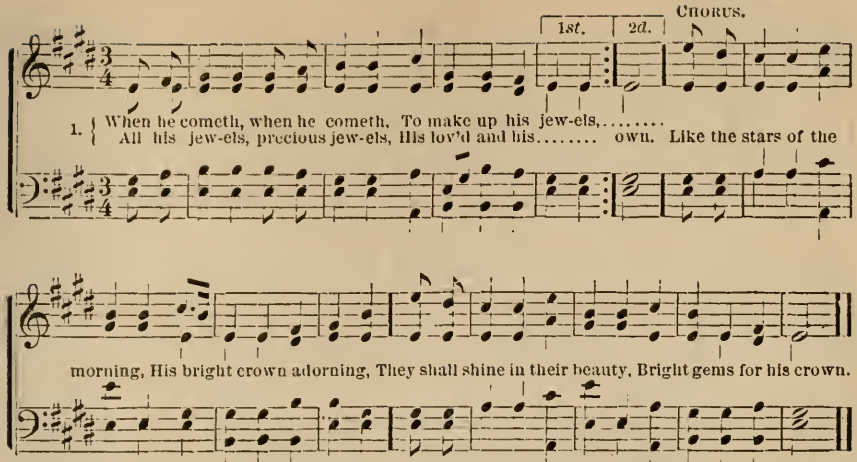
2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.—*Cho.*

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—*Cho.*

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.—*Cho.*

683. JEWELS.

G. F. ROOT. By permission.

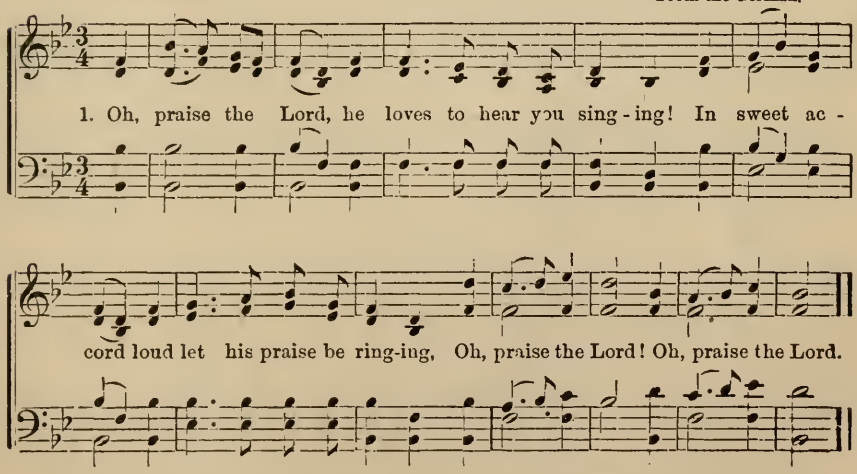


2 He will gather, he will gather,
The gems for his kingdom:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.
Like the stars, &c.

3 Li'tle children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His lov'd and his own.
Like the stars, &c.

684. MASON.

From the German.

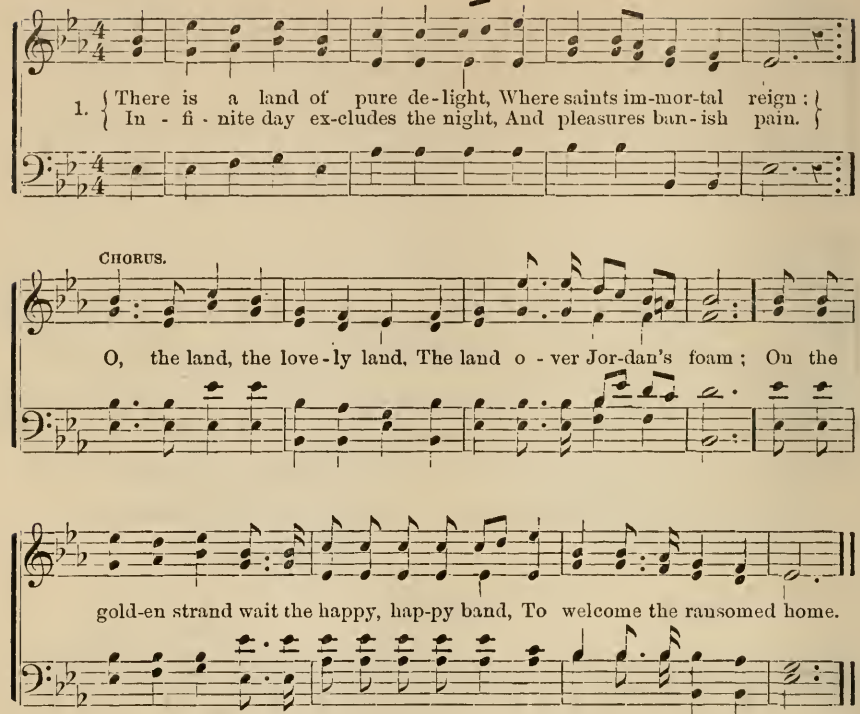


2 We're heard afar, in God's most holy dwelling!
So loud and clear our voices now are swelling!
We're heard afar! We're heard afar!

3 Our voices raise, with joy and gladness singing,
And cheerful praise, oh, let us all be bringing!
Our voices raise! Our voices raise!

685. THE LOVELY LAND.

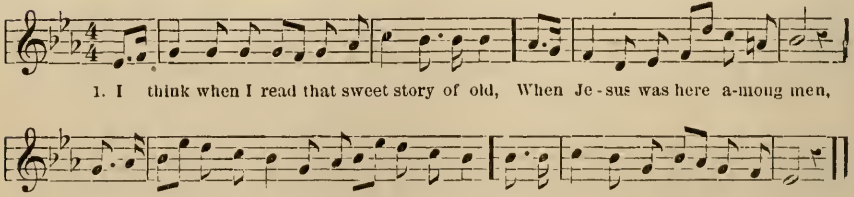
Rev. R. LOWRY.
By permission.



2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.—*Cho.*

3 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.—*Cho.*

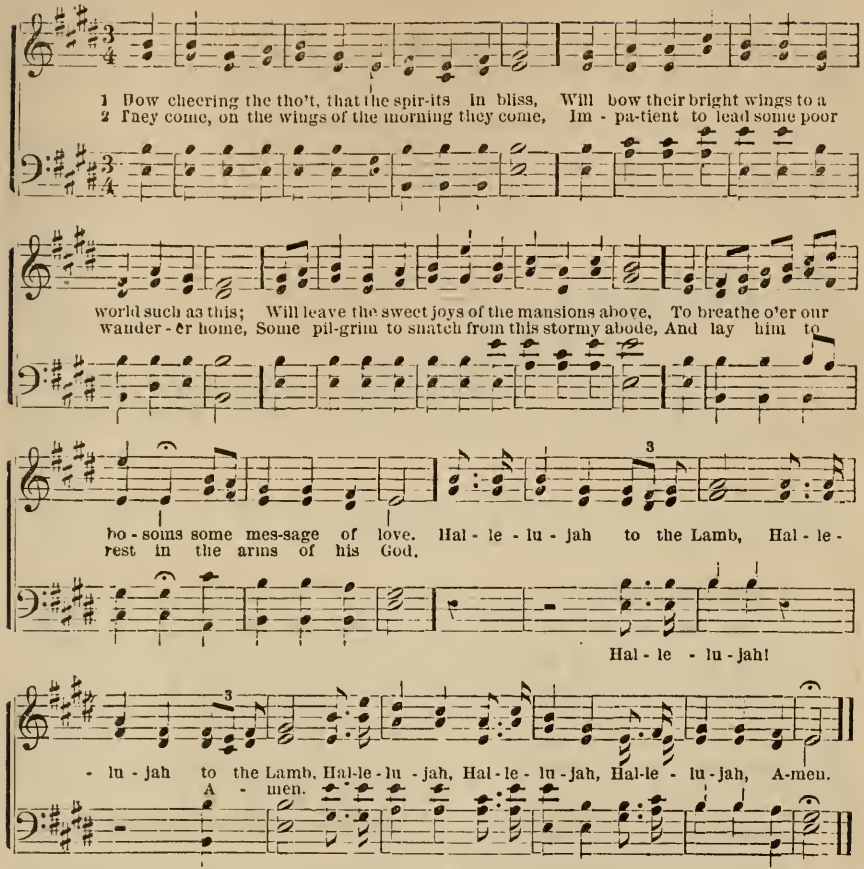
686. SWEET STORY. 11s & 9s.



2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look as he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:—

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."



688.

The Song of Redemption.

1 In the far better land of glory and light
The ransomed are singing in garments of white,
The harpers are harping, and all the bright train
Sing the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days,
And thrones and dominions reëcho the strain
Of glory eternal to Him that was slain.—*Cho.*

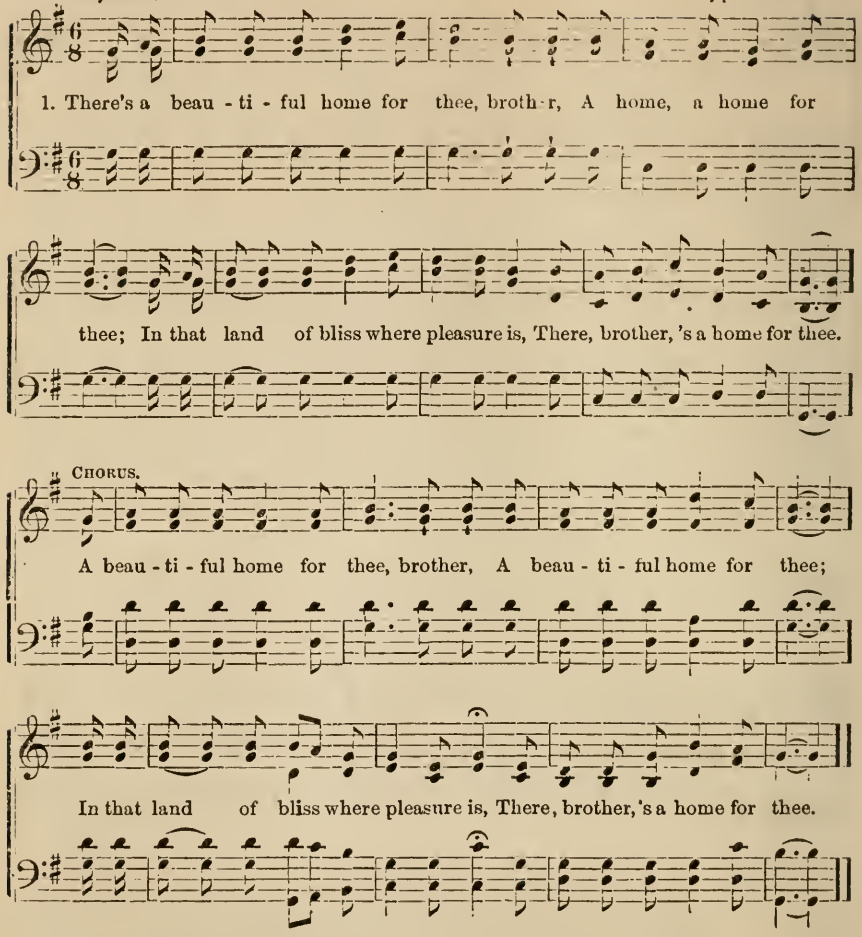
3 Dear Savior, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain
With the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

4 Now, children and teachers and friends, all unite
In a loud hall lujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we 'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

689. A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Words by Miss K. M. TOPPING.

A. J. ABBEY
By permission.



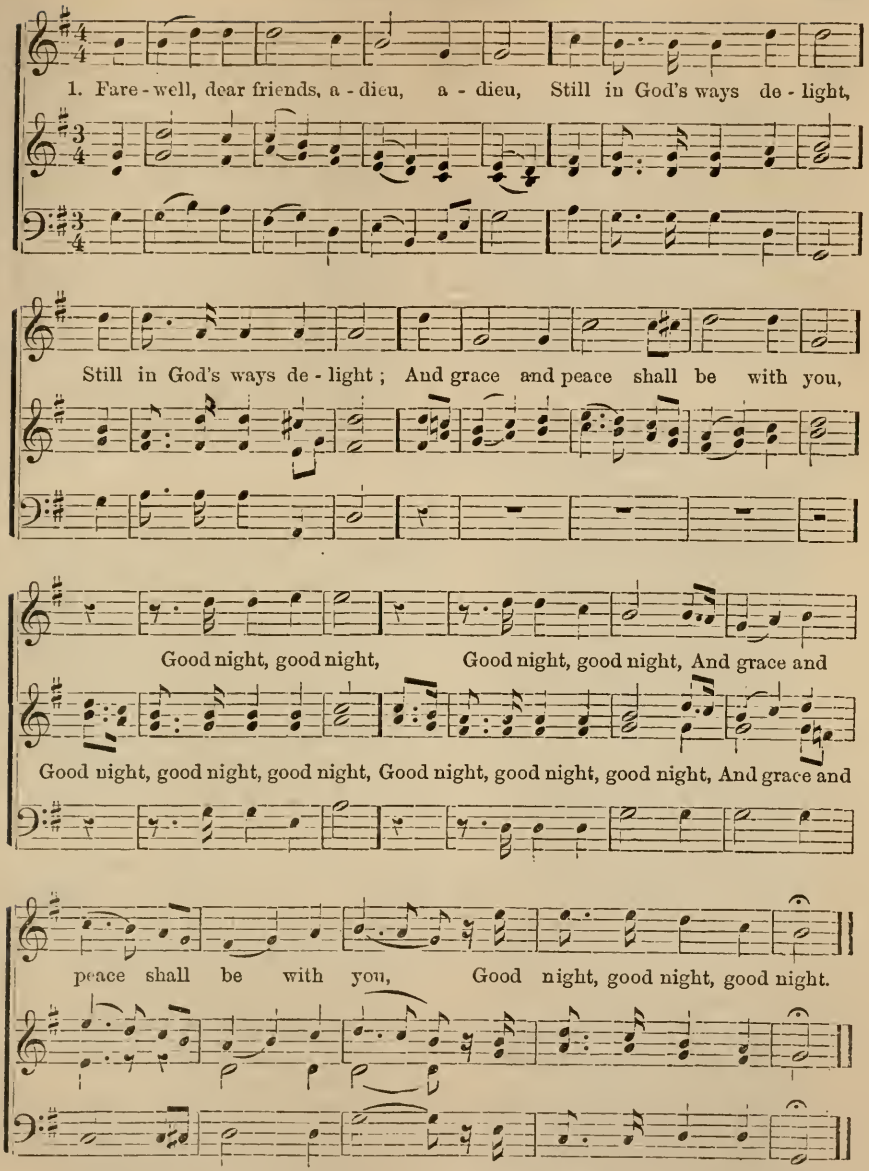
2 There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
A rest, a rest for thee;
In those mansions above where all is love,
There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

CHO.—A beautiful rest for thee, brother,
A beautiful rest for thee;
In those mansions above where all is love,
There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother,
A crown, a crown for thee,
When the battle is done, and the victory won,
Our Savior will give it to thee.
CHO.—A beautiful crown for thee, &c.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee;
A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee,
CHO.—A beautiful robe for thee, &c.

5 Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?
CHO.—A beautiful home for thee, &c.



2 And when the banner is unfurled,
The signal for our flight,
We then shall say to this vain world,
Good night, good night, good night.

3 And when we meet in heaven above,
And see that glorious sight,
We'll sing of his redeeming love,
But never say, good night.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1873, by E. TOURJEE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Tune.—HAMBURG, page 6.

691. *Christ at the Door.*

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long—is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands.
Oh matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Tune.—AMERICA, page 187.

692. *"The God of harvest praise."*

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice!
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

Tune.—BACH, page 61.

693. *The Saviour Crucified.*

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when thou appearedst,
What shame on thee is hurled!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Oh show thy cross to me,
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

Tune.—LYONS, page 182.

694. *The Lord's Prayer.*

1 OUR Father in heaven, We hallow thy name! [same!
May thy kingdom holy On earth be the
Oh, give to us daily Our portion of bread:
It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know [each foe;
That humble compassion Which pardons
Keep us from temptation, From evil and sin,
And thine be the glory For ever! Amen!

Tune.—SHINING SHORE, page 213.

695. *"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."*

1 THE night is wearing fast away,
The glorious day is dawning;
When Christ shall all his grace display,
The fair millennial morning.

2 Lift up your heads: behold from far
A flood of splendor streaming;
It is the bright and Morning Star,
In living lustre beaming.

3 He comes! the bridegroom promis'd long,
Go forth with joy to meet him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet him.

4 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,
In hallelujahs swelling;
He comes with thee all joy to share,
In his eternal dwelling.

Tune.—HEBRON, page 30.

696. *We are but Young.*

1 WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea. the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we must die;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh:
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.

3 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless us,—helpless youth.

4 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

Tune.—MARLOW, page 57.

697. *The Bible.*

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Tune.—ORTONVILLE, page 52.

698. *Early Piety.*

1 WHEN children give their hearts to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 It saves us from unnumbered snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
Life's morning all was thine!

4 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

Tune.—EPSILON, page 111.

699. *The kind Shepherd.*

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

Tune.—WATCHMAN, page 153.

700. *Infant School Hymn.*

1 JESUS, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild
Stoop, and teach me what to say.

2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view with smiling face
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour! guide us by thy grace.

3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

4 Jesus! all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart,
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

Tune.—PLEYEL'S HYMN, page 144.

701. *The Bible.*

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Father's love;
Mine to guide my doubtful feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine to comfort in distress;
Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come;
Mine to lead the spirit home:
O thou precious book divine!
Holy Bible! thou art mine.

Tune.—OAK, page 234.

702. *Christmas Hymn.*

1 SING, sing, ye hosts of light;
Jesus is born.
Past is the dreary night,
Bright is the dawn.
Hail! star of Bethlehem!
Light of the prophet's dream!
Hope now doth brightly beam;
Jesus is born.

2 Sing, sing, ye ransomed race;
Jesus is born.
Hail! Son of Righteousness!
Jesus is born.
Welcome, O Prince of Peace,
Bringing our souls release,
Bidding our sorrows cease:
Jesus is born.

3 Peace and good-will to men!
Jesus is born.
Cleansing the foulest stain,
Jesus is born.
Glory to God above!
For his unbounded love;
Christ will our sins remove:
Jesus is born.

4 Hope shines from Calvary;
Jesus hath died.
Peace he hath given me;
Jesus hath died.
Glory to the Lamb of God!
Precious, re-ascended Lord!
By heaven and earth adored!
Jesus is mine.

Tune.—AUTUMN, page 160.

703. *Love one another.*

1 CHILDREN, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others,
As you'd have them do to you?

2 Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by anything you say?

3 Little children, love each other;
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

4 Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

Tune.—EDINBURG, page 277.

704. *Happy greeting.*

1 COME, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one song of praise
To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.

Chorus.—
Happy greeting to all! happy greeting to all!
Happy greeting. Happy greeting,
Happy greeting to all!

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee,
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee:
O bless us and guide us, dear Savior, we pray,
That from thy blest precept we never may stray.—*Chorus.*

3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
Chorus.

Tune.—WEBB, page 172.

705. *The precious Story.*

1 How precious is the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory,
And came to dwell on earth:
He saw our sad condition,
Our guilt and sin and shame;
To save us from perdition
The blessed Jesus came.

2 He came to earth from heaven,
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high.
His kindness and compassion
To children then were shown,
The heirs of his salvation,
He claimed them for his own.

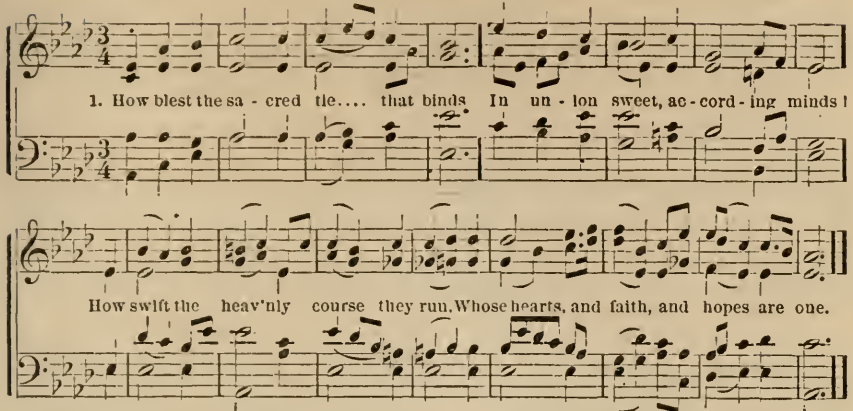
3 Oh may I love this Savior,
So good, so kind, so mild:
And may I find his favor,
A young, though sinful child;
And in his blessed heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise him there.

PART THIRD.

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR THE CHOIR* AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

706. DRESDEN. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.



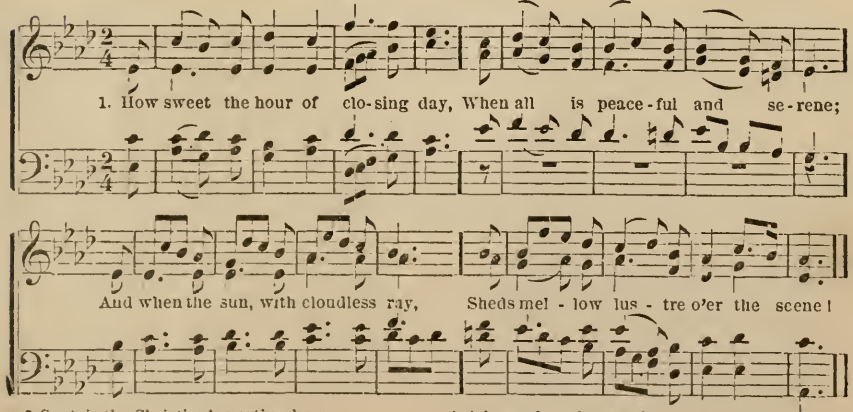
2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous care, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred minds can tell.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

707. OSGOOD. L. M.†

R. TAYLOR.



2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heav'n with pow'r,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but the radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

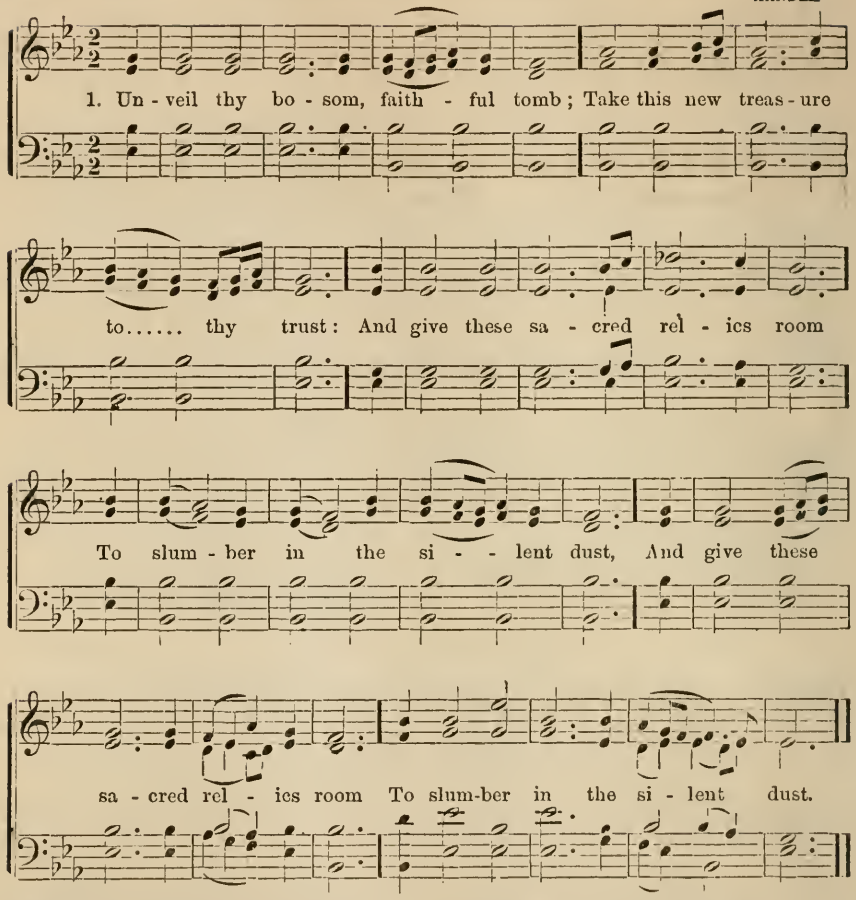
5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

* The tunes in this department are unsuited for congregational use. When the Hymns are to be sung by the Congregation, they should be adapted to familiar tunes, which should always be announced by the Minister.

† Entered, according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1873, by E. TOURJEE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

708. "Unveil thy Bosom, faithful Tomb."

HANDEL.



2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son [bed:
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

709.

"It is even a vapor."

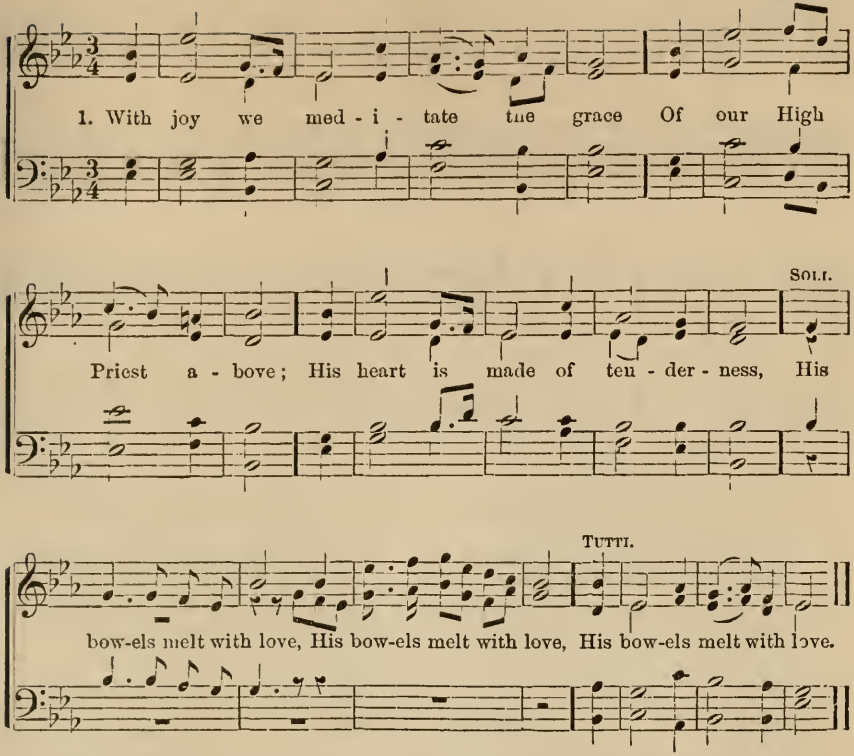
1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

HANDEL.



2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out strong cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 (He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.)

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

---

711. *The beauty and love of Jesus.*

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

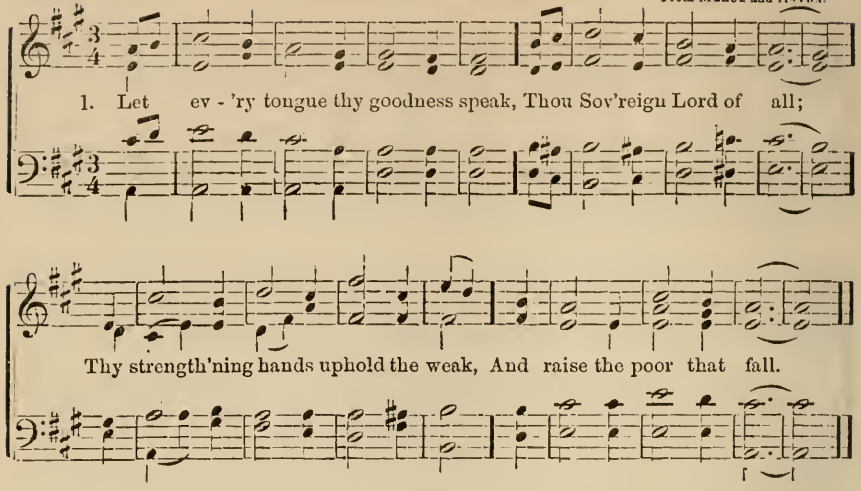
4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

712. MANOAH. C. M.

From Mehul and Haydn.



2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

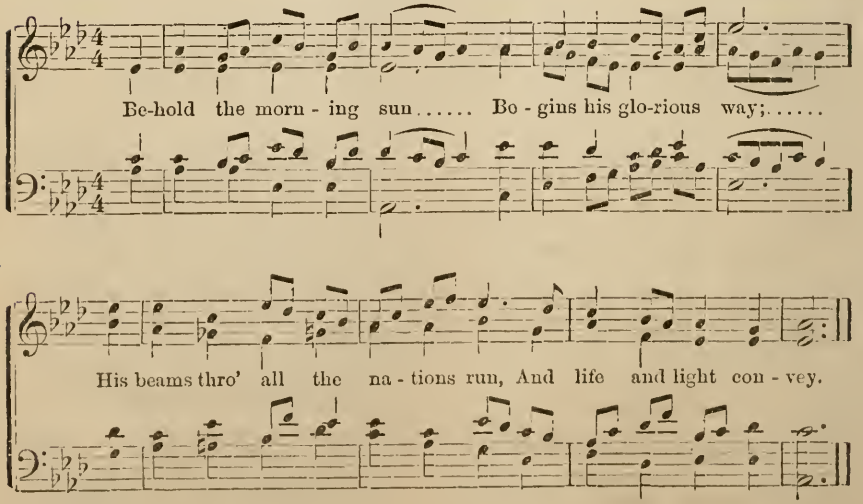
3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

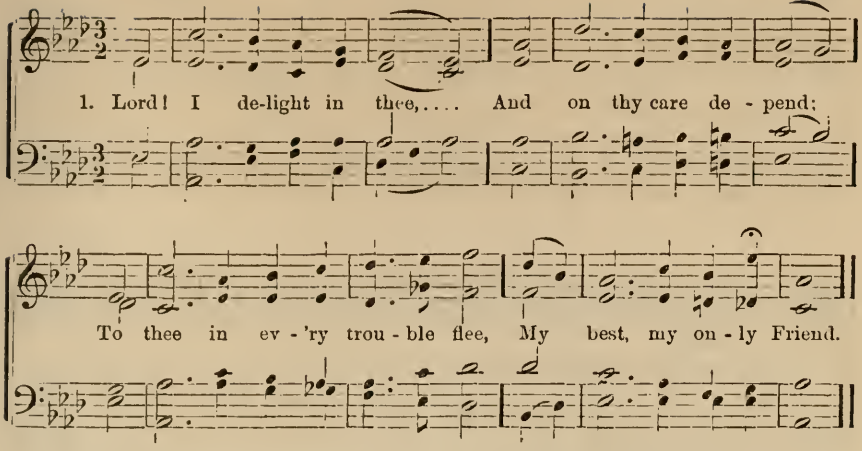
713. EWER. S. M.

Wm. MASON.



714. HAYDN. S. M

HAYDN.



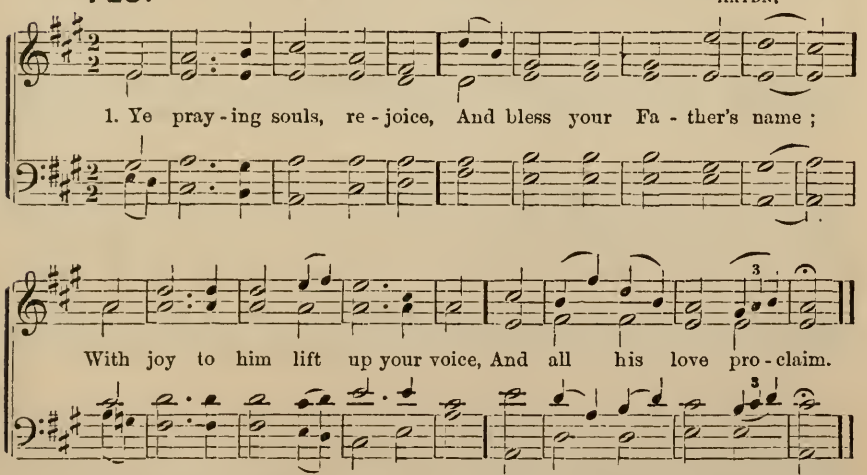
2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Who made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

715. GABRIEL. S. M.

HAYDN.



2 Your mournful cry he hears;
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.

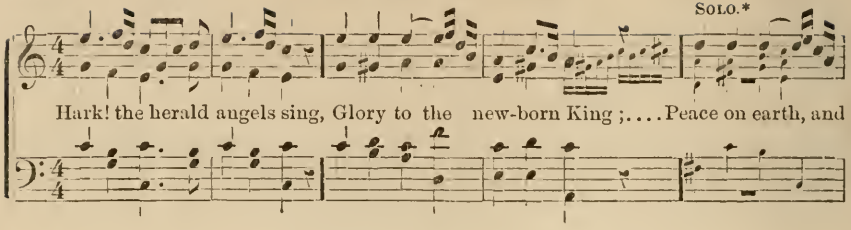
3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend,
And to their sorrows and complaints
His ear in mercy bend.

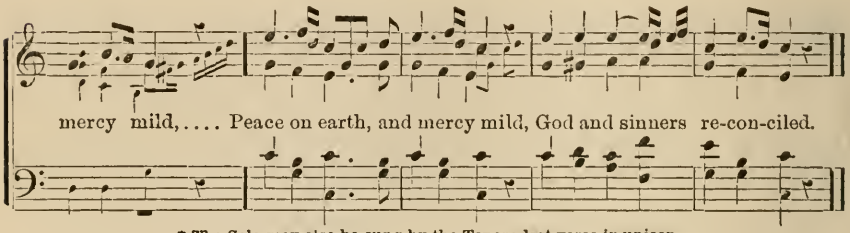
4 Then let us still go on
In his appointed ways,
Rejoicing in his name alone,
In prayer and humble praise.

716. MOZART. 7s.

MOZART.

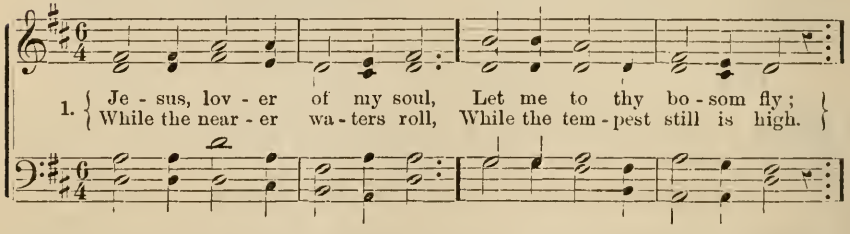
SOLO.*

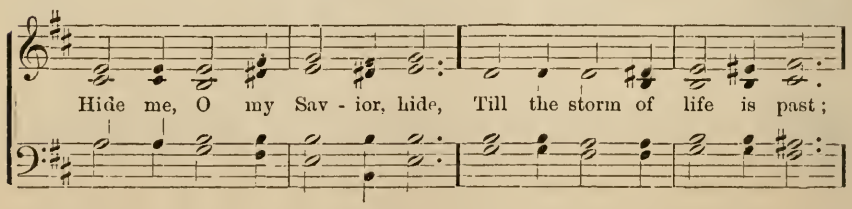


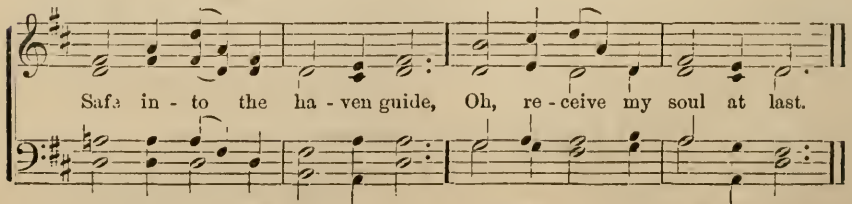


* The Solo may also be sung by the Tenor: last verse in unison.

717. INVOCATION.* 7s. Double.







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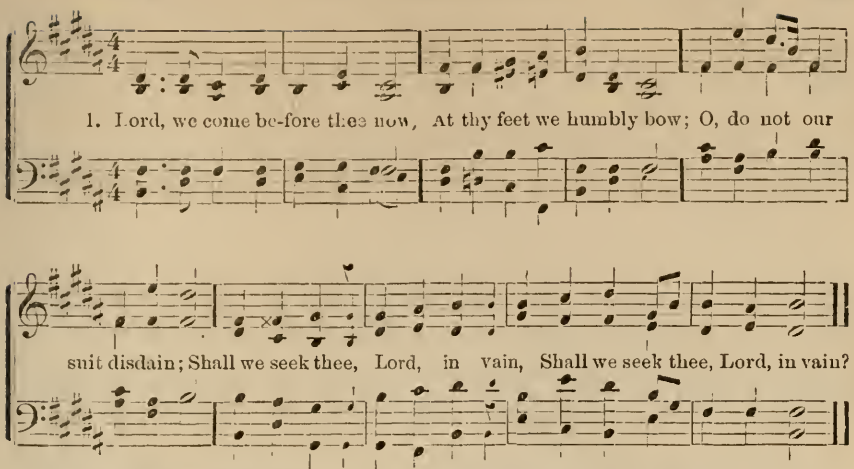


2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

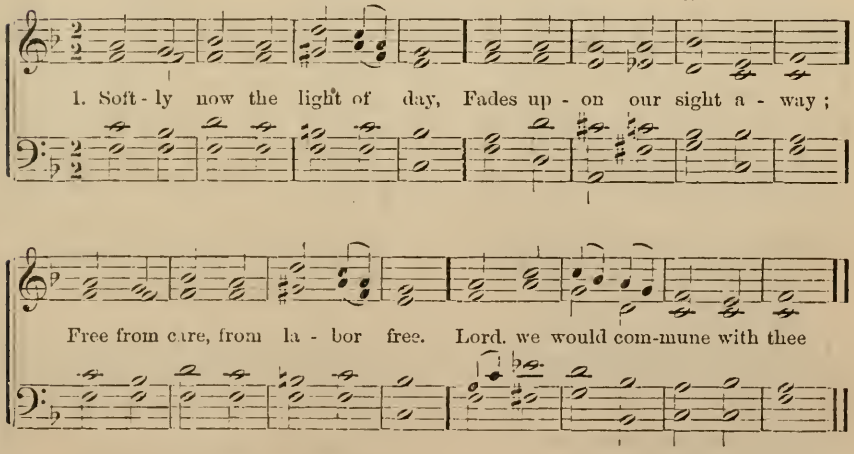
3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

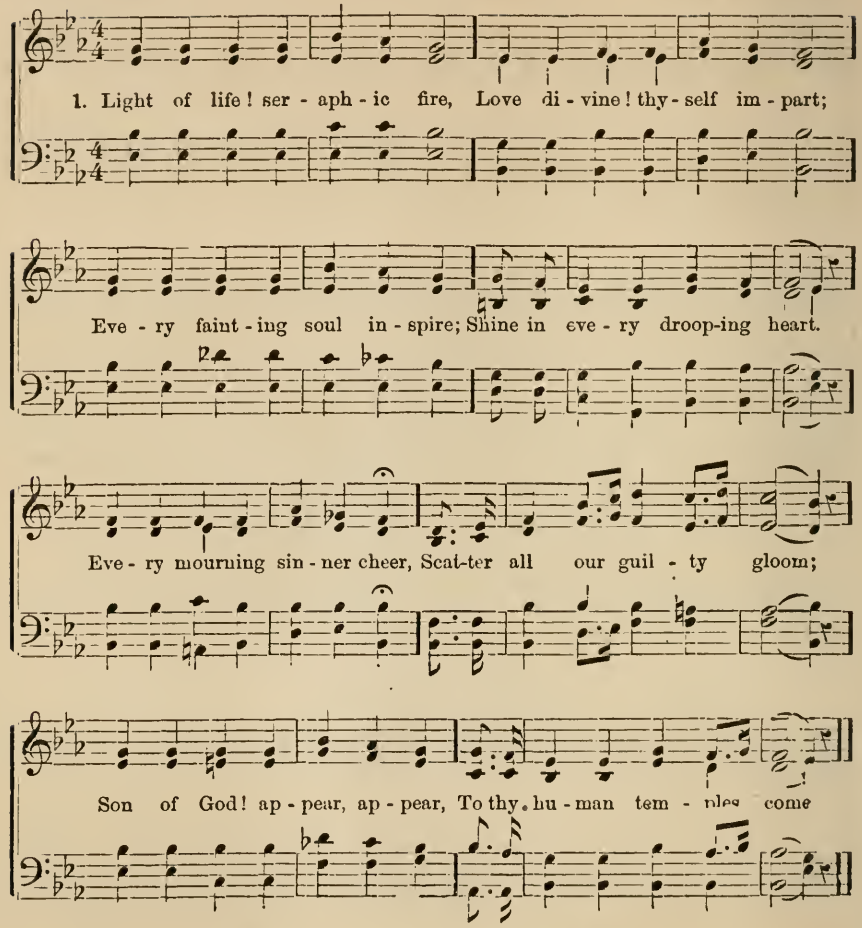
5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God, and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

719. SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. Von WEBER



2 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.



2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

721.

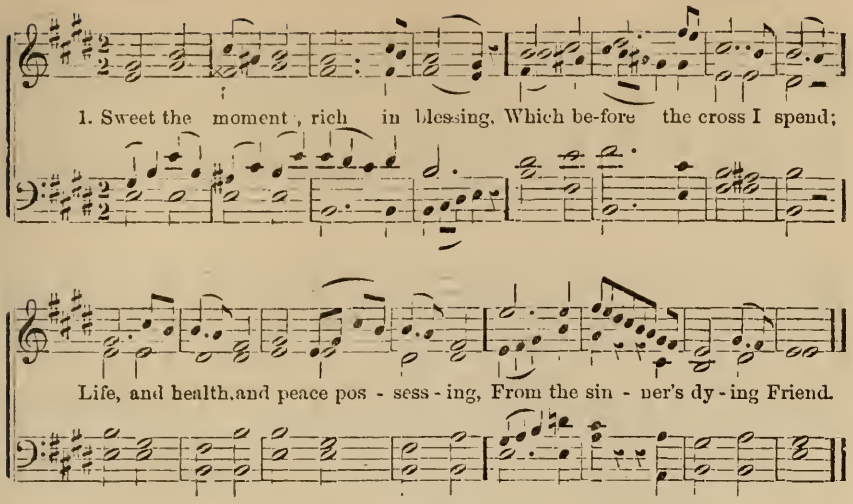
A day in the Lord's courts.

1 To thy temple I repair,
Lord! I love to worship there,
When, within the veil, I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

4 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.



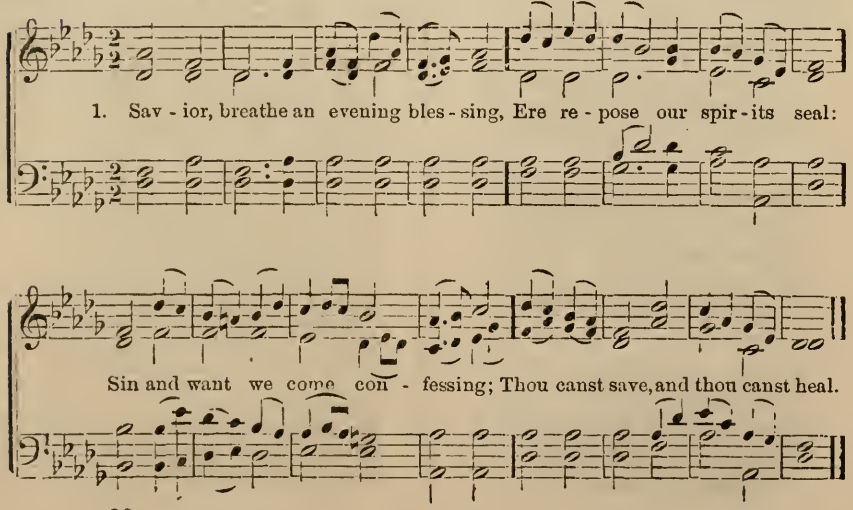
2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

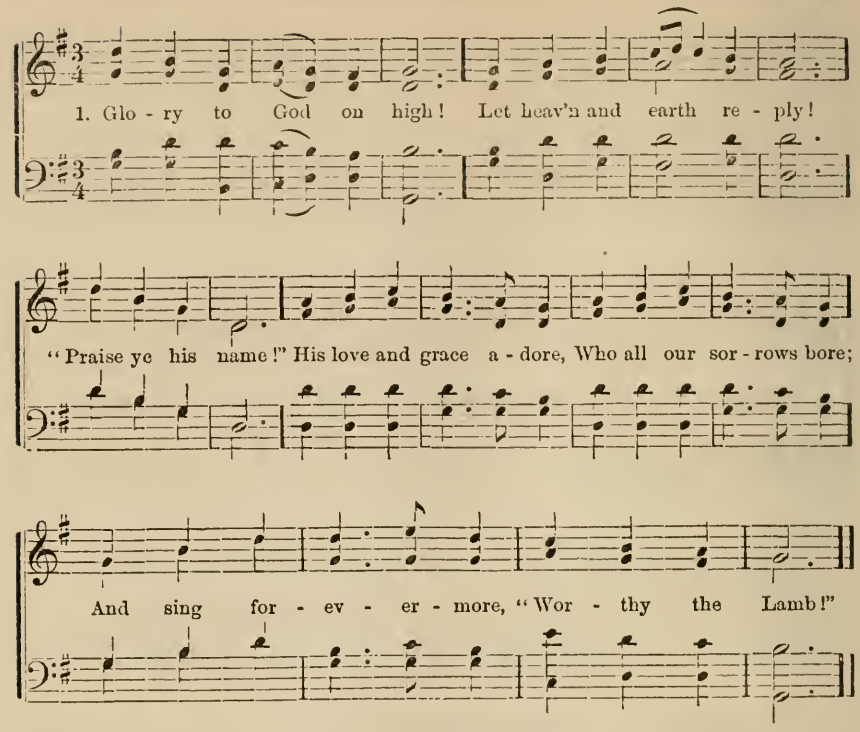
3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 Here in tender, grateful sorrow
With my Savior will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow,
Here will love my fears away.

723. TRUTH. 8s & 7s.

E. HAMILTON.





2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,—
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon we must change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring;
Hail him, our gracious King;
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

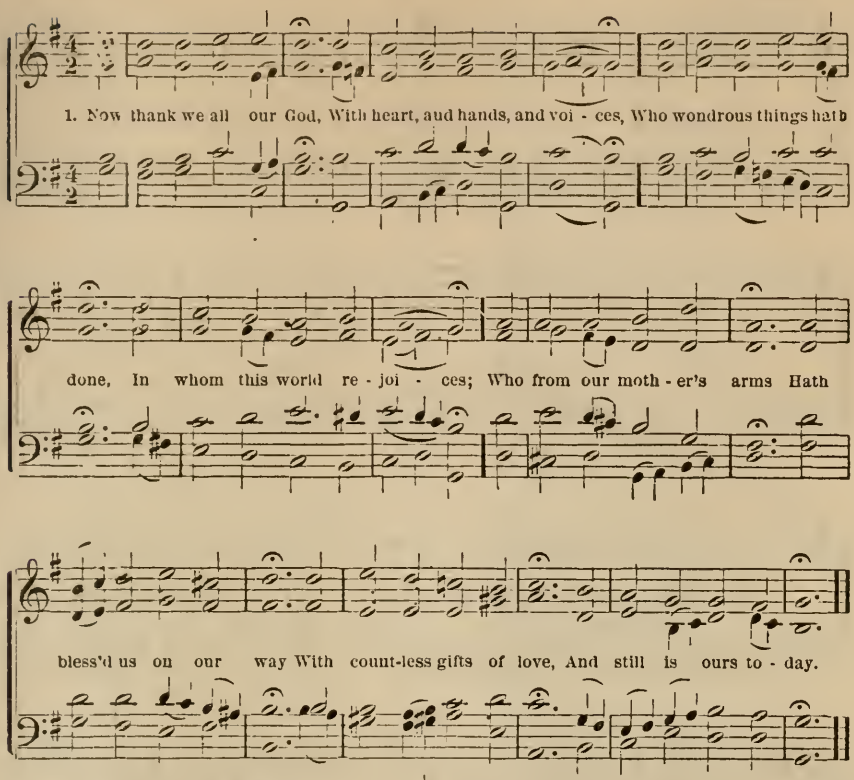
725. *"Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord."*

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore.
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame:
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Strike every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose:
Praise ye the Lord.

J. CRUGER.



2 Oh may this bounteous God,
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts,
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given;
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For this it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

727. *"Thy will be done."*

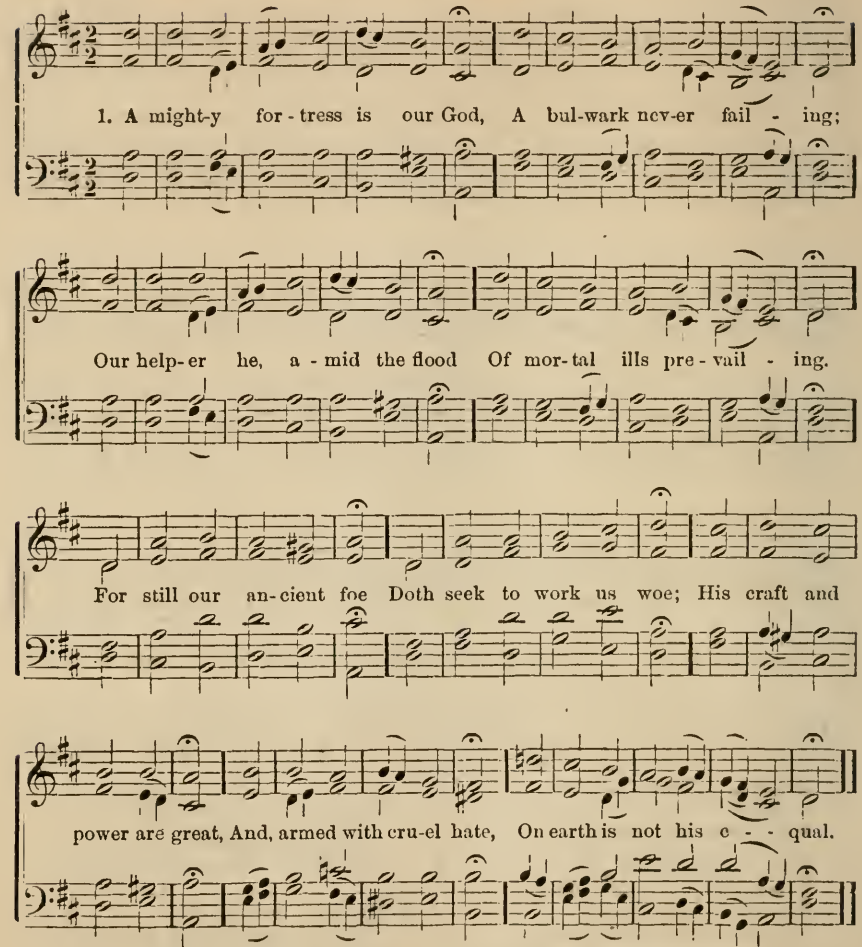
1 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh! may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love,
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thy own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, "Thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim, or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, "Thy will be done."

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust to thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, "Thy will be done!"

728. "A Mighty Fortress is our God."

MARTIN LUTHER.



2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,—
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask, who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
Our God and Savior both,
He shall our souls deliver.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Tune.—DUNDEE, page 62.

729 *Christ's humiliation.*

AND did the Holy and the Just,—
The Sovereign of the skies,—
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 To dwell with mis'ry here below
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead:
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled.

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

Tune.—DUKE STREET, page 42.

730 *Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem!*

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,—
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls,—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

Tune.—ST. MARTIN, page 54.

731 *The Spirit's enlightening influence.*

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove:—
Source of the old prophetic fire;
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Tune.—CHRIST AT THE DOOR, page 195.

732 *The Spirit's enlightening influence.*

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light,
The dullness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes! give peace at home!
Where thou art Guide, no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along
Thy praise may be our endless song.

Tune.—MERIBAH, page 134.

733 *Gratitude.*

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Tune.—EPSILON, page 111.

734 *At home in heaven.*

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

Tune.—ORTONVILLE, page 52.

735 *Renewing the covenant.*

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord:—

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His Name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Tune.—MARLOW, page 57.

736 *The hammer of God's word.*

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Savior turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

Tune.—ST. STEPHENS, page 128.

737 *Let there be light.*

EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
And, brooding o'er our nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love,
And let there in our souls be light;
Illuminate the dark abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 Let there be light, again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then, through faith, shall understand
Thy great mysterious majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

Tune.—BADEA, page 114.

738 *Safety in the soul.*

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,—
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,—
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Tune.—TAMAR, page 101.

739 *Instruction of the young.*

DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design:
The honor of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Tune.—ZERAH, page 95.

740 *Consciousness of love to God.*

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Hast thou a lamb in all the flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the' immortal flame?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Tune.—BALERMA, page 89.

741 *Without God in the world.*

GOD is in this and every place;
But O, how dark and void
To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,—
Till he his glorious self reveals,—
The veil is on my heart.

3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

Tune.—ADVENT, page 271.

742 *God is love.*

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and nges move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every-where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Tune.—HEBRON, page 30.

743 *The salvation of the drunkard.*

GREAT GOD, whose hand outpours the rills
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all thy rain from heaven,

2 We bless thee for the crystal draught
By sinless man in Eden quaff'd;
Type of that fount whose streams above
Flood endless worlds with life and love!

3 If there the drunkard may not dwell,
But woes crowd thick his path to hell,
O! come and aid us, Lord, to save
Their souls from death beyond the grave!

4 Help us to heed thy word divine,
And look not on the crimson wine;
To fear and flee the accursed thing
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.

Tune.—NUREMBERG, page 143.

744 *Christ's universal reign.*

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious Name;
All his mighty acts record,—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Tune.—ZION, page 158.

745 *It is finished.*

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
It is finish'd:—
Hear the dying Savior cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
It is finish'd:—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finish'd:—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Tune.—ROCKINGHAM, page 18.

746 *God's everlasting arms of love.*

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

Tune.—MISSIONARY CHANT, page 40.

747 *Fullness and sufficiency of the atonement.*

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,—
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,—
Who died for me, e'en me to' atone,—
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Tune.—OLMUTZ, page 116.

748 *Dead in trespasses and sins.*

HOW helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew:—

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Tune.—ZEPHYR, page 36.

749 *The vanity of earthly things.*

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

Tune.—ST. PETERSBURG, page 130.

750 *Everlasting praise.*

O GOD, what off'ring shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and ski ?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More should'st thou have if I had more.

2 Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine—
This house still let thy presence fill.
O Source of life! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

4 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might:
Since I am call'd by thy great name,
In thee let all my thoughts unite:
Of all my works be thou the aim:
Thy love attend me all my days.
And my sole business be thy praise.

Tune.—SESSIONS, page 12.

751 *Thirsting for the fullness of love.*

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Tune.—MEAR, page 75.

752 *Seeing Him who is invisible.*

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravish'd soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

Tune—MOUNT VERNON, page 166.

753 *"Thy will be done."*

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing,—Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—Thy will be done.

Tune.—LENOX, page 136.

754 *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,—
Too mean to set the Savior forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy Name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and King,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Tune.—ANTIOCH, page 96.

755 *The Lord is come.*

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ:
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Tune.—LENOX, page 136.

756 *The universal Savior proclaimed.*

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Savior of mankind:
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at, his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,—
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Savior died.

Tune.—ARLINGTON, page 98.

757 *Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.*

LET Him to whom we now belong,
His sov'reign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all.—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Tune.—MEAR, page 75.

758 *Omniscience.*

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they 're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high:
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

Tune.—WOODLAND, page 59.

759 *The believer's rest.*

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The sabbath of thy love.

Tune.—MARLOW, page 57.

760 *Perfect confidence in Christ.*

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey:
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes
But through his open'd door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Tune.—LENOX, page 136.

761 *Longing for the house of God.*

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From humble, contrite souls;
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

Tune.—BOYLSTON, page 105.

762 *A dirge for the drunkard.*

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
O'er the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruin'd soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, madd'ning bowl,
And turn'd to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Tune.—ST. STEPHENS, page 128.

763 *The soul's anchor.*

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Savior's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that 's written there.

Tune.—BALERMA, page 89.

764 *Lament for the absence of the Spirit.*

O FOR a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Tune.—CORONATION, page 86.

765 *A hope of immortality.*

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,—
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Conq'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God.

Tune.—ARIEL, page 131.

766 *Divine love.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

Tune.—MOUNT VERNON, page 166.

767 *The death of an infant.*

ONE sweet flower has droop'd and faded,
One sweet infant's voice has fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One sweet darling now is dead.

2 It is now where harps are ringing
Through the heavenly courts above;
And its silvery voice is singing,
With glad spirits, hymns of love.

3 It is gone to heaven before us,
But it turns and waves its hand;
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit-land.

Tune.—FEDERAL ST., page 16.

768 *Following the Savior.*

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,—
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,—
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Savior, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Tune.—OLMUTZ, page 116.

769 *Our ransom paid.*

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load:
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world, he dies:
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

Tune.—BALERMA, page 89.

770 *Suffer little children to come unto me.*

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Tune.—MEAR, page 75.

771 *No peace to the wicked.*

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

Tune.—EWER, page 286.

772 *Sow beside all waters.*

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Tune.—WEBB, page 172.

773 *Stand up for Jesus.*

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve him
Against unnumber'd foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

Tune.—SUFFICIENCY, page 260.

774 *Let there be light.*

SUN of our life! thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

2 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow's arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

3 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love;
Before thy ever blazing throne
We have no luster of our own.

4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim,
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Tune.—STEPHENS, page 79.

775 *Communion with God.*

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Tune.—TALMAR, page 165.

776 *The greatness of God's love.*

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

3 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

4 If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Tune.—LENOX, page 136.

777 *Greatness and condescension.*

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend:—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

Tune.—LYONS, page 182.

778 *The Lord will provide.*

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us,—The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.

Tune.—ARLINGTON, page 98.

779 *He waiteth to be gracious.*

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,—
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure:
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Tune.—MEAR, page 75.

780 *Sin kills beyond the tomb.*

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there 's no defense;
His time there 's none can tell;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Tune.—CAMBRIDGE, page 66.

781 *Light and glory of the sacred page*

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of Him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

Tune.—ZION, page 158.

782 *The security of the Church.*

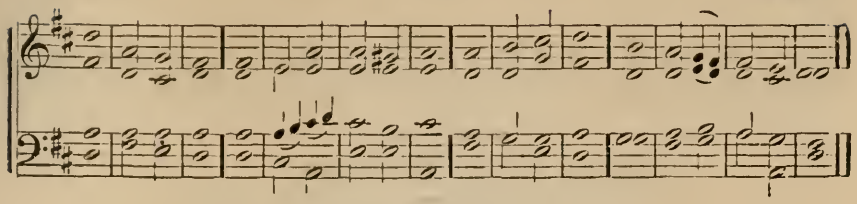
ZION stands with hills surrounded;
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion.—
What a favor'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish:
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

NO. 1. BOYCE.



PSALM XCV.

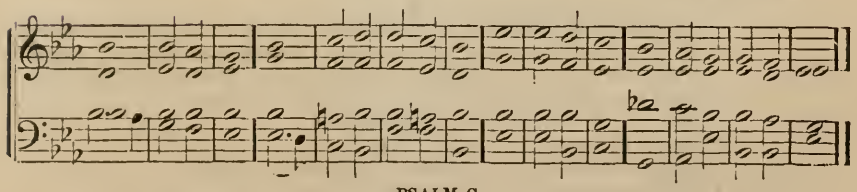
1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord;
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving,
And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great — | God,
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;
And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
5 The sea is his, | and he | made it,
And his hands pre- | pared the | dry — | land.
6 O come, let us worship, | and fall | down,
And *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker;
7 For he is the | Lord our | God,
And we are the people of his pasture, | and the | sheep of his | hand.
8 Oh worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness;
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.
* 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth, [truth.
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | peo-ple | with his |

Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be,
World | with-out | end. A- | MEN.

* Begin at middle of the Chant.

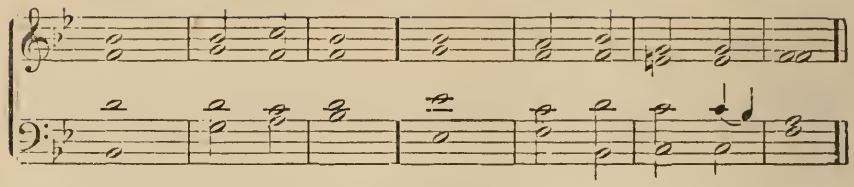
NO. 2. MORNINGTON.



PSALM C.

1 O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands;
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God;
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of his pasture.
3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise;
Be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.
4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting:
And his truth endureth from gene- | ration..to | gene- | ration.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

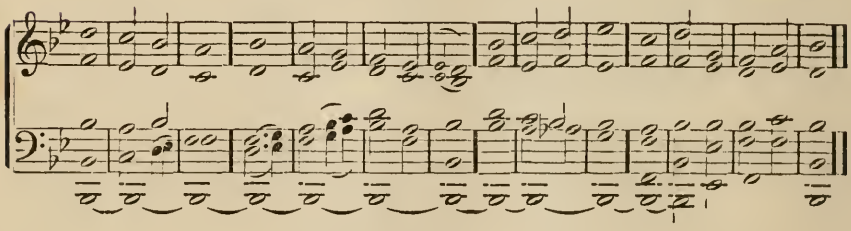
NO. 3. GREGORIAN.



ST. LUKE I. 68.

1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel,
For he hath visited, | and re- | deemed his | people;
2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us,
In the | house of his | ser-vant | David;
3 As he spake by the mouth of his | ho-ly | Prophets,
Which have been | since the | world be- | gan;
4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

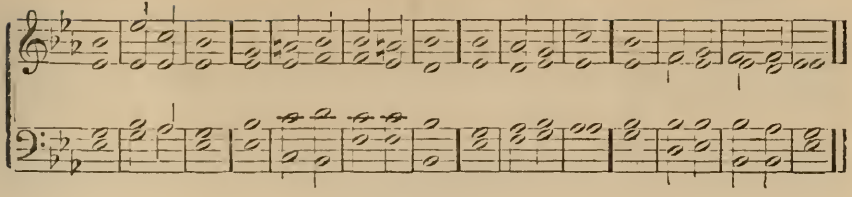
NO. 4. JACKSON.



PSALM XCVIII.

1 O SING unto the | Lord a-new | song,
For he | hath done | marvellous | things.
2 With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm,
Hath he | gotten him- | self the | victory.
3 The Lord declared | his sal- | vation,
His righteousness hath he openly showed | in the | sight of the | heathen.
4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel,
And all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands;
Sing, re- | joice, and | give — | thanks.
6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp;
Sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks — | giving.
7 With trumpets | also, and | shawms,
O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is;
The round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord.
For he | cometh to | judge the | earth.
10 With righteousness shall he | judge the | world,
And the | people | with — | equity.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 5. ROBINSON.



PSALM XCII.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord,
And to sing praise unto thy | name, O | Most — | Highest.

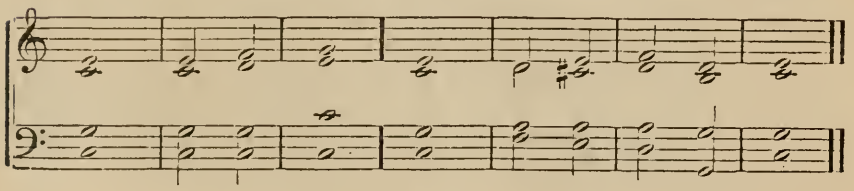
2 To tell of thy loving kindness early | in the | morning,
And of thy | truth-in the | night — | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute;
Upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works,
And I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | ra-tions | of thy | hands

Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 6. DOWNES.



PSALM LXVII.

1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci-ful | unto | us:

2 That thy way may be | known up-on | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
Yea, let | all the | peo-ple | praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad,
For thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | up-on earth

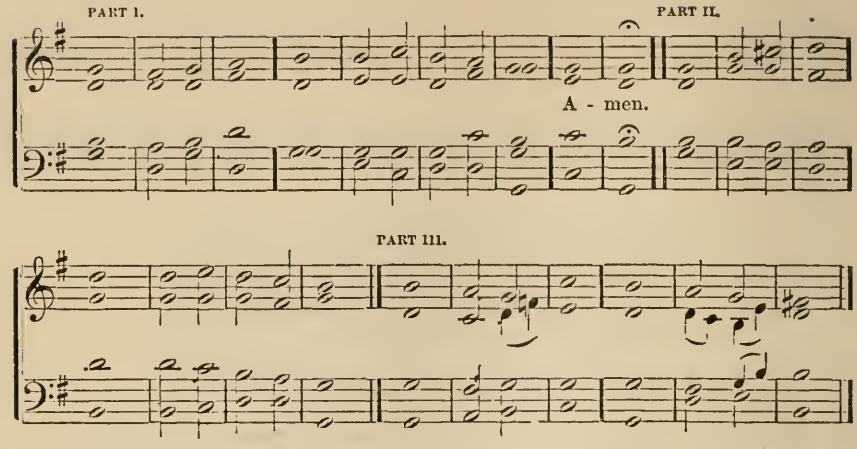
5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God,
Yea, let | all the | peo-ple | praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase,
And God, even our own | God, shall | give us his | blessing.

7 God | shall — | bless us,
And all the ends of the | world shall | fear — | him.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 7 Gloria in Excelsis.



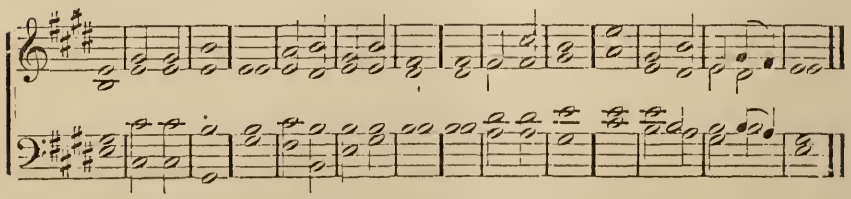
Part I.
1 Glory be to | God on | high,
And on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee;
We glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

Part II.
3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father, | Al — | mighty!
4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ;
O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father!

Part III.
5 That takest away the | sins..of the | world, || have mercy | up-on | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, || have mercy | up-on | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | up-on | us.

Part I.
9 For thou | only art | holy. || thou | only | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art Most High in the | glory..of | God, the | Father. || A- | MEN.

NO. 8. ATWOOD.



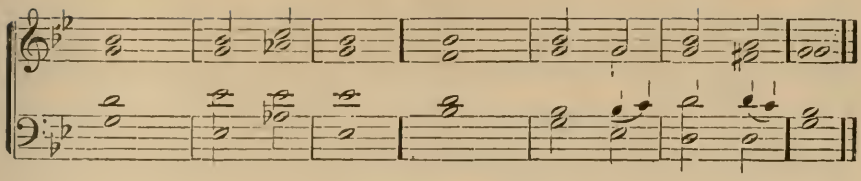
PSALM CIII.

1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul,
And all that is within me | praise his | holy | name.

2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul,
And for- | get not | all his | benefits;

Conclusion of Chant No. 8, on opposite page.

NO. 9. GREGORIAN.



PSALM XLII.

1. *Minister.* As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2. *Choir.* My soul thirsteth for God, for the | liv-ing | God!
When shall I come and ap- | pear be- | fore — | God?

3. *M.* My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4. *C.* Where I re- | member these | things,
I pour | out my | soul in | me;

5. *M.* For I had gone with the multitude;
I went with them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, with the multitude that kept holy day.

6. *C.* Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul,
And why art thou dis- | quiet-ed | in — | me?

7. *M.* Hope thou in God:
For I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

8. *C.* Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be,
World | with-out | end. A- | MEN.

Remainder of Chant No. 8, on opposite page.

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin,
And | heal-eth | all thine in- | firmities.

4 Who saveth thy | life..from de- | struction,
And crowneth thee with | mercy and | lov-ing | kindness.

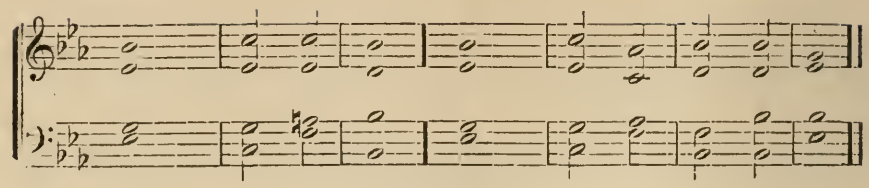
5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength;
Ye that fulfil his commandments, and hearken unto the | voice of | his — | word.

6 O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts;
Ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

* 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion!
Praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

* Begin at middle of the Chant.

NO. 10. GREGORIAN.



PSALM XXVII.

1. *Min.* The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2. *Choir.* When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes came upon me to eat | up my | flesh,
They | stum — | bled and | fell.

3. *M.* Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear;
Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4. *C.* One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek — | after;
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to in- | quire — | in his | temple.

5. *M.* For in the time of trouble, he shall hide me in his pavilion;
In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock.

6. *C.* And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies | round a | bout me;
Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing | prais-es | to the | Lord.

7. *M.* Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice;
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8. *C.* When thou saidst, Seek | ye my | face,
My heart said unto thee, Thy | face, Lord, | will I | seek.

9. *M.* Hide not thy face far from me; Put not thy servant away in anger.

10. *C.* Thou hast | been my | help;
Leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God of | my sal- | vation.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

PSALM XXIV.

1. *M.* The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.

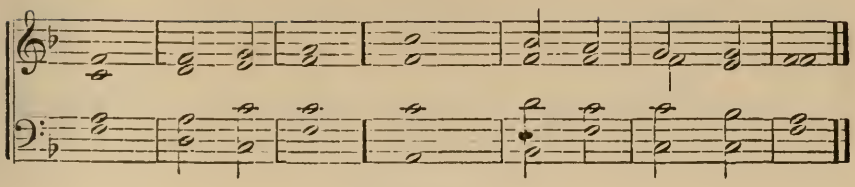
2. *C.* For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas,
And established | it up- | on the | floods.

3. *M* Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?

4. *C.* He that hath clean hands and a | pure — | heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, | nor — | sworn de- | ceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord,
And righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.

For Conclusion of Psalm xxiv. (for Chant No. 10.) see opposite page.

NO. 11. FARRANT.



PSALM CIII.

1. *Min.* The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

2. *Choir.* He will not | a-lways | chide;
Neither will he keep his | an — | ger for- | ever,

3. *M.* He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

4. *C.* For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth,
So great is his mercy toward | them that | fear — | him.

5. *M.* As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

6. *C.* Like as a father | pitieth his | children,
So the Lord pitieth | them that | fear — | him.

7. *M.* For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.

8. *C.* Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be,
World | with-out | end. A- | MEN.

Remainder of Chant No. 10, on opposite page.

5. *M.* This is the generation of them that seek him;
That seek thy face, O Jacob.

6. *C.* Lift up your heads, | O ye | gates!
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of | Glo-ry | shall come | in!

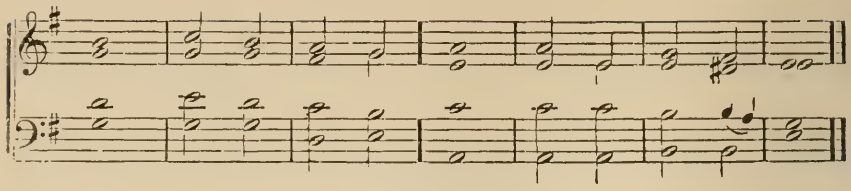
7. *M.* Who is this King of Glory?

8. *C.* The Lord, | strong and | mighty;
The Lord, | might-y | in — | battle.
Lift up your heads, | O ye | gates!
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of | Glo-ry | shall come | in!

9. *M.* Who is this King of Glory?

10. *C.* The | Lord of | hosts,
He | is the | King of | Glory.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 12. GREGORIAN.



PSALM XCVII.

1. *Min.* The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;
Let the multitude of isles be glad thereof!

2. *Choir.* Clouds and darkness are | round a- | bout him,
Righteousness and judgment are the habi- | tation | of his | throne.

3. *M.* A fire goeth before him,
And burneth up his enemies round about.

4. *C.* His lightnings en- | lightened the | world;
The | earth — | saw and | trembled.

5. *M.* The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord;
At the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6. *C.* The heavens declare his | righteous- | ness,
And all the | people | see his | glory.

7. *M.* Confounded be all they that serve graven images,
That boast themselves of idols! Worship him, all ye gods!

8. *C.* Zion heard, | and was | glad;
And the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy | judgments, | O - - | Lord!

9. *M.* For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth;
Thou art exalted far above all gods.

10. *C.* Ye that love the | Lord, hate | evil:
He preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the | hand — | of the | wicked.

11. *M.* Light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart.

12. *C.* Rejoice in the | Lord, ye | righteous,
And give thanks at the re- | membrance | of his | holiness.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

PSALM XCVI.

1. *M.* Oh sing unto the Lord a new song;
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

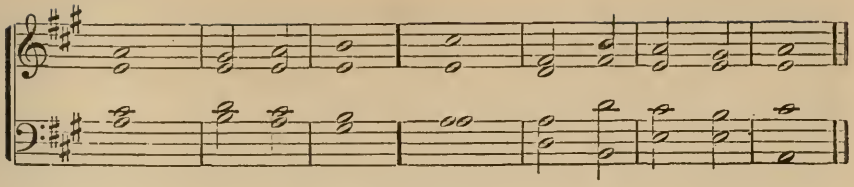
2. *C.* Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name;
Shew forth his sal- | vation from | day to | day.

3. *M.* Declare his glory among the heathen,
His wonders among all people.

4. *C.* For the Lord is great, and greatly | to be | praised:
He is to be | fear-ed a- | bove all | gods.

For Conclusion of Psalm xcvi. see opposite page.

NO. 13.



PSALM CXXI.

1. *Min.* I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.

2. *Choir.* My help cometh | from the | Lord,
Who | made — | heaven and | earth.

3. *M.* He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4. *C.* Behold, he that keepeth | Is-ra- | el,
Shall not | slum — | ber nor | sleep.

5. *M.* The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6. *C.* The sun shall not smite | thee by | day,
Nor the | moon — | by — | night.

7. *M.* The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
He shall preserve thy soul.

8. *C.* The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy | coming | in;
From this time forth, and | even for- | ev-er | more.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Remainder of Psalm xcvi, on opposite page.

5. *M.* For all the gods of the nations are idols;
But the Lord made the heavens.

6. *C.* Honor and majesty | are be- | fore him;
Strength and beauty are | in his | sanctu- | ary.

7. *M.* Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.

8. *C.* Give unto the Lord the glory due un- | to his | name:
Bring an offering, and | come in- | to his | courts.

9. *M.* O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Fear before him all the earth.

10. *C.* Say among the heathen that the | Lord — | reigneth:
The world also shall be established, that it shall not be moved; he shall judge the | people | righteously.

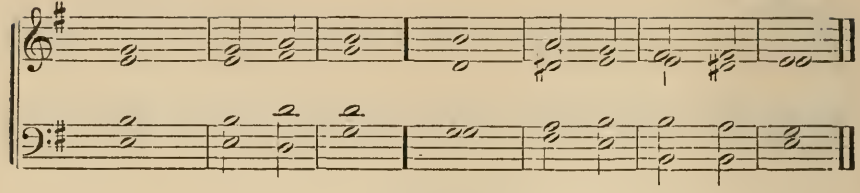
11. *M.* Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad,
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

12. *C.* Let the field be joyful, and all that | is there- | in:
Then shall all the trees of the wood re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord;

13. *M.* For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness, And the people with his truth.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 14. DR. BLOW.



Funeral.

1. *Min.* LORD, let me know mine end, and the number of my days;
That I may be certified how long I have to live.

2. *Choir.* Behold, thou hast made my days, as it were, a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in re- | spect of | thee;
And verily every man living, is | alto- | geth-er | vanity.

3. *M.* For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain;
He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

4. *C.* And now, Lord, what | is my | hope?
Truly, my | hope is | even in | thee.

5. *M.* Deliver me from all mine offences;
And make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

6. *C.* When thou with rebukes doth chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth | fretting a | garment:
Every man | therefore | is but | vanity.

7. *M.* Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling:
Hold not thy peace at my tears.

8. *C.* For I am a | stranger with | thee,
And a sojourner, as | all my | fa-thers | were.

9. *M.* O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength,
Before I go hence, and be no more seen.

10. *C.* Lord, thou hast | been our | refuge,
From one gene- | ra-tion | to an- | other.

11. *M.* Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made,
Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

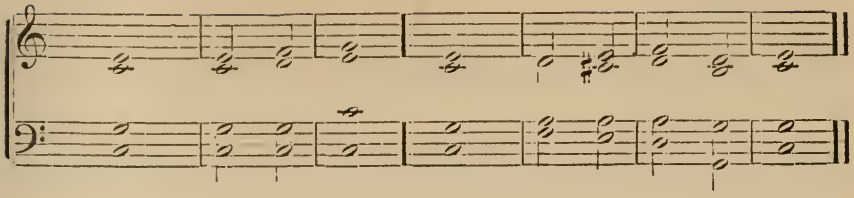
12. *C.* Thou turnest man | to de- | struction;
Again thou sayest, Come a- | gain, ye | children of | men.

13. *M.* For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday;
Seeing that it is past as a watch in the night.

14. *C.* As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even | as a | sleep;
And fade away | sudden-ly | like the | grass.

For Conclusion of above Selections, see opposite page.

NO. 13.



Funeral.

1. *Min.* Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

2. *Choir.* Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | biding;
We are but of yesterday; there is but a | step be-tween | us and | death:

3. *M.* Man's days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he flourisheth;
He appeareth for a little time, then vanisheth away.

4. *C.* Watch! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come;
Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man — | cometh.

5. *M.* It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good;
The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,
And blessed be the name of the Lord.

6. *C.* Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence- | forth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their | works do | fol-low | them.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Remainder of Selections on opposite page.

15. *M.* In the morning it is green, and groweth up;
But in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

16. *C.* For we consume away in | thy dis- | pleasure,
And are afraid at thy | wrath-ful | in-dig- | nation;

17 *M* Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee;
And our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

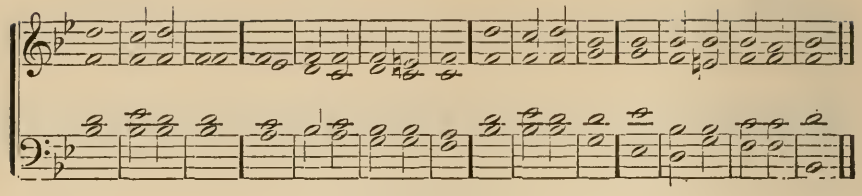
18. *C.* For when thou art angry, all our | days are | gone:
We bring our years to an end, as it | were a | tale that is | told.

19. *M* The days of our age are threescore years and ten;
And though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

20. *C* So teach us to | number our | days,
That we may ap- | ply our | hearts unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 16. JACOBS.



PSALM XLVII.

1 O clap your hands, | all ye | people;
Shout unto God, | with the | voice of | triumph.

2 For the Lord most | high is | terrible;
He is a great King | o-ver | all the | earth.

3 He shall subdue the people | under | us,
And the nations | under | our — | feet.

4 He shall choose our in- | heri-tance | for us,
The excellency of | Jacob | whom he | loved.

5 God is gone up | with a | shout,
The Lord, with the | sound of a | trum — | pet,

6 Sing praises to | God, sing | praises,
Sing praises unto our | King, sing | prais — | es,

7 For God is the King of | all the | earth;
Sing ye praises with | under- | stand — | ing.

8 God reigneth over the | hea — | then;
God sitteth upon the | throne of his | ho-li- | ness.

9 The princes of the people are | gathered to- | gether,
Even the people of the | God of | A-bra- | ham.

10 For the shields of the earth belong | un-to | God:
He is | greatly ex- | alt — | ed.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

ISAIAH XII.

1 O Lord, I will praise thee, though thou wast | angry with | me,
Thine anger is turned away, | and thou | comfortest | me.

2 Behold, God is | my sal- | vation;
I will | trust, and | not be a- | fraid.

3 For the Lord Jehovah is my | strength and | song;
He also is be- | come — | my sal- | vation.

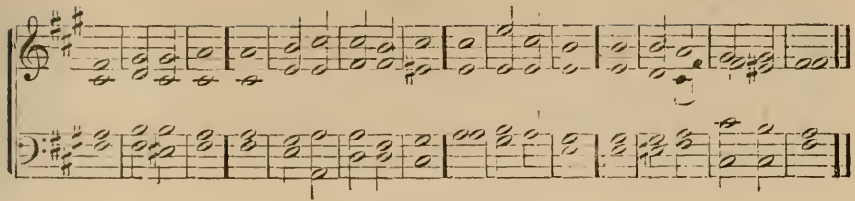
4 Therefore, with joy shall ye draw water out of the | wells of..sal- | vation.
And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, | call up- | on his | name.

5 Declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name | is ex- | alted.
Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things; this is | known in | all the | earth.

6 Cry out and shout, thou in- | habitant of | Zion;
For great is the Holy One of Israel | in the | midst of | thee.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 17. FLINTOFT.



ISAIAH LIII.

1. *Min.* Who hath believed our report?
And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?
For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground;
He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty, that we should desire him.

2. *C.* He is despised and re- | jected of | men;
A man of sorrows, | and ac- | quainted with | grief.
And we hid, as it were, our | faces from | him;
He was despised, and | we es- | teemed him | not.

3. *M.* Surely he hath borne our grief, and carried our sorrows;
Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4. *C.* But he was wounded for | our trans- | gressions;
He was bruised for | our in- | iqui- | ties;
The chastisement of our peace | was upon | him;
And by his stripes | we are | heal — | ed.

5. *M.* All we like sheep have gone astray;
We have turned every one to his own way;
And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

6. *C.* He was oppressed, and he | was af- | flicted,
Yet he | open-ed | not his | mouth:
He is brought as a | lamb to the | slaughter,
And as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he | open-eth | not his | mouth.

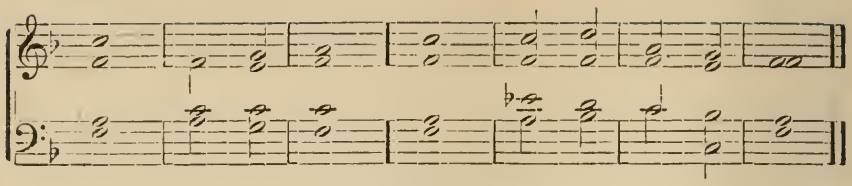
7. *M.* He was taken from prison and from judgment;
And who shall declare his generation?
For he was cut off out of the land of the living;
For the transgressions of my people was he stricken.

8. *C.* And he made his grave | with the | wicked,
And with the | rich in | his — | death.
Because he had | done no | violence,
Neither was any | deceit — | in his | mouth.

9. *M.* Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:
When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed;
He shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands;
He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 18.



PSALM XXIII.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, I | shall not | want;
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me be- | side the | still — | waters.

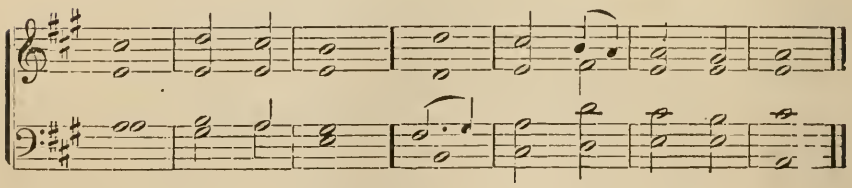
2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort | me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence | of mine | enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup — | runneth | over

4 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days · · of my | life;
And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ev— | er.

Glory be to the Father, &c

NO. 19.



PSALM CXLV.

1 I will extol thee, my | God, O | King;
And will bless thy | name for- | ever and | ever.

2 Every day will I | bless — | thee,
And I will praise thy | name for- | ever and | ever.

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised;
And his greatness | is un- | searcha- | ble.

4 One generation shall praise thy works | to an- | other,
And shall de- | clare thy | mighty | acts.

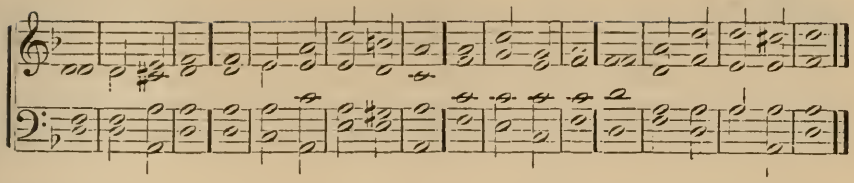
5 I will speak of the glorious honor of thy | majes- | ty,
And | of thy | wondrous | works.

6 And men shall speak of the might of thy | terrible | acts,
And I will de- | clare thy | great — | ness.

7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy | great — | goodness,
And shall sing | of thy | righteous- | ness.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

NO. 20. T. MORLEY.



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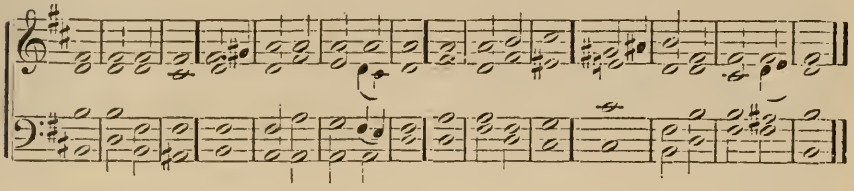
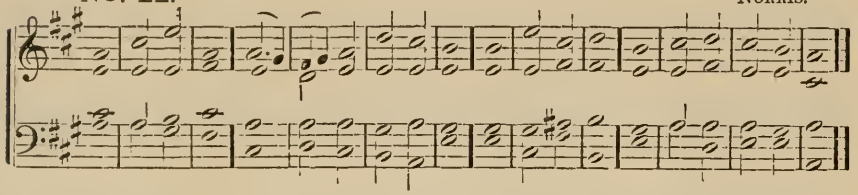
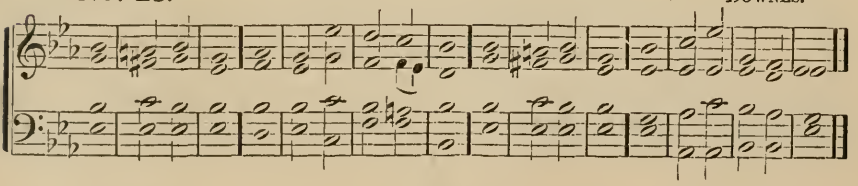


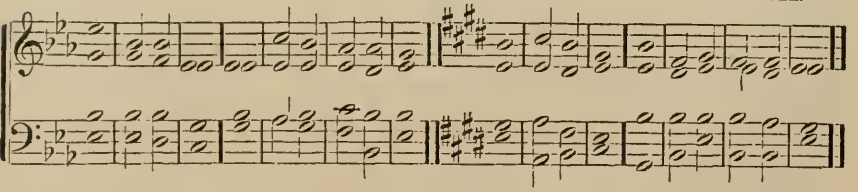
NO. 22. NORRIS.



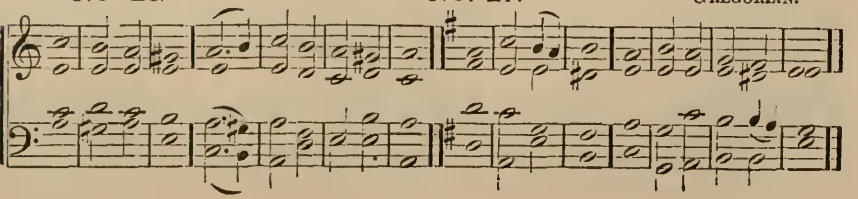
NO. 23. DOWNES.



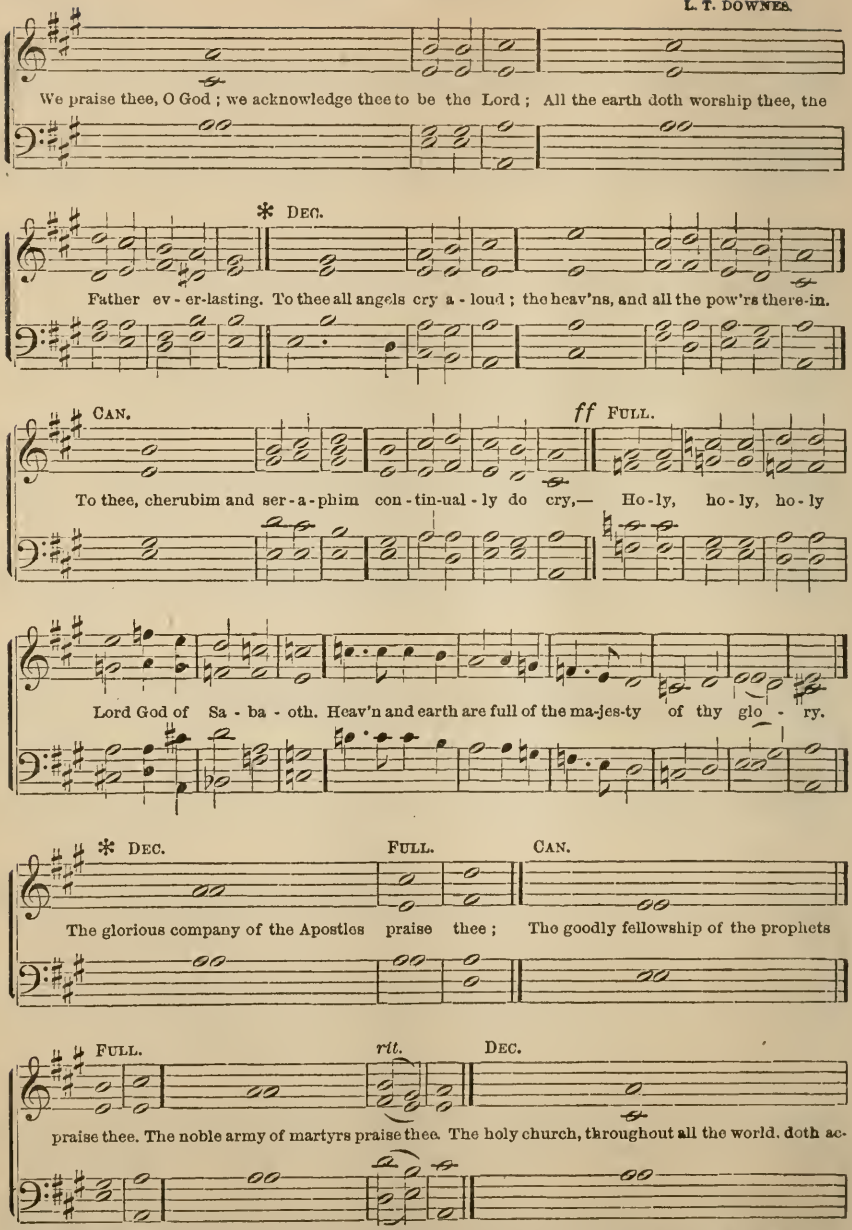
NO. 24. NO. 25. J. BATTISHILL.



NO 26. NO. 27. GREGORIAN.



L. T. DOWNES.



* Where it is practicable, let the Choir be divided into two parts: the Decani and Cantores.

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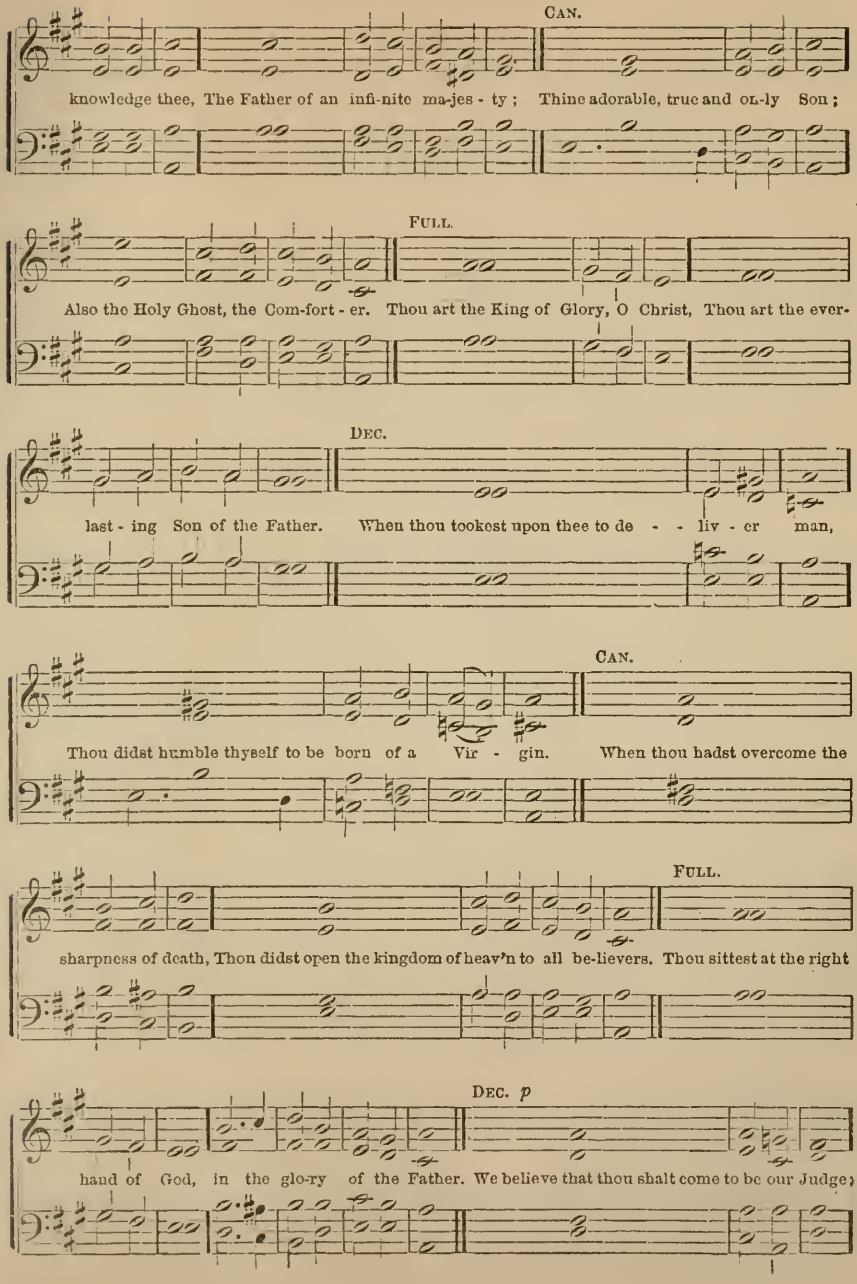
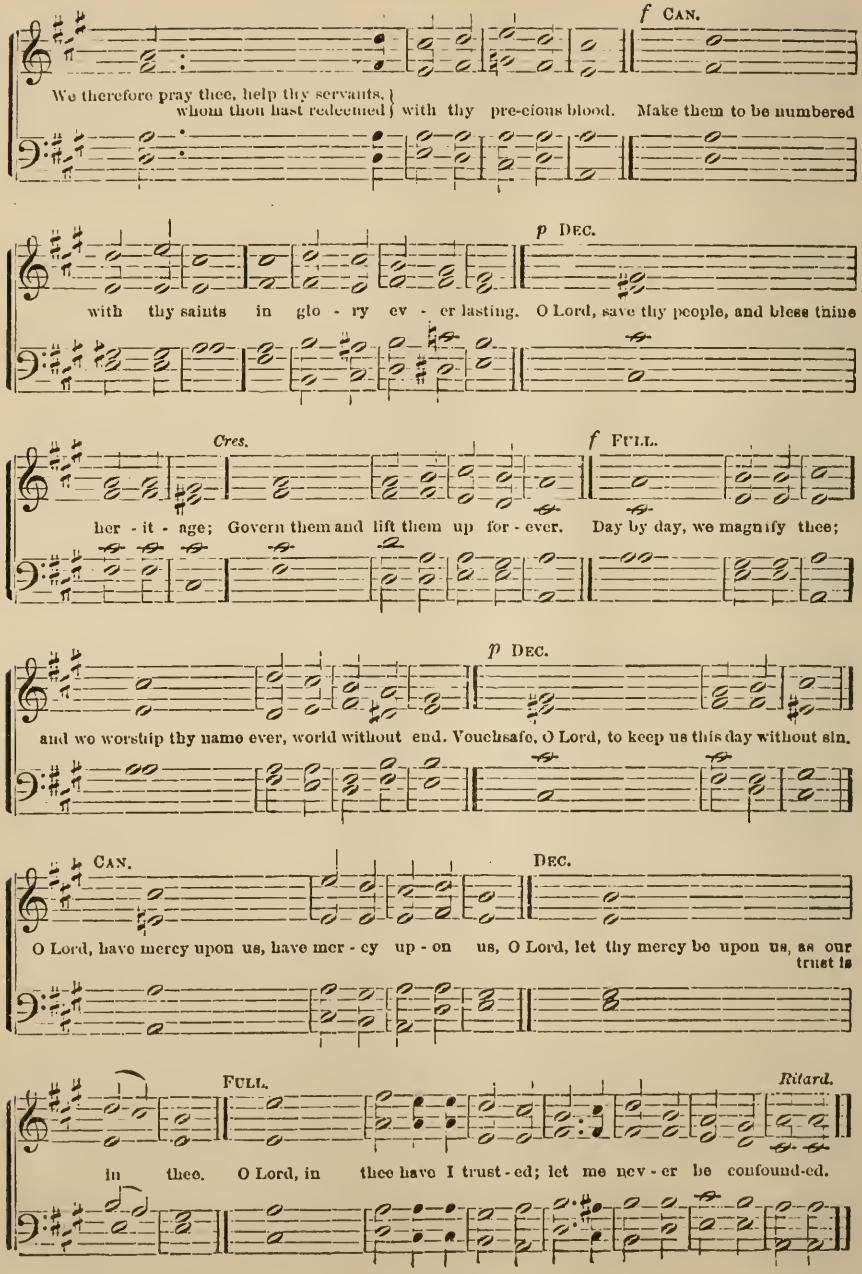
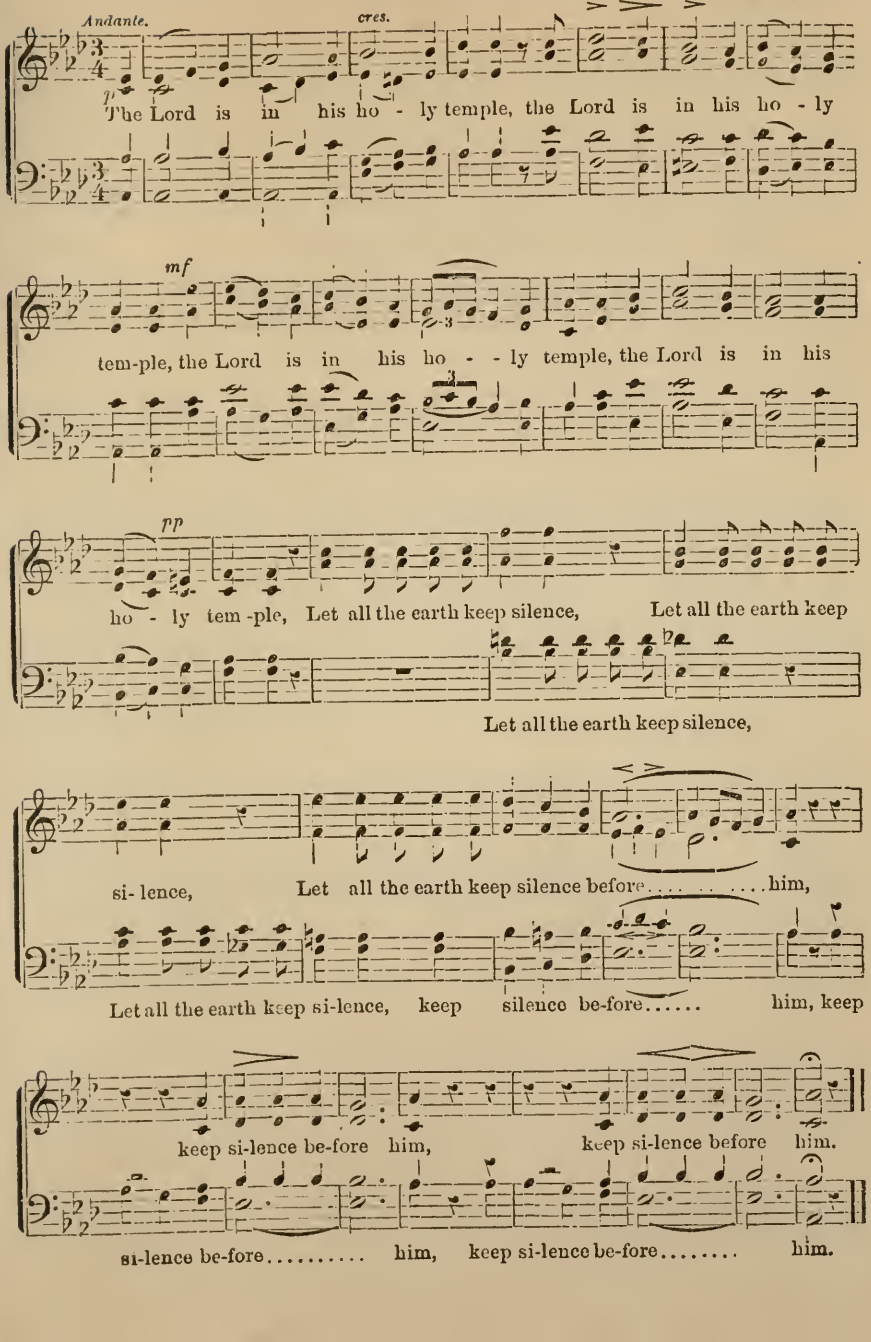
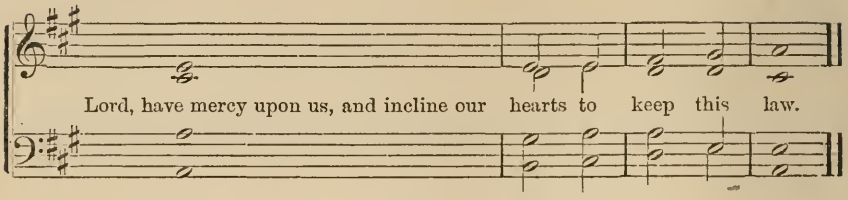

CAN.
knowledge thee, The Father of an infi-nite ma-jes - ty ; Thine adorable, true and on-ly Son ;
FULL.
Also the Holy Ghost, the Com-fort - er. Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ, Thou art the ever-
DEC.
last - ing Son of the Father. When thou tookest upon thee to de - - liv - er man,
CAN.
Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Vir - gin. When thou hadst overcome the
FULL.
sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heav'n to all be-lievers. Thou sittest at the right
DEC. p
hand of God, in the glo-ry of the Father. We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge;


f CAN.
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy pre-cious blood. Make them to be numbered
p DEC.
with thy saints in glo - ry ev - er lasting. O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine
Cres.
f FULL.
her - it - age; Govern them and lift them up for - ever. Day by day, we magnify thee;
p DEC.
and we worship thy name ever, world without end. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
CAN.
DEC.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mer - cy up - on us, O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is
FULL.
Ritard.
in thee. O Lord, in thee have I trust - ed; let me nev - er be confound-ed.

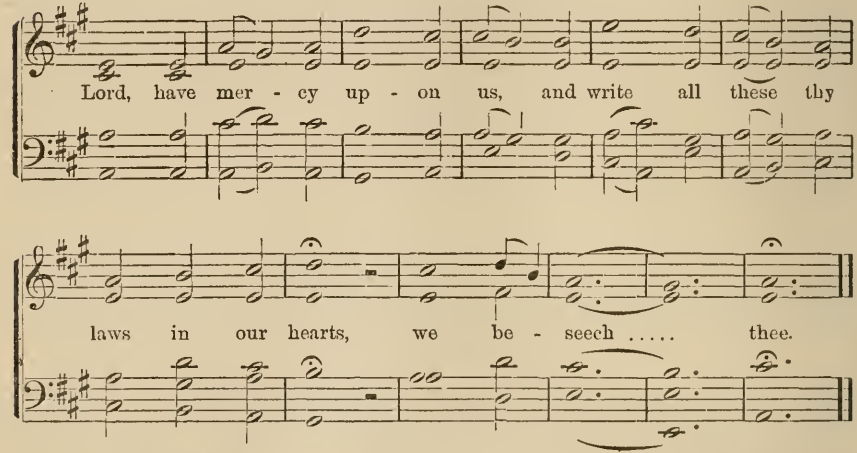
BAUMBACH.


Andante.
cres.
p
The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, the Lord is in his ho - ly
mf
tem-ple, the Lord is in his ho - - ly temple, the Lord is in his
pp
ho - ly tem-ple, Let all the earth keep silence, Let all the earth keep
Let all the earth keep silence,
si- lence, Let all the earth keep silence before..... him,
Let all the earth keep si-lence, keep silence be-fore..... him, keep
keep si-lence be-fore him, keep si-lence before him.
si-lence be-fore..... him, keep si-lence be-fore..... him.

NO. 1. *

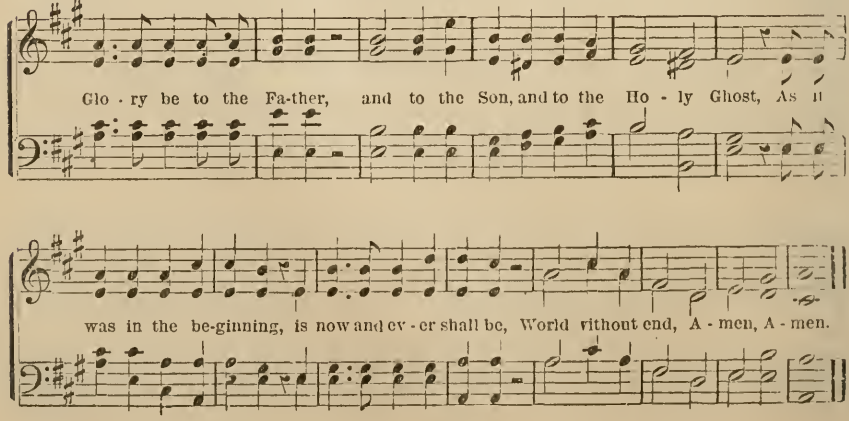


NO. 2. Should be used after the *last* commandment only.

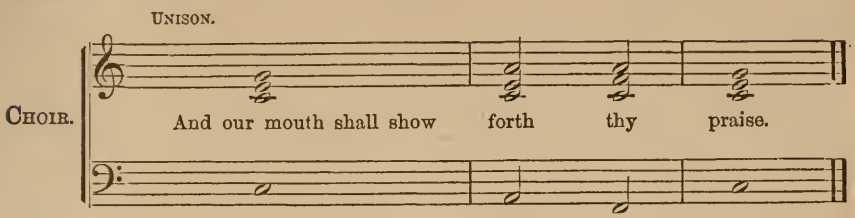


* No. 1 or No. 2 may be used after the prayer, to the words,—*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline thine ear to hear our prayer.*

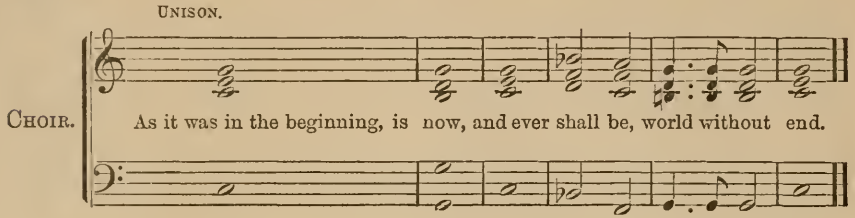
GLORIA PATRI.



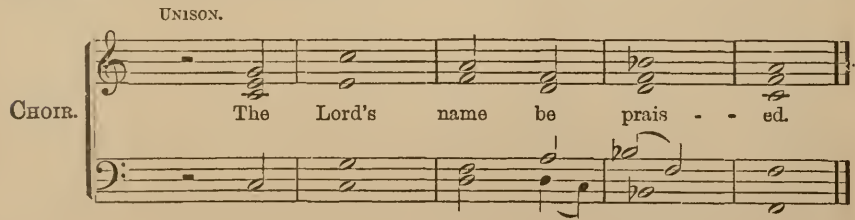
MINISTER.—O Lord, open thou our lips:



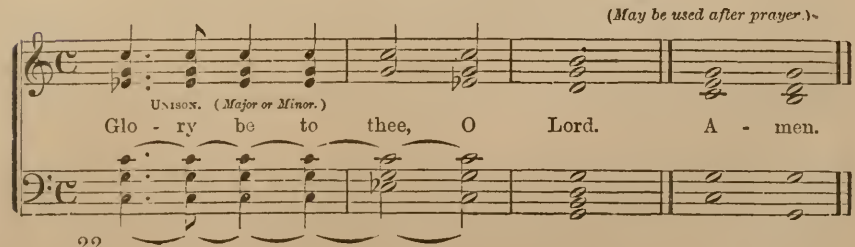
MINISTER.—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;



MINISTER.—Praise ye the Lord:

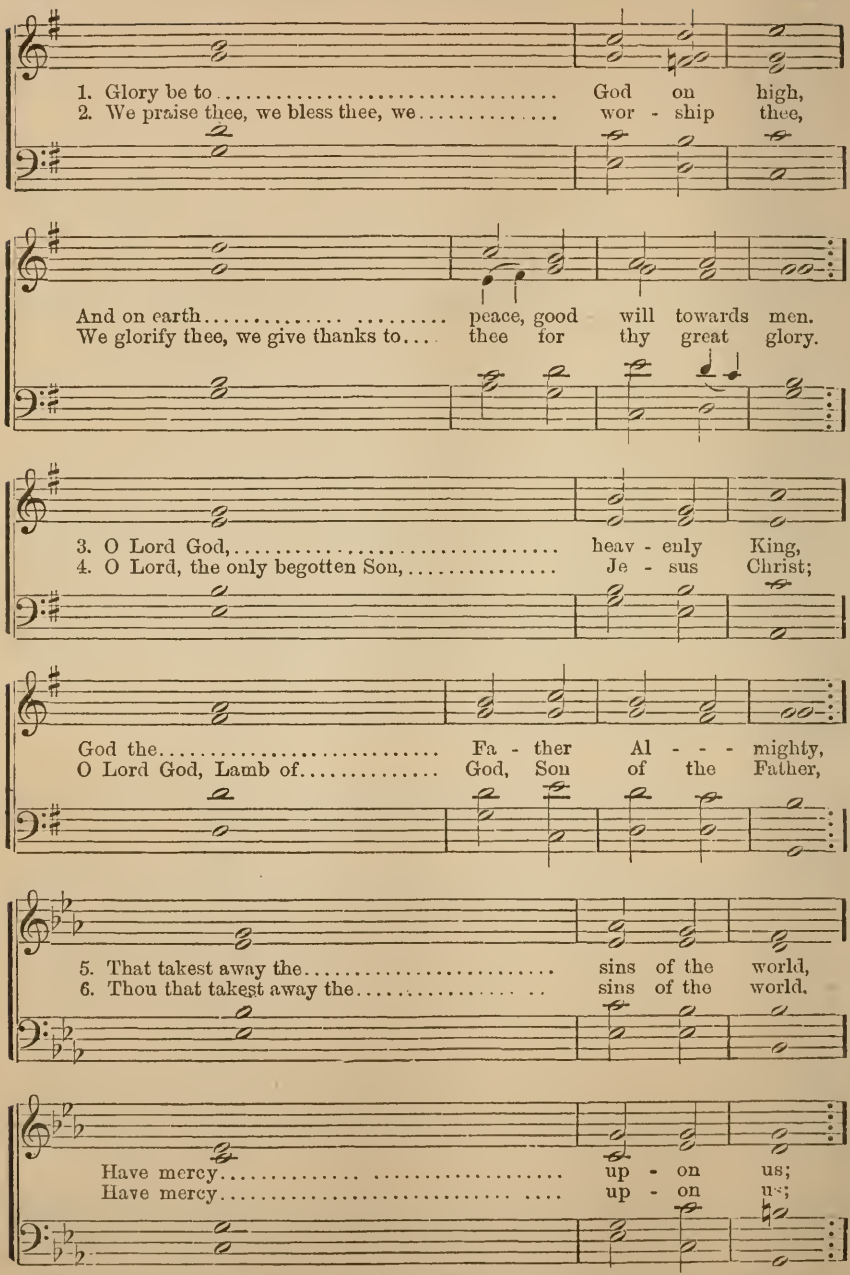


GLORIA. *May be used after announcement of Psalter.*



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.*

L. T DOWNES.



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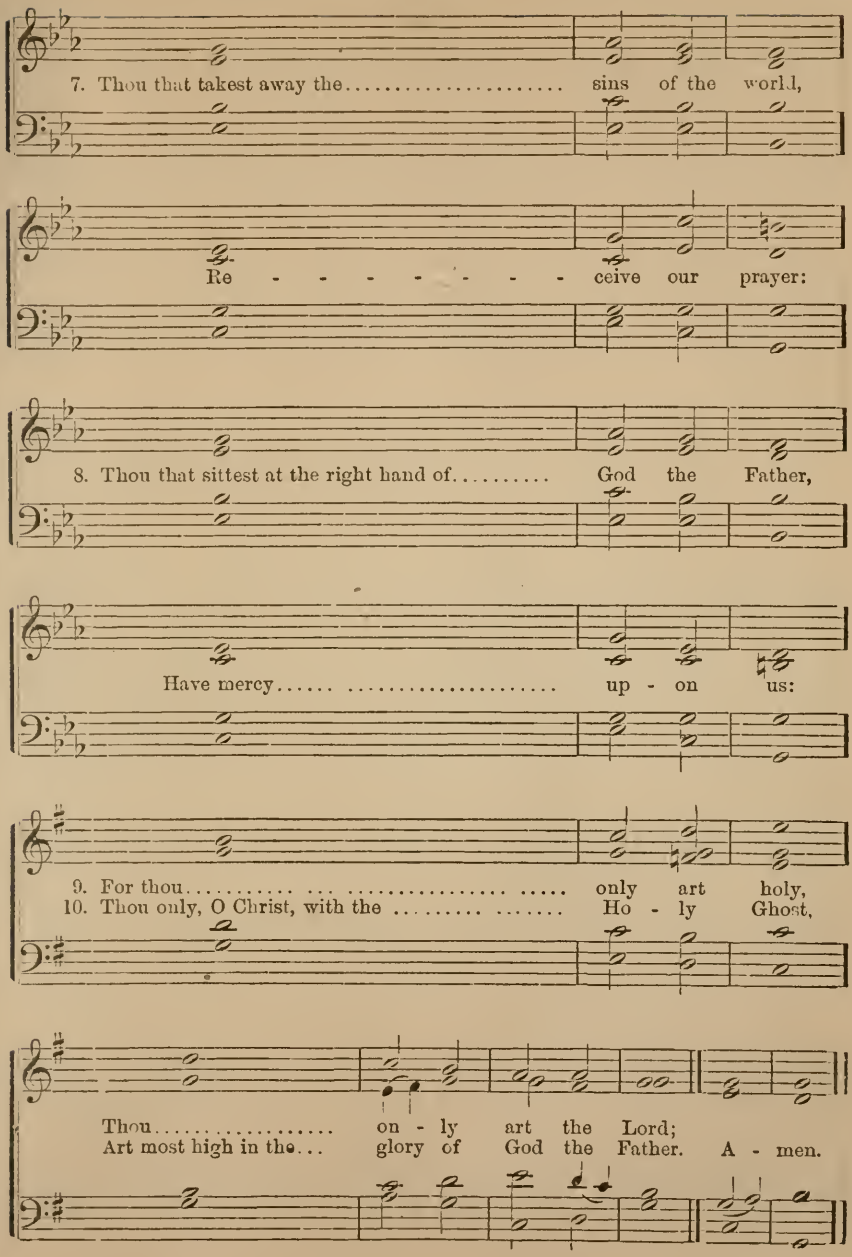
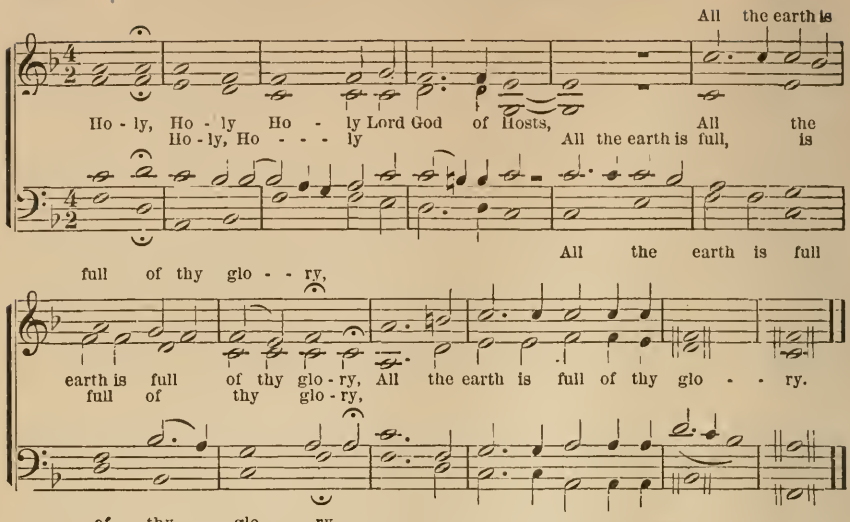

7. Thou that takest away the..... sins of the world,
Re - - - - - - - - ceive our prayer:
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of..... God the Father,
Have mercy..... ..... up - on us:
9. For thou..... ..... only art holy,
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the .... Ho - ly Ghost,
Thou..... on - ly art the Lord;
Art most high in the... glory of God the Father. A - men.

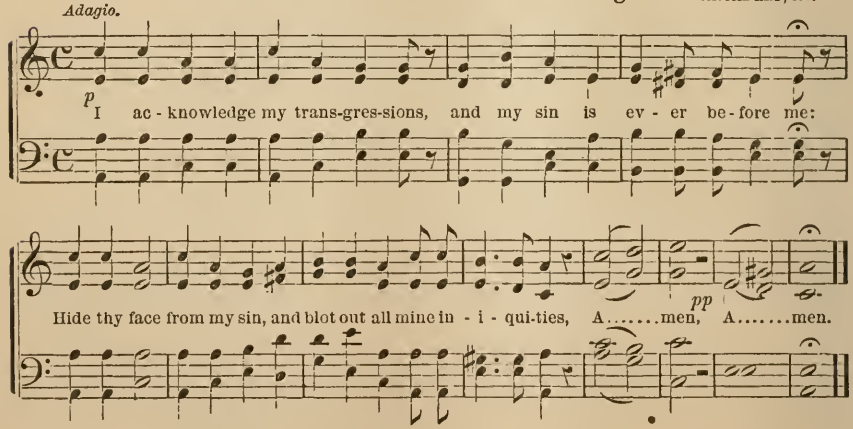
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts.

ALLEGRI.



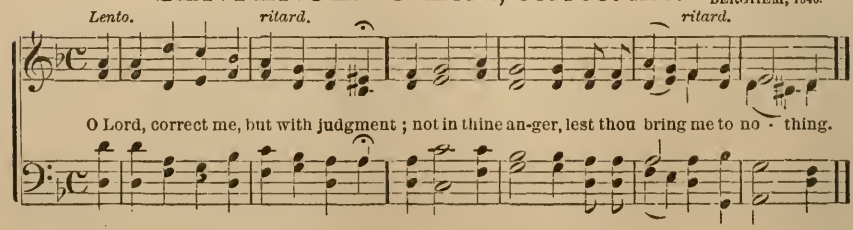
SENTENCE.—I acknowledge.

ARCADELT, 1570.

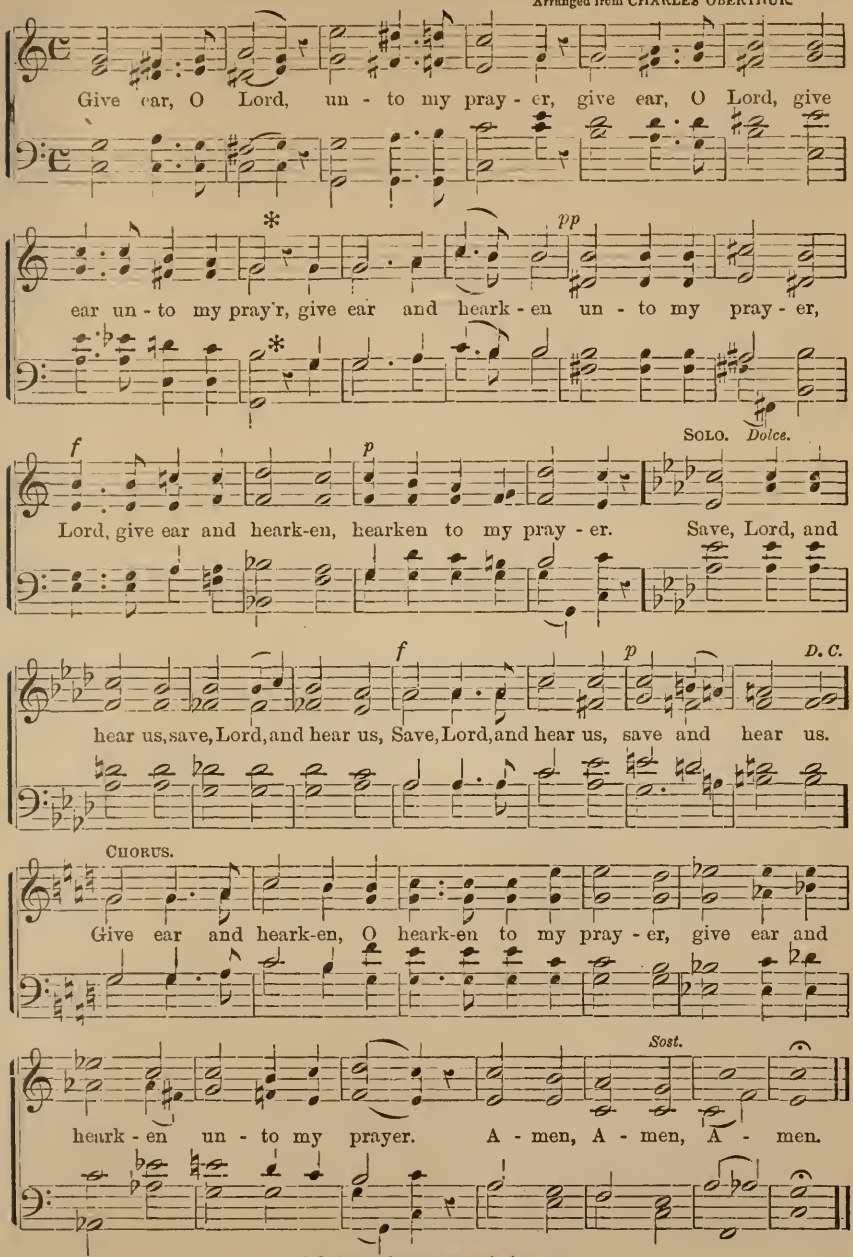


SENTENCE.—O Lord, correct me.

BERGHEM, 1540.



Arranged from CHARLES OBERTHUR.

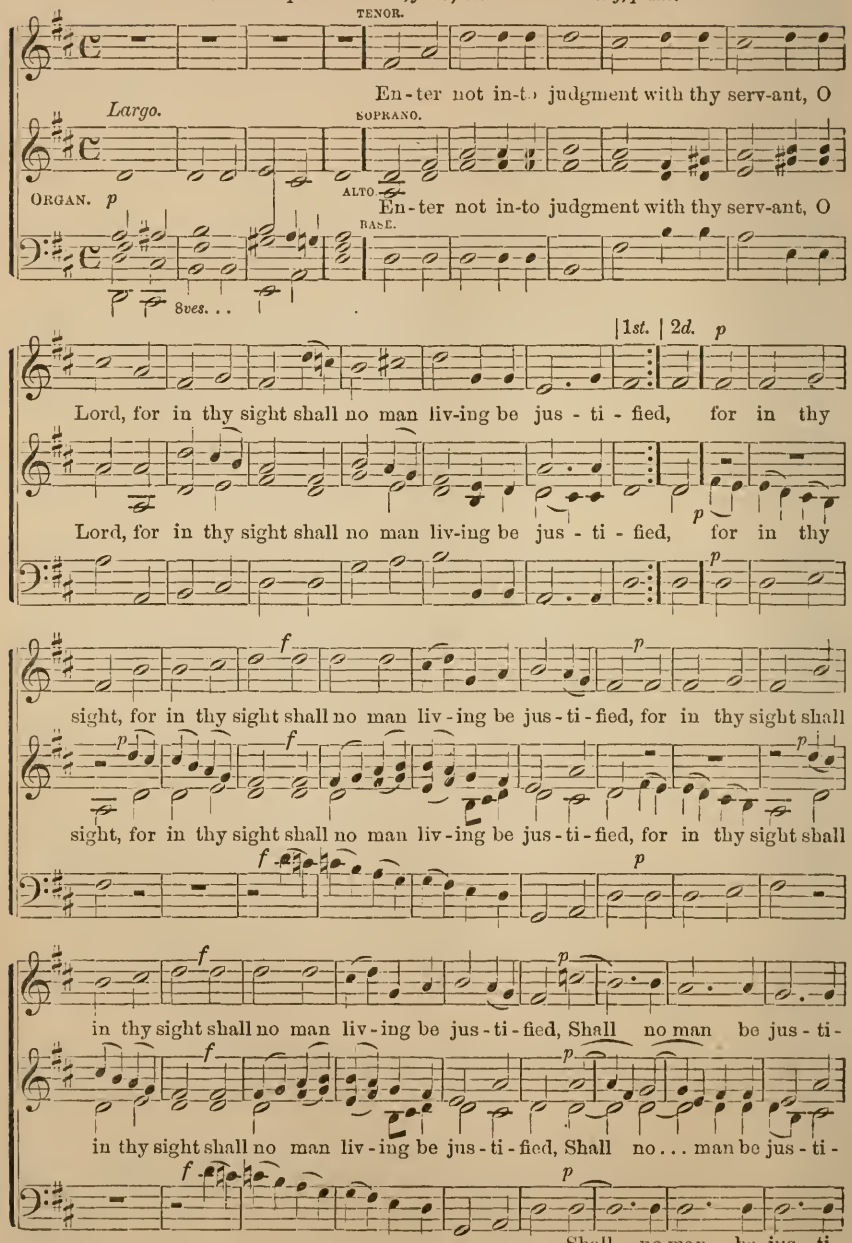


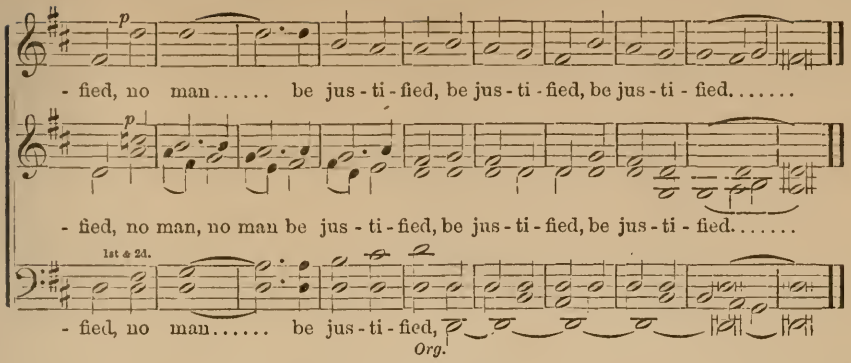
* Omit next sixteen measures in the repeat.

ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.

THOMAS ATWOOD.

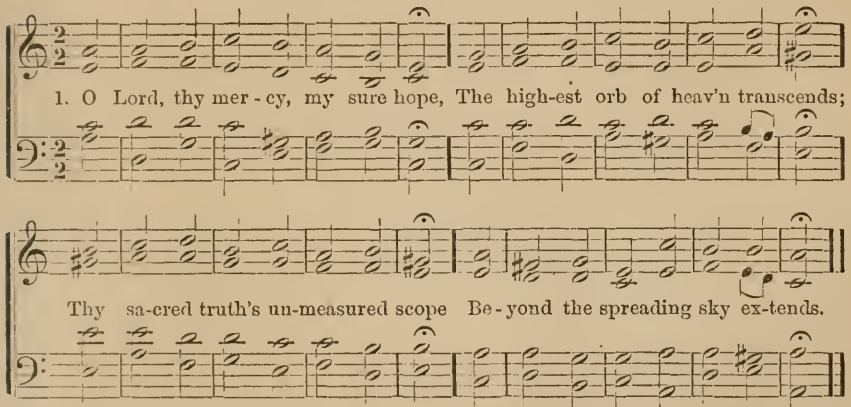
First time all parts in unison, forte; second time harmony, piano.





RHEIMS.

SOUTHARD.



2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

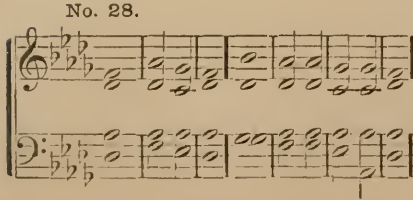
3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favor gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

CHANTS.

No. 28.



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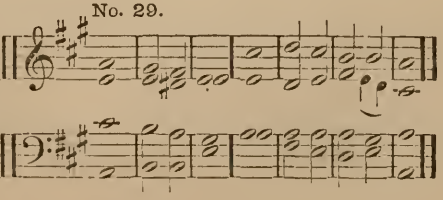

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The Psalter;

OR,

SELECTIONS FROM

THE BOOK OF PSALMS,

ARRANGED FOR

RESPONSIVE READING.

NEW YORK:
NELSON & PHILLIPS.
CINCINNATI: HITCHCOCK & WALDEN.
1875.

Note.

The following selections from the Psalms are arranged to be read responsively in the sanctuary, Sabbath school, family, or elsewhere, according to their original structure and design.

The lines printed in Italics are to be read by the minister, or leader.

The lines printed in the Roman letter are to be read by the people.

The lines printed in Small Capitals are to be read by the leader and people together.

The Psalter.

LESSON 1.

Psalm I.

Min. *Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,*

Peo. { Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
{ Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 *But his delight is in the law of the* Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 *And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,*
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 *The ungodly are not so:*
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 *Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,*
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 *For the* Lord *knoweth the way of the righteous:*
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm II.

Min. *Why do the heathen rage,*

Peo. And the people imagine a vain thing?

2 *The kings of the earth set themselves,*
{ And the rulers take counsel together,
{ Against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying,

3 *Let us break their bands asunder,*
And cast away their cords from us.

4 *He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:*
The Lord shall have them in derision.

5 *Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,*
And vex them in his sore displeasure.
6 *Yet have I set my king*
Upon my holy hill of Zion.
7 { *I will declare the decree:*
{ *The* LORD *hath said unto me, Thou art my son;*
This day have I begotten thee.
8 *Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance,*
And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
9 *Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;*
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
10 *Be wise now therefore O, ye kings:*
Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
11 *Serve the* LORD *with fear,*
And rejoice with trembling.
12 { *Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way,*
{ *When his wrath is kindled but a little.*
Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM III.

MIN. *Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!*
PEO. Many are they that rise up against me.
2 *Many there be which say of my soul,*
There is no help for him in God.
3 *But thou, O* LORD, *art a shield for me;*
My glory, and the lifter up of mine head.
4 *I cried unto the* LORD *with my voice,*
And he heard me out of his holy hill.
5 *I laid me down and slept;*
I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.
6 *I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people,*
That have set themselves against me round about.
7 { *Arise, O* LORD; *save me, O my God:*
{ *For thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone;*
Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.
8 *Salvation belongeth unto the* LORD;
Thy blessing is upon thy people.

LESSON 2.

Psalm IV.

Min. { *Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness:*
Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress;

Peo. Have mercy upon me and hear my prayer.

2 *O, ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?*
How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

3 *But know that the* Lord *hath set apart him that is godly for himself:*
The Lord will hear when I call unto him.

4 *Stand in awe, and sin not:*
Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

5 *Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,*
And put your trust in the Lord.

6 *There may be many that say, Who will shew us any good?*
Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

7 *Thou hast put gladness in my heart,*
More than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

8 *I will both lay me down in peace and sleep:*
For thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

Psalm V.

Min. *Give ear to my words, O* Lord;

Peo. Consider my meditation.

2 *Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God:*
For unto thee will I pray.

3 *My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O* Lord;
In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 *For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness:*
Neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 *The foolish shall not stand in thy sight:*
Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 *Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing:*
The Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 *But, as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy*
And in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 *Lead me, O* LORD, *in thy righteousness, because of mine enemies;*
Make thy way straight before my face.
9 *For there is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness;*
Their throat is an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.
10 *Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels;*
Cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.
11 { *But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice:*
{ *Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them:*
Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12 *For thou,* LORD, *will bless the righteous;*
With favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

LESSON 3.

PSALM VIII.

MIN. { *O Lord, our* LORD,
{ *How excellent is thy name in all the earth!*
PEO. Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
2 { *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength,*
{ *Because of thine enemies,*
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
3 *When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,*
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
4 *What is man, that thou art mindful of him?*
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
5 *For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,*
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
6 *Thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands;*
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
7 *All sheep and oxen,*
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
8 *The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,*
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
9 *O* LORD, *our* LORD,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM IX.

MIN. *I will praise thee, O* LORD, *with my whole heart;*
PEO. I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.

2 *I will be glad and rejoice in thee:*
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.
3 *When mine enemies are turned back,*
They shall fall and perish at thy presence.
4 *For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;*
Thou satest in the throne judging right.
5 *Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast destroyed the wicked,*
Thou hast put out their name forever and ever.
6 *O, thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end:*
And thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them.
7 *But the* LORD *shall endure forever;*
He hath prepared his throne for judgment.
8 *And he shall judge the world in righteousness,*
He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.
9 *The* LORD *also will be a refuge for the oppressed,*
A refuge in times of trouble.
10 *And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee:*
For thou, LORD, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.
11 *Sing praises to the* LORD, *which dwelleth in Zion:*
Declare among the people his doings.
12 *When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them:*
He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.
13 *Have mercy upon me, O* LORD; *consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me,*
Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death:
14 *That I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion:*
I will rejoice in thy salvation.
15 *The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made:*
In the net which they hid is their own foot taken.
16 *The* LORD *is known by the judgment which he executeth:*
The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.
17 *The wicked shall be turned into hell,*
And all the nations that forget God.
18 *For the needy shall not always be forgotten:*
The expectation of the poor shall not perish forever.
19 *Arise, O* LORD; *let not man prevail:*
Let the heathen be judged in thy sight.
20 *Put them in fear, O* LORD:
That the nations may know themselves to be but men.

LESSON 4.

Psalm XV.

Min. Lord, *who shall abide in thy tabernacle?*
Peo. Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
2 *He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,*
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
3 *He that backbiteth not with his tongue,*
Nor doeth evil to his neighbor,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.
4 *In whose eyes a vile person is contemned;*
But he honoreth them that fear the Lord.
5 *He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.*
He that putteth not out his money to usury,
6 *Nor taketh reward against the innocent.*
He that doeth these things shall never be moved

Psalm XVI.

Min. *Preserve me, O God:*
Peo. For in thee do I put my trust.
2 *O, my soul, thou hast said unto the* Lord, *Thou art my* Lord:
My goodness extendeth not to thee;
3 *But to the saints that are in the earth,*
And to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.
4 *Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another God:*
Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,
Nor take up their names into my lips.
5 *The* Lord *is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:*
Thou maintainest my lot.
6 *The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;*
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.
7 *I will bless the* Lord, *who hath given me counsel:*
My reins also instruct me in the night seasons.
8 *I have set the* Lord *always before me:*
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.
9 *Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth;*
My flesh also shall rest in hope.
10 *For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;*
Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

11 { *Thou wilt show me the path of life:*
In thy presence is fulness of joy;
At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Psalm XVII.

Min. *Hear the right, O* Lord, *attend unto my cry;*
Peo. Give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.
2 *Let my sentence come forth from thy presence;*
Let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.
3 { *Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night;*
Thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing:
I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.
4 *Concerning the works of men,*
By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.
5 *Hold up my goings in thy paths,*
That my footsteps slip not.
6 *I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God:*
Incline thine ear unto me and hear my speech.
7 *Shew thy marvellous loving kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee,*
From those that rise up against them.
8 *Keep me as the apple of the eye;*
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
9 *From the wicked that oppress me,*
From my deadly enemies, who compass me about.
10 *They are enclosed in their own fat:*
With their mouth they speak proudly.
11 *They have now compassed us in our steps:*
They have set their eyes bowing down to the earth;
12 *Like as a lion that is greedy of his prey,*
And as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.
13 *Arise, O Lord, disappoint him, cast him down;*
Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword:
14 { *From men which are thy hand, O* Lord, *from men of the world,*
Which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure:
They are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.
15 *As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness:*
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

LESSON 5.

Psalm XVIII. 1–35.

Min. *I will love thee, O* Lord, *my strength.*

Peo. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;

2 *My God, my strength, in whom I will trust;*
My buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

3 *I will call upon the* Lord, *who is worthy to be praised:*
So shall I be saved from mine enemies.

4 *The sorrows of death compassed me,*
And the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

5 *The sorrows of hell compassed me about:*
The snares of death prevented me.

6 *In my distress I called upon the* Lord,
And cried unto my God:
He heard my voice out of his temple,
And my cry came before him, even into his ears.

7 *Then the earth shook and trembled;*
The foundations also of the hills moved
And were shaken, because he was wroth.

8 *There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,*
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.

9 *He bowed the heavens also, and came down:*
And darkness was under his feet.

10 *And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly:*
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

11 *He made darkness his secret place;*
His pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.

12 *At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed,*
Hailstones and coals of fire.

13 *The* Lord *also thundered in the heavens,*
And the Highest gave his voice;
Hailstones and coals of fire.

14 *Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them;*
And he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.

15 *Then the channels of waters were seen,*
And the foundations of the world were discovered,
At thy rebuke, O Lord,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

16 *He sent from above, he took me,*
He drew me out of many waters.
17 *He delivered me from my strong enemy,*
And from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me.
18 *They prevented me in the day of my calamity:*
But the LORD was my stay.
19 *He brought me forth also into a large place;*
He delivered me, because he delighted in me.
20 *The* LORD *rewarded me according to my righteousness:*
According to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.
21 *For I have kept the ways of the* LORD,
And have not wickedly departed from my God.
22 *For all his judgments were before me,*
And I did not put away his statutes from me.
23 *I was also upright before him,*
And I kept myself from mine iniquity.
24 *Therefore hath the* LORD *recompensed me according to my righteousness,*
According to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.
25 *With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful;*
With an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright;
26 *With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure;*
And with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.
27 *For thou wilt save the afflicted people;*
But wilt bring down high looks.
28 *For thou wilt light my candle;*
The LORD my God will enlighten my darkness.
29 *For by thee I have run through a troop;*
And by my God have I leaped over a wall.
30 { *As for God, his way is perfect:*
{ *The word of the* LORD *is tried:*
He is a buckler to all those that trust in him.
31 *For who is God save the* LORD?
Or who is a rock save our God?
32 *It is God that girdeth me with strength,*
And maketh my way perfect.
33 *He maketh my feet like hind's feet,*
And setteth me upon my high places.
34 *He teacheth my hands to war,*
So that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.
35 { *Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation:*
{ *And thy right hand hath holden me up,*
And thy gentleness hath made me great.

LESSON 6.

Psalm XIX.

Min. *The heavens declare the glory of God;*
Peo. And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
2 *Day unto day uttereth speech,*
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
3 *There is no speech, nor language,*
Where their voice is not heard.
4 *Their line is gone out through all the earth,*
And their words to the end of the world.
5 { *In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,*
{ *Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,*
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
6 { *His going forth is from the end of the heaven,*
{ *And his circuit unto the ends of it:*
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7 *The law of the* Lord *is perfect, converting the soul:*
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
8 *The statutes of the* Lord *are right, rejoicing the heart:*
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
9 *The fear of the* Lord *is clean, enduring forever:*
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
10 *More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:*
Sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.
11 *Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.*
12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.
13 *Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:*
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
14 *Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,*
O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm XX.

Min. *The* Lord *hear thee in the day of trouble;*
Peo. The name of the God of Jacob defend thee;
2 *Send thee help from the sanctuary,*
And strengthen thee out of Zion;

3 *Remember all thy offerings,*
And accept thy burnt sacrifice;
4 *Grant thee according to thine own heart,*
And fulfil all thy counsel.
5 { *We will rejoice in thy salvation,*
And in the name of our God we will set up our banners:
The LORD fulfil all thy petitions.
6 *Now know I that the* LORD *saveth his anointed;*
{ He will hear him from his holy heaven
With the saving strength of his right hand.
7 *Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:*
But we will remember the name of the LORD our God.
8 *They are brought down and fallen:*
But we are risen, and stand upright.
9 *Save,* LORD:
Let the king hear us when we call.

LESSON 7.

PSALM XXIII.

MIN. *The* LORD *is my shepherd;*
PEO. I shall not want.
2 *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:*
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
3 *He restoreth my soul:*
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.
4 { *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,*
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5 *Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:*
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6 *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:*
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

PSALM XXIV.

MIN. *The earth is the* LORD'S *and the fulness thereof,*
PEO. The world, and they that dwell therein.
2 *For he hath founded it upon the seas,*
And established it upon the floods.

3 *Who shall ascend into the hill of the* LORD?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
4 *He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;*
{ Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
{ Nor sworn deceitfully.
5 *He shall receive the blessing from the* LORD,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6 *This is the generation of them that seek him,*
That seek thy face, O Jacob.
7 { *Lift up your heads, O ye gates;*
{ *And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;*
And the King of glory shall come in.
8 *Who is this King of glory?*
The LORD strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
9 *Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;*
And the King of glory shall come in.
10 *Who is this King of glory?*
The LORD of hosts, He is the King of glory.

PSALM XXVII.

MIN. *The* LORD *is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?*
PEO. The LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
2 *When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat*
They stumbled and fell. [*up my flesh,*
3 *Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:*
Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.
4 { *One thing have I desired of the* LORD, *that will I seek after;*
{ *That I may dwell in the house of the* LORD *all the days of my life,*
To behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in his temple.
5 { *For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:*
{ *In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me;*
He shall set me up upon a rock.
6 { *And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about*
{ *Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;* [*me;*
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.
7 *Hear, O* LORD, *when I cry with my voice:*
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
8 *When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;*
My heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.

9 *Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger:*
{ Thou hast been my help;
{ Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
10 *When my father and my mother forsake me,*
Then the LORD will take me up.
11 *Teach me thy way, O* LORD,
And lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.
12 *Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies:* [cruelty.
For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out
13 *I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the* LORD *in the land of the living.*
Wait on the LORD:
14 *Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart:*
Wait, I say, on the LORD.

LESSON 8.

PSALM XXIX.

MIN. *Give unto the* LORD, *O ye mighty,*
PEO. Give unto the LORD glory and strength.
2 *Give unto the* LORD *the glory due unto his name;*
Worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.
3 *The voice of the* LORD *is upon the waters:*
The God of glory thundereth: the LORD is upon many waters.
4 *The voice of the* LORD *is powerful;*
The voice of the LORD is full of majesty.
5 *The voice of the* LORD *breaketh the cedars:*
Yea, the LORD breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
6 *He maketh them also to skip like a calf;*
Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.
7 { *The voice of the* LORD *divideth the flames of fire.*
8 { *The voice of the* LORD *shaketh the wilderness;*
The LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.
9 { *The voice of the* LORD *maketh the hinds to calve,*
And discovereth the forests:
And in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.
10 *The* LORD *sitteth upon the flood;*
Yea, the LORD sitteth King forever.
11 *The* LORD *will give strength unto his people;*
The LORD will bless his people with peace.

Psalm XXXIII.

Min *Rejoice in the* Lord, *O ye righteous:*
Peo. For praise is comely for the upright.
2 *Praise the* Lord *with harp:*
Sing unto him with the psaltery, and an instrument of ten strings.
3 *Sing unto him a new song;*
Play skilfully with a loud noise.
4 *For the word of the* Lord *is right;*
And all his works are done in truth.
5 *He loveth righteousness and judgment:*
The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.
6 *By the word of the* Lord *were the heavens made;*
And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.
7 *He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap:*
He layeth up the depth in storehouses.
8 *Let all the earth fear the* Lord:
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.
9 *For he spake, and it was done;*
He commanded, and it stood fast.
10 *The* Lord *bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought:*
He maketh the devices of the people of none effect.
11 *The counsel of the* Lord *standeth forever;*
The thoughts of his heart to all generations.
12 *Blessed is the nation whose God is the* Lord;
And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.
13 *The* Lord *looketh from heaven;*
He beholdeth all the sons of men.
14 *From the place of his habitation he looketh*
Upon all the inhabitants of the earth.
15 *He fashioneth their hearts alike;*
He considereth all their works.
16 *There is no king saved by the multitude of a host:*
A mighty man is not delivered by much strength.
17 *An horse is a vain thing for safety:*
Neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.
18 *Behold, the eye of the* Lord *is upon them that fear him,*
Upon them that hope in his mercy;
19 *To deliver their soul from death,*
And to keep them alive in famine.

20 *Our soul waiteth for the* LORD:
He is our help and our shield.
21 *For our heart shall rejoice in him,*
Because we have trusted in his holy **name.**
22 *Let thy mercy, O* LORD, *be upon us,*
According as we hope in thee.

LESSON 9.

PSALM XXXIV.

MIN. *I will bless the* LORD *at all times:*
PEO. His praise shall continually be in my **mouth.**
2 *My soul shall make her boast in the* LORD:
The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
3 *O, magnify the* LORD *with me,*
And let us exalt his name together.
4 *I sought the* LORD, *and he heard me,*
And delivered me from all my fears.
5 *They looked unto him, and were lightened:*
And their faces were not ashamed.
6 *This poor man cried, and the* LORD *heard him,*
And saved him out of all his troubles.
7 *The angel of the* LORD *encampeth round about them that fear him,*
And delivereth them.
8 *O, taste and see that the* LORD *is good.*
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
9 *O, fear the* LORD, *ye his saints:*
For there is no want to them that fear him.
10 *The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:*
But they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.
11 *Come, ye children, hearken unto me:*
I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
12 *What man is he that desireth life,*
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
13 *Keep thy tongue from evil,*
And thy lips from speaking guile.
14 *Depart from evil, and do good;*
Seek peace, and pursue it.
15 *The eyes of the* LORD *are upon the righteous,*
And his ears are open unto their cry.

16 *The face of the* Lord *is against them that do evil,*
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
17 *The righteous cry, and the* Lord *heareth,*
And delivereth them out of all their troubles.
18 *The* Lord *is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart;*
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
19 *Many are the afflictions of the righteous:*
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
20 *He keepeth all his bones:*
Not one of them is broken.
21 *Evil shall slay the wicked:*
And they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
22 *The* Lord *redeemeth the soul of his servants;*
And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

Psalm XXXVI.

Min. *The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart,*
Peo. That there is no fear of God before his eyes.
2 *For he flattereth himself in his own eyes,*
Until his iniquity be found to be hateful.
3 *The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit:*
He hath left off to be wise, and to do good.
4 *He deviseth mischief upon his bed;*
He setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil
5 *Thy mercy, O* Lord, *is in the heavens;*
And thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.
6 { *Thy righteousness is like the great mountains:*
Thy judgments are a great deep:
O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.
7 *How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!* [thy wings.
Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of
8 *They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;*
And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.
9 *For with thee is the fountain of life:*
In thy light shall we see light.
10 *O, continue thy loving kindness unto them that know thee;*
And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.
11 *Let not the foot of pride come against me,*
And let not the hand of the wicked remove me.
12 *There are the workers of iniquity fallen:*
They are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.

LESSON 10.

Psalm XXXVII., 1–11, 22–40.

Min. *Fret not thyself because of evil doers,*
Peo. Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.
2 *For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,*
And wither as the green herb.
3 *Trust in the* Lord, *and do good;*
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.
4 *Delight thyself also in the* Lord;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
5 *Commit thy way unto the* Lord;
Trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.
6 *And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,*
And thy judgment as the noonday.
7 *Rest in the* Lord, *and wait patiently for him:*
{ Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
{ Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
8 *Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:*
Fret not thyself in anywise to do evil.
9 *For evil doers shall be cut off:*
But those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.
10 *For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:*
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.
11 *But the meek shall inherit the earth;*
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

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22 *For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth;*
And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.
23 *The steps of a good man are ordered by the* Lord:
And he delighteth in his way.
24 *Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:*
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.
25 *I have been young, and now am old;* [bread.
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging
26 *He is ever merciful, and lendeth;*
And his seed is blessed.
27 *Depart from evil, and do good;*
And dwell for evermore.

28 *For the* LORD *loveth judgment,*
And forsaketh not his saints;
They are preserved forever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
29 *The righteous shall inherit the land,*
And dwell therein forever.
30 *The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom,*
And his tongue talketh of judgment.
31 *The law of his God is in his heart;*
None of his steps shall slide.
32 *The wicked watcheth the righteous,*
And seeketh to slay him.
33 *The* LORD *will not leave him in his hand,*
Nor condemn him when he is judged.
34 { *Wait on the* LORD *and keep his way,*
{ *And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:*
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
35 *I have seen the wicked in great power,*
And spreading himself like a green bay tree.
36 *Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not:*
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
37 *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:*
For the end of that man is peace.
38 *But the transgressors shall be destroyed together:*
The end of the wicked shall be cut off.
39 *But the salvation of the righteous is of the* LORD:
He is their strength in the time of trouble.
40 *And the* LORD *shall help them, and deliver them:*
{ He shall deliver them from the wicked,
{ And save them, because they trust in him.

LESSON 11.

PSALM XL.

MIN. *I waited patiently for the* LORD;
PEO. And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
2 *He brought me up also out of an horrible pit,*
Out of the miry clay,
And set my foot upon a rock,
And established my goings.

3 *And he hath put a new song in my mouth,*
Even praise unto our God:
Many shall see it, and fear,
And shall trust in the LORD.

4 *Blessed is that man that maketh the* LORD *his trust,*
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 *Many, O* LORD *my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done*
And thy thoughts which are to us-ward:
They cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee:
If I would declare and speak of them,
They are more than can be numbered.

6 *Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire;*
Mine ears hast thou opened:
Burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.

7 *Then, said I, Lo, I come:*
In the volume of the book it is written of me,

8 *I delight to do thy will, O my God:*
Yea, thy law is within my heart.

9 *I have preached righteousness in the great congregation;*
Lo, I have not refrained my lips,
O Lord, thou knowest.

10 *I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart;*
I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation.
I have not concealed thy loving kindness
And thy truth from the great congregation.

11 *Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O* LORD:
Let thy loving kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 *For innumerable evils have compassed me about:*
Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up;
They are more than the hairs of mine head:
Therefore my heart faileth me.

13 *Be pleased, O* LORD, *to deliver me:*
O LORD, make haste to help me.

14 *Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it;*
Let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

15 *Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame,*
That say unto me, Aha, aha.

16 *Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:*
Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.
17 *But I am poor and needy;*
Yet the Lord thinketh upon me:
Thou art my help and my deliverer;
Make no tarrying, O my God.

LESSON 12.

PSALM XLI.

MIN. *Blessed is he that considereth the poor:*
PEO. The LORD will deliver him in time of trouble.
2 { *The* LORD *will preserve him, and keep him alive;*
{ *And he shall be blessed upon the earth:*
And thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.
3 *The* LORD *will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing:*
Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.
4 *I said,* LORD, *be merciful unto me:*
Heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.
5 *Mine enemies speak evil of me,*
When shall he die, and his name perish?
6 *And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity:*
{ His heart gathereth iniquity to itself;
{ When he goeth abroad, he telleth it.
7 *All that hate me whisper together against me:*
Against me do they devise my hurt.
8 *An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him:*
And now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.
9 *Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted,*
Which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.
10 *But thou, O* LORD, *be merciful unto me, and raise me up.*
That I may requite them.
11 *By this I know that thou favorest me,*
Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.
12 *And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity,*
And settest me before thy face forever.
13 *Blessed be the* LORD *God of Israel from everlasting,*
And to everlasting. Amen and amen.

Psalm XLII.

Min. *As the hart panteth after the water brooks,*
Peo. So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
2 *My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:*
When shall I come and appear before God?
3 *My tears have been my meat day and night,*
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
4 { *When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me:*
{ *For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God,*
With the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.
5 *Why art thou cast down, O, my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?*
{ Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him
{ For the help of his countenance.
6 *O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee*
From the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.
7 *Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:*
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
8 *Yet the* Lord *will command his loving kindness in the daytime,*
And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
9 *I will say unto God, my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?*
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
10 *As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me;*
While they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?
11 *Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within*
{ Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, [*me?*
{ Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm XLIII.

Min. *Judge me, O, God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:*
Peo. O, deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.
2 *For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off?*
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
3 *O, send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me;*
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles;
4 *Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy;*
Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O, God, my God.
5 *Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted*
{ Hope in God; for I shall yet praise him, [*within me?*
{ Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

LESSON 13.

Psalm XLV.

Min. { *My heart is inditing a good matter:*
I speak of the things which I have made touching the king:

Peo. My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

2 *Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips:*
Therefore God hath blessed thee forever.

3 *Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O, most mighty,*
With thy glory and thy majesty.

4 { *And in thy majesty ride prosperously,*
Because of truth and meekness and righteousness;
And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

5 *Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies;*
Whereby the people fall under thee.

6 *Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever:*
The sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

7 *Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness:*
{ Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee
With the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

8 *All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia,*
Out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.

9 *Kings' daughters were among thy honorable women:*
Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

10 *Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear;*
Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;

11 *So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty:*
For he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

12 *And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift;*
Even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favor.

13 *The king's daughter is all glorious within:*
Her clothing is of wrought gold.

14 *She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework:*
The virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

15 *With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought:*
They shall enter into the king's palace.

16 *Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,*
Whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.

17 *I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations:*
Therefore shall the people praise thee, forever and ever.

Psalm XLVI.

Min. *God is our refuge and strength,*
Peo. A very present help in trouble.
2 *Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,*
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
3 *Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,*
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
4 *There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God:*
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
5 *God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:*
God shall help her, and that right early.
6 *The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved:*
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
7 *The* Lord *of hosts is with us;*
The God of Jacob is our refuge.
8 *Come, behold the works of the* Lord,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
9 *He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;*
{ He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
{ He burneth the chariot in the fire.
10 *Be still, and know that I am God:*
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
11 *The* Lord *of hosts is with us;*
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

LESSON 14.

Psalm XLVII.

Min. *O, clap your hands, all ye people;*
Peo. Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
2 *For the* Lord *most high is terrible:*
He is a great King over all the earth.
3 *He shall subdue the people under us,*
And the nations under our feet.
4 *He shall choose our inheritance for us,*
The excellency of Jacob whom he loved.
5 *God is gone up with a shout,*
The Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

6 *Sing praises to God, sing praises:*
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
7 *For God is the King of all the earth:*
Sing ye praises with understanding.
8 *God reigneth over the heathen:*
God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.
9 *The princes of the people are gathered together,*
Even the people of the God of Abraham:
For the shields of the earth belong unto God:
He is greatly exalted.

Psalm XLVIII.

Min. *Great is the* Lord, *and greatly to be praised*
Peo. In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.
2 *Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,*
On the sides of the north, the city of the great King.
3 *God is known in her palaces for a refuge.*
4 For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.
5 *They saw it, and so they marvelled;*
They were troubled, and hasted away.
6 *Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.*
7 Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.
8 { *As we have heard, so have we seen*
{ *In the city of the* Lord *of hosts, in the city of our God:*
God will establish it forever.
9 *We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God,*
In the midst of thy temple.
10 *According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise, unto the ends of the earth;*
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
11 *Let Mount Zion rejoice,*
Let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.
12 *Walk about Zion, and go round about her:*
Tell the towers thereof.
13 *Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces;*
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
14 *For this God is our God forever and ever;*
He will be our guide even unto death.

LESSON 15.

Psalm LI.

Min *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness:*
Peo. According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 *Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,*
And cleanse me from my sin.
3 *For I acknowledge my transgressions:*
And my sin is ever before me.
4 *Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,*
And done this evil in thy sight:
That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.
5 *Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;*
And in sin did my mother conceive me.
6 *Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts:*
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7 *Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:*
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
8 *Make me to hear joy and gladness;*
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
9 *Hide thy face from my sins,*
And blot out all mine iniquities.
10 *Create in me a clean heart, O God;*
And renew a right spirit within me.
11 *Cast me not away from thy presence;*
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
12 *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;*
And uphold me with thy free Spirit.
13 *Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;*
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
14 *Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;*
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
15 *O* Lord, *open thou my lips;*
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
16 *For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it:*
Thou delightest not in burnt offering.
17 *The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:*
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 *Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:*
·Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
19 *Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering.*
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Psalm CXXX.

Min. *Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O* Lord.
Peo. Lord, hear my voice:
2 *Let thine ears be attentive*
To the voice of my supplications.
3 *If thou,* Lord, *shouldest mark iniquities,*
O Lord, who shall stand?
4 *But there is forgiveness with thee,*
That thou mayest be feared,
5 *I wait for the* Lord, *my soul doth wait,*
And in his word do I hope.
6 *My soul waiteth for the* Lord, *more than they that watch for the morning:*
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
7 *Let Israel hope in the* Lord: *for with the* Lord *there is mercy,*
And with him is plenteous redemption.
8 *And he shall redeem Israel*
From all his iniquities.

LESSON 16.

Psalm LV.

Min. *Give ear to my prayer, O God;*
Peo. And hide not thyself from my supplication.
2 *Attend unto me and hear me:*
I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise;
3 *Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked:*
For they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me.
4 *My heart is sore pained within me:*
And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.
5 *Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,*
And horror hath overwhelmed me.
6 *And I said, O that I had wings like a dove!*
For then would I fly away, and be at rest.

7 *Lo, then would I wander far off,*
And remain in the wilderness.
8 *I would hasten my escape*
From the windy storm and tempest.
9 *Destroy, O* LORD, *and divide their tongues:*
For I have seen violence and strife in the city.
10 *Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof:*
Mischief, also, and sorrow are in the midst of it.
11 *Wickedness is in the midst thereof:*
Deceit and guile depart not from her streets.
12 *For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then could I have borne it:*
{ Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against [me;
{ Then I would have hid myself from him:
13 *But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.*
14 { We took sweet counsel together,
{ And walked unto the house of God in company.
15 *Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell:*
For wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them.
16 *As for me, I will call upon God;*
And the LORD shall save me.
17 *Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud:*
And he shall hear my voice.
18 *He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me:*
For there were many with me.
19 *God shall hear, and afflict them,*
Even he that abideth of old.
Because they have no changes,
Therefore they fear not God.
20 *He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him:*
He hath broken his covenant.
21 *The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart.*
His words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.
22 *Cast thy burden upon the* LORD, *and he shall sustain thee:*
He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.
23 *But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction:*
Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days;
BUT I WILL TRUST IN THEE.

LESSON 17.

Psalm LXI.

Min. *Hear my cry, O God;*
Peo. Attend unto my prayer.
2 *From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed;*
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
3 *For thou hast been a shelter for me,*
And a strong tower from the enemy.
4 *I will abide in thy tabernacle forever:*
I will trust in the covert of thy wings.
5 *For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:*
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.
6 *Thou wilt prolong the king's life:*
And his years as many generations.
7 *He shall abide before God forever:*
O, prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.
8 *So I will sing praise unto thy name forever,*
That I may daily perform my vows.

Psalm LXII.

Min. *Truly my soul waiteth upon God:*
Peo. From him cometh my salvation.
2 *He only is my rock and my salvation;*
He is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.
3 *How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you:*
As a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.
4 *They only consult to cast him down from his excellency; they delight in lies:*
They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.
5 *My soul, wait thou only upon God:*
For my expectation is from him.
6 *He only is my rock and my salvation:*
He is my defence; I shall not be moved.
7 *In God is my salvation and my glory:*
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

8 *Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him:*
God is a refuge for us.
9 *Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:*
To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.
10 *Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:*
If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.
11 *God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this,*
That power belongeth unto God.
12 *Also unto thee, O* LORD, *belongeth mercy:*
For thou renderest to every man according to his work.

PSALM LXIII.

MIN. *O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee;*
PEO. My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;
2 *To see thy power and thy glory,*
So as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.
3 *Because thy loving kindness is better than life,*
My lips shall praise thee.
4 *Thus will I bless thee while I live:*
I will lift up my hands in thy name.
5 *My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;*
And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:
6 *When I remember thee upon my bed,*
And meditate on thee in the night watches.
7 *Because thou hast been my help,*
Therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
8 *My soul followeth hard after thee:*
Thy right hand upholdeth me.
9 *But those that seek my soul to destroy it,*
Shall go into the lower parts of the earth.
10 *They shall fall by the sword:*
They shall be a portion for foxes.
11 *But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory:*
But the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

LESSON 18.

Psalm LXIV.

Min. *Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer:*
Peo. Preserve my life from fear of the enemy.
2 *Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked;*
From the insurrection of the workers of iniquity:
3 *Who whet their tongue like a sword,*
And bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words:
4 *That they may shoot in secret at the perfect:*
Suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.
5 { *They encourage themselves in an evil matter;*
{ *They commune of laying snares privily;*
They say, Who shall see them?
6 *They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search:*
Both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart is deep.
7 *But God shall shoot at them with an arrow;*
Suddenly shall they be wounded.
8 *So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves.*
All that see them shall flee away.
9 *And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God;*
For they shall wisely consider of his doing.
10 *The righteous shall be glad in the* Lord, *and shall trust in him;*
And all the upright in heart shall glory.

Psalm LXV.

Min. *Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:*
Peo. And unto thee shall the vow be performed.
2 *O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.*
3 { Iniquities prevail against me:
{ As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.
4 *Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:*
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.
5 *By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation;*
Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

6 *Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:*
7 { Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves,
{ And the tumult of the people.
8 *They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:*
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.
9 *Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it:*
Thou greatly enrichest it
With the river of God, which is full of water:
Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.
10 *Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly, thou settlest the furrows thereof.*
Thou makest it soft with showers, thou blessest the springing thereof.
11 *Thou crownest the year with thy goodness:*
And thy paths drop fatness.
12 *They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:*
And the little hills rejoice on every side.
13 *The pastures are clothed with flocks;*
{ The valleys also are covered over with corn;
{ They shout for joy, they also sing.

LESSON 19.

Psalm LXVI.

Min. *Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:*
Peo. Sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.
3 *Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works!*
Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.
4 *All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee;*
They shall sing to thy name.
5 *Come and see the works of God:*
He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.
6 *He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot:*
There did we rejoice in him.
7 *He ruleth by his power forever; his eyes behold the nations:*
Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.
8 *O bless our God, ye people,*
And make the voice of his praise to be heard:
9 *Which holdeth our soul in life,*
And suffereth not our feet to be moved.

10 *For thou, O God, hast proved us:*
Thou hast tried us as silver is tried.
11 *Thou broughtest us into the net;*
Thou laidst affliction upon our loins.
12 { *Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads;*
We went through fire and through water:
But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.
13 *I will go into thy house with burnt offerings:*
I will pay thee my vows,
14 *Which my lips have uttered,*
And my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.
15 { *I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings,*
With the incense of rams:
I will offer bullocks with goats.
16 *Come and hear, all ye that fear God,*
And I will declare what he hath done for my soul.
17 *I cried unto him with my mouth,*
And he was extolled with my tongue.
18 *If I regard iniquity in my heart,*
The LORD will not hear me:
19 *But verily God hath heard me;*
He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
20 *Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer,*
Nor his mercy from me.

PSALM LXVII.

MIN. *God be merciful unto us, and bless us:*
PEO. And cause his face to shine upon us;
2 *That thy way may be known upon earth,*
Thy saving health among all nations.
3 *Let the people praise thee, O God;*
Let all the people praise thee.
4 { *O, let the nations be glad and sing for joy:*
For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
And govern the nations upon earth.
5 *Let the people praise thee, O God,*
Let all the people praise thee.
6 *Then shall the earth yield her increase;*
And God, even our own God, shall bless us.
7 GOD SHALL BLESS US;
AND ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH SHALL FEAR HIM.

LESSON 20.

Psalm LXVIII.

Min. *Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered:*
Peo. Let them also that hate him flee before him.
2 *As smoke is driven away, so drive them away:*
As wax melteth before the fire,
So let the wicked perish at the presence of God.
3 *But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God.*
Yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.
4 *Sing unto God, sing praises to his name:*
Extol him that rideth upon the heavens,
By his name JAH, and rejoice before him.
5 *A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows,*
Is God in his holy habitation.
6 *God setteth the solitary in families:*
He bringeth out those which are bound with chains:
But the rebellious dwell in a dry land.
7 *O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people,*
When thou didst march through the wilderness;
8 *The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God;*
Even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.
9 *Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain,*
Whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.
10 *Thy congregation hath dwelt there within:*
Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.
11 *The* Lord *gave the word:*
Great was the company of those that published it.
12 *Kings of armies did flee apace;*
And she that tarried at home divided the spoil.
13 *Though ye have lain among the pots,*
Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver,
And her feathers with yellow gold.
14 *When the Almighty scattered kings in it,*
It was white as snow in Salmon.
15 *The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan;*
A high hill, as the hill of Bashan.
16 *Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in;*
Yea, the Lord will dwell in it forever.

17 *The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels;*
The Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.
18 { *Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive;*
Thou hast received gifts for men; [them.
Yea, for the rebellious also, that the LORD God might dwell among
19 *Blessed be the* LORD, *who daily loadeth us with benefits,*
Even the God of our salvation.
20 *He that is our God is the God of Salvation;*
And unto God the LORD belong the issues from death.
21 *But God shall wound the head of his enemies,*
And the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his trespasses
22 *The* LORD *said, I will bring again from Bashan,*
I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea:
23 *That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies,*
And the tongue of thy dogs in the same.
24 *They have seen thy goings, O God;*
Even the goings of my God, my King, in the sanctuary.
25 *The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after;*
Among them were the damsels playing with timbrels.
26 *Bless ye God in the congregations,*
Even the LORD, from the fountain of Israel.
27 { *There is little Benjamin with their ruler,*
The princes of Judah and their council,
The princes of Zebulun, and the princes of Naphtali.
28 *Thy God hath commanded thy strength;*
Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.
29 *Because of thy temple at Jerusalem*
Shall kings bring presents unto thee.
30 { *Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the people,*
Till every one submit himself with pieces of silver;
Scatter thou the people that delight in war.
31 *Princes shall come out of Egypt;*
Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.
32 *Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;*
Oh sing praises unto the LORD;
33 *To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old;*
Lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.
34 *Ascribe ye strength unto God;*
His excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.

35 *O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places.*
The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people.
BLESSED BE GOD.

LESSON 21.

PSALM LXXII.

MIN. *Give the king thy judgments, O God,*
PEO And thy righteousness unto the king's son.
2 *He shall judge thy people with righteousness,*
And thy poor with judgment.
3 *The mountains shall bring peace to the people,*
And the little hills, by righteousness.
4 *He shall judge the poor of the people,*
He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.
5 *They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure,*
Throughout all generations.
6 *He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:*
As showers that water the earth.
7 *In his days shall the righteous flourish;*
And abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.
8 *He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,*
And from the river unto the ends of the earth.
9 *They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him;*
And his enemies shall lick the dust.
10 *The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:*
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
11 *Yea, all kings shall fall down before him:*
All nations shall serve him.
12 *For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth;*
The poor also, and him that hath no helper.
13 *He shall spare the poor and needy,*
And shall save the souls of the needy.
14 *He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:*
And precious shall their blood be in his sight.
15 *And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:*
Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

16 *There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains:*
The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

17 *His name shall endure forever:*
His name shall be continued as long as the sun:
And men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

18 *Blessed be the* Lord *God, the God of Israel,*
Who only doeth wondrous things.

19 *And blessed be his glorious name forever:*
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.
Amen, and Amen.

Psalm LXXVI.

Min. *In Judah is God known:*
Peo. His name is great in Israel.

2 *In Salem also is his tabernacle,*
And his dwelling-place in Zion.

3 *There brake he the arrows of the bow,*
The shield, and the sword, and the battle.

4 *Thou art more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey.*

5 *The stout-hearted are spoiled,*
They have slept their sleep:
And none of the men of might have found their hands.

6 *At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob,*
Both the chariot and horse are cast into a dead sleep.

7 *Thou, even thou, art to be feared:*
And who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?

8 *Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven;*
The earth feared, and was still,

9 *When God arose to judgment,*
To save all the meek of the earth.

10 *Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee:*
The remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.

11 *Vow, and pay unto the* Lord *your God:*
Let all that be round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared.

12 *He shall cut off the spirit of princes:*
He is terrible to the kings of the earth.

LESSON 22.

Psalm LXXX.

Min. *Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock;*

Peo. Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

2 *Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength,*
And come and save us.

3 *Turn us again, O God,*
And cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

4 *O* Lord *God of hosts,*
How long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

5 *Thou feedest them with the bread of tears;*
And givest them tears to drink in great measure.

6 *Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors:*
And our enemies laugh among themselves.

7 *Turn us again, O God of hosts,*
And cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

8 *Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt:*
Thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it.

9 *Thou preparedst room before it,*
And didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

10 *The hills were covered with the shadow of it,*
And the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

11 *She sent out her boughs unto the sea,*
And her branches unto the river.

12 *Why hast thou then broken down her hedges,*
So that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?

13 *The boar out of the wood doth waste it,*
And the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

14 *Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts:*
Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine;

15 *And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted,*
And the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

16 *It is burned with fire, it is cut down:*
They perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

17 *Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand,*
Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

18 *So will not we go back from thee:*
Quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.
19 *Turn us again, O* Lord *God of hosts,*
Cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Psalm LXXXI.

Min. *Sing aloud unto God our strength;*
Peo. Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.
2 *Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel,*
The pleasant harp with the psaltery.
3 *Blow up the trumpet in the new moon,*
In the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.
4 *For this was a statute for Israel,*
And a law of the God of Jacob.
5 { *This he ordained in Joseph for a testimony,*
When he went out through the land of Egypt:
Where I heard a language that I understood not.
6 *I removed his shoulder from the burden:*
His hands were delivered from the pots.
7 *Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee;*
{ I answered thee in the secret place of thunder:
I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.
8 *Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee:*
O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me;
9 *There shall no strange God be in thee:*
Neither shalt thou worship any strange God.
10 *I am the* Lord *thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt:*
Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.
11 *But my people would not hearken to my voice;*
And Israel would none of me.
12 *So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust:*
And they walked in their own counsels.
13 *Oh that my people had hearkened unto me,*
And Israel had walked in my ways!
14 *I should soon have subdued their enemies,*
And turned my hand against their adversaries.
15 *The haters of the* Lord *should have submitted themselves unto him:*
But their time should have endured forever.
16 *He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat:*
And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.

LESSON 23.

Psalm LXXXIV.

Min. *How amiable are thy tabernacles,*
Peo. O Lord of hosts!
2 *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the* Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
3 *Yea, the sparrow hath found a house,*
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O Lord *of hosts,*
My King and my God.
4 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:*
They will be still praising thee.
5 *Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;*
In whose heart are the ways of them,
6 *Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well:*
The rain also filleth the pools.
7 *They go from strength to strength,*
Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
8 *O* Lord *God of hosts, hear my prayer:*
Give ear, O God of Jacob.
9 *Behold, O God our shield,*
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
10 *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.*
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
11 *For the* Lord *God is a sun and shield: the* Lord *will give grace and glory;*
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
12 *O* Lord *of hosts,*
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Psalm LXXXV.

Min. Lord, *thou hast been favorable unto thy land:*
Peo. Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.
2 *Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people;*
Thou hast covered all their sin.
3 *Thou hast taken away all thy wrath:*
Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

4 *Turn us, O God of our salvation,*
And cause thine anger toward us to cease.
5 *Wilt thou be angry with us forever?*
Wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?
6 *Wilt thou not revive us again:*
That thy people may rejoice in thee?
7 *Shew us thy mercy, O* LORD,
And grant us thy salvation.
8 { *I will hear what God the* LORD *will speak:*
{ *For he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints:*
But let them not turn again to folly.
9 *Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him;*
That glory may dwell in our land.
10 *Mercy and truth are met together;*
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
11 *Truth shall spring out of the earth;*
And righteousness shall look down from heaven.
12 *Yea, the* LORD *shall give that which is good;*
And our land shall yield her increase.
13 *Righteousness shall go before him;*
And shall set us in the way of his steps.

LESSON 24.

PSALM LXXXVI.

MIN. *Bow down thine ear, O* LORD, *hear me:*
PEO. For I am poor and needy,
2 *Preserve my soul; for I am holy:*
O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.
3 *Be merciful unto me, O* LORD:
For I cry unto thee daily.
4 *Rejoice the soul of thy servant:*
For unto thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.
5 *For thou,* LORD, *art good, and ready to forgive;*
And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.
6 *Give ear, O* LORD, *unto my prayer;*
And attend to the voice of my supplications.
7 *In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee:*
For thou wilt answer me.
8 *Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O* LORD;
Neither are there any works like unto thy works.

9 *All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O* LORD;
And shall glorify thy name.
10 *For thou art great, and doest wondrous things:*
Thou art God alone.
11 *Teach me thy way, O* LORD; *I will walk in thy truth.*
Unite my heart to fear thy name.
12 *I will praise thee, O* LORD *my God, with all my heart:*
And I will glorify thy name for evermore.
13 *For great is thy mercy toward me:*
And thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.
14 { *O God, the proud are risen against me,*
And the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul;
And have not set thee before them.
15 *But thou, O* LORD, *art a God full of compassion, and gracious,*
Long suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.
16 *Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;*
Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.
17 { *Shew me a token for good;*
That they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed:
Because thou, LORD, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

{ MIN. *His foundation is in the holy mountains.*
{ 2 *The* LORD *loveth the gates of Zion*
PEO. More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
3 *Glorious things are spoken of thee,*
O city of God.
4 *I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me:*
Behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this man was born there.
5 *And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her:*
And the Highest himself shall establish her.
6 *The* LORD *shall count, when he writeth up the people,*
That this man was born there.
7 *As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there:*
All my springs are in thee.

LESSON 25.

Psalm LXXXIX., 1–34.

Min. *I will sing of the mercies of the* Lord *for ever:*
Peo. With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.
2 *For I have said, Mercy shall be built up forever:*
Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.
3 *I have made a covenant with my chosen,*
I have sworn unto David my servant,
4 *Thy seed will I establish forever,*
And build up thy throne to all generations.
5 *And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O* Lord:
Thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.
6 *For who in the heavens can be compared unto the* Lord?
Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?
7 *God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints:*
And to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.
8 *O* Lord *God of hosts, who is a strong* Lord *like unto thee?*
Or to thy faithfulness round about thee?
9 *Thou rulest the raging of the sea:*
When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.
10 *Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain;*
Thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.
11 *The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:*
As for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.
12 *The north and south, thou hast created them:*
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.
13 *Thou hast a mighty arm:*
Strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.
14 *Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne:*
Mercy and truth shall go before thy face.
15 *Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:*
They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.
16 *In thy name shall they rejoice all the day:*
And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.
17 *For thou art the glory of their strength:*
And in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.
18 *For the* Lord *is our defence;*
And the Holy One of Israel is our king.

19 { *Then thou spakest in vision to thy holy one, and saidst,*
I have laid help upon one that is mighty;
I have exalted one chosen out of the people.
20 *I have found David my servant;*
With my holy oil have I anointed him:
21 *With whom my hand shall be established:*
Mine arm also shall strengthen him.
22 *The enemy shall not exact upon him:*
Nor the son of wickedness afflict him.
23 *And I will beat down his foes before his face,*
And plague them that hate him.
24 *But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him*
And in my name shall his horn be exalted.
25 *I will set his hand also in the sea,*
And his right hand in the rivers.
26 *He shall cry unto me, Thou art my father,*
My God, and the rock of my salvation.
27 *Also I will make him my firstborn,*
Higher than the kings of the earth.
28 *My mercy will I keep for him for evermore,*
And my covenant shall stand fast with him.
29 *His seed also will I make to endure for ever,*
And his throne as the days of heaven.
30 *If his children forsake my law,*
And walk not in my judgments;
31 *If they break my statutes,*
And keep not my commandments;
32 *Then will I visit their transgression with the rod,*
And their iniquity with stripes.
33 *Nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him,*
Nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.
34 *My covenant will I not break,*
Nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

LESSON 26.

Psalm XC.

Min. Lord, *thou hast been our dwelling-place,*
Peo. In all generations.
2 *Before the mountains were brought forth.*
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
3 *Thou turnest man to destruction;*
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
4 *For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,*
And as a watch in the night.
5 *Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:*
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up;
6 *In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;*
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
7 *For we are consumed by thine anger,*
And by thy wrath we are troubled.
8 *Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,*
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
9 *For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:*
We spend our years as a tale that is told.
10 *The days of our years are threescore years and ten:*
And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
Yet is their strength labor and sorrow;
For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
11 *Who knoweth the power of thine anger?*
Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.
12 *So teach us to number our days,*
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
13 *Return,* O Lord, *how long?*
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
14 *O satisfy us early with thy mercy:*
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
15 *Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,*
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
16 *Let thy work appear unto thy servants,*
And thy glory unto their children.

17 *And let the beauty of the* LORD *our God be upon us:*
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS ESTABLISH THOU IT.

PSALM XCI.

MIN. *He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High*
PEO. Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
2 *I will say of the* LORD, *He is my refuge and my fortress:*
My God; in him will I trust.
3 *Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,*
And from the noisome pestilence.
4 *He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:*
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
5 *Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;*
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
6 *Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness;*
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
7 *A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;*
But it shall not come nigh thee.
8 *Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,*
And see the reward of the wicked.
9 *Because thou hast made the* LORD, *which is my refuge,*
Even the Most High, thy habitation;
10 *There shall no evil befall thee,*
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
11 *For he shall give his angels charge over thee,*
To keep thee in all thy ways.
12 *They shall bear thee up in their hands,*
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
13 *Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder;*
The young lion, and the dragon, shalt thou trample under feet.
14 *Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him;*
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
15 *He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble;*
I will deliver him and honor him.
16 *With long life will I satisfy him,*
And shew him my salvation.

LESSON 27.

Psalm XCV.

Min. *Oh come, let us sing unto the* Lord:
Peo. Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.
2 *Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,*
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
3 *For the* Lord *is a great God,*
And a great King above all gods.
4 *In his hand are the deep places of the earth:*
The strength of the hills is his also.
5 *The sea is his, and he made it:*
And his hands formed the dry land.
6 *Oh come, let us worship and bow down:*
Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.
7 *For he is our God;*
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
8 { *To-day if ye will hear his voice,*
{ *Harden not your heart, as in the provocation,*
And as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:
9 *When your fathers tempted me,*
Proved me, and saw my work.
10 { *Forty years long was I grieved with this generation,*
{ *And said, It is a people that do err in their heart,*
And they have not known my ways:
11 *Unto whom I sware in my wrath*
That they should not enter into my rest.

Psalm XCVI.

Min. *Oh sing unto the* Lord *a new song:*
Peo. Sing unto the Lord, all the earth,
2 *Sing unto the* Lord, *bless his name;*
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.
3 *Declare his glory among the heathen,*
His wonders among all people.
4 *For the* Lord *is great, and greatly to be praised:*
He is to feared above all gods.
5 *For all the gods of the nations are idols:*
But the Lord made the heavens.

6 *Honor and majesty are before him:*
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
7 *Give unto the* LORD, *O ye kindreds of the people,*
Give unto the LORD glory and strength.
8 *Give unto the* LORD *the glory due unto his name:*
Bring an offering, and come into his courts.
9 *Oh worship the* LORD *in the beauty of holiness:*
Fear before him, all the earth.
10 { *Say among the heathen that the* LORD *reigneth:*
The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved:
He shall judge the people righteously.
11 *Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad;*
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.
12 *Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:*
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice
13 *Before the* LORD: *for he cometh,*
For he cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the people with his truth.

LESSON 28.

PSALM XCVII.

MIN. *The* LORD *reigneth; let the earth rejoice;*
PEO. Let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.
2 *Clouds and darkness are round about him:*
Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.
3 *A fire goeth before him,*
And burneth up his enemies round about.
4 *His lightnings enlightened the world:*
The earth saw, and trembled.
5 *The hills melted like wax at the presence of the* LORD,
At the presence of the LORD of the whole earth.
6 *The heavens declare his righteousness,*
And all the people see his glory.
7 { *Confounded be all they that serve graven images,*
That boast themselves of idols:
Worship him, all ye gods.
8 *Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced,*
Because of thy judgments, O LORD.

9 *For thou*, LORD, *art high above all the earth:*
Thou art exalted far above all gods.
10 *Ye that love the* LORD, *hate evil: he preserveth the soul of his saints;*
He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.
11 *Light is sown for the righteous,*
And gladness for the upright in heart.
12 *Rejoice in the* LORD, *ye righteous;*
And give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

MIN. *Oh sing unto the* LORD *a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:*
PEO. His right hand and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.
2 *The* LORD *hath made known his salvation:*
His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.
3 *He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:*
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
4 *Make a joyful noise unto the* LORD, *all the earth:*
Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
5 *Sing unto the* LORD *with the harp;*
With the harp, and the voice of a psalm.
6 *With trumpets, and sound of cornet,*
Make a joyful noise before the LORD, the King.
7 *Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;*
The world, and they that dwell therein.
8 *Let the floods clap their hands:*
Let the hills be joyful together,
9 *Before the* LORD*; for he cometh to judge the earth;* [equity.
With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with

LESSON 29.

PSALM XCIII.

MIN. *The* LORD *reigneth,*
PEO. He is clothed with majesty;
The LORD *is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself.*
The world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.
2 *Thy throne is established of old:*
Thou art from everlasting.
3 *The floods have lifted up, O* LORD, *the floods have lifted up their voice.*
The floods lift up their waves.

4 *The* LORD *on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,*
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.
5 *Thy testimonies are very sure:*
Holiness becometh thine house, O LORD, for ever.

PSALM XCIX.

MIN. *The* LORD *reigneth; let the people tremble:*
PEO. He sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.
2 *The* LORD *is great in Zion;*
And he is high above all the people.
3 *Let them praise thy great and terrible name;*
For it is holy.
4 *The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity,*
Thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.
5 *Exalt ye the* LORD *our God,*
And worship at his footstool; for he is holy.
6 { *Moses and Aaron among his priests,*
{ *And Samuel among them that call upon his name;*
They called upon the LORD, and he answered them.
7 *He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar:*
They kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.
8 *Thou answeredst them, O* LORD *our God:*
{ Thou wast a God that forgavest them,
{ Though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.
9 *Exalt the* LORD *our God, and worship at his holy hill;*
For the LORD our God is holy.

PSALM C.

MIN. *Make a joyful noise unto the* LORD, *all ye lands.*
2 PEO. Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing.
3 { *Know ye that the* LORD *he is God:*
{ *It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;*
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
4 *Enter his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:*
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
5 *For the* LORD *is good; his mercy is everlasting;*
And his truth endureth to all generations.

LESSON 30.

Psalm CII.

Min. *Hear my prayer, O* Lord,
Peo. And let my cry come unto thee.
2 *Hide not thy face from me*
In the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me:
In the day when I call answer me speedily.
3 *For my days are consumed like smoke,*
And my bones are burned as a hearth.
4 *My heart is smitten, and withered like grass;*
So that I forget to eat my bread.
5 *By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.*
6 *I am like a pelican of the wilderness:*
I am like an owl of the desert.
7 *I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.*
8 *Mine enemies reproach me all the day;*
And they that are mad against me are sworn against me.
9 *For I have eaten ashes like bread,*
And mingled my drink with weeping.
10 *Because of thine indignation and thy wrath:*
For thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.
11 *My days are like a shadow that declineth;*
And I am withered like grass.
12 *But thou, O* Lord, *shalt endure for ever;*
And thy remembrance unto all generations.
13 *Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion:*
For the time to favor her, yea, the set time, is come.
14 *For thy servants take pleasure in her stones,*
And favor the dust thereof.
15 *So the heathen shall fear the name of the* Lord,
And all the kings of the earth thy glory.
16 *When the* Lord *shall build up Zion,*
He shall appear in his glory.
17 *He will regard the prayer of the destitute,*
And not despise their prayer.
18 *This shall be written for the generation to come,*
And the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.
19 *For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary;*
From heaven did the Lord behold the earth;

20 *To hear the groaning of the prisoner;*
To loose those that are appointed to death;
21 *To declare the name of the* LORD *in Zion,*
And his praise in Jerusalem;
22 *When the people are gathered together,*
And the kingdoms, to serve the LORD.
23 *He weakened my strength in the way;*
He shortened my days.
24 *I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days:*
Thy years are throughout all generations.
25 *Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth:*
And the heavens are the work of thy hands.
26 *They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:*
Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment;
As a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:
27 But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.
28 *The children of thy servants shall continue,*
And their seed shall be established before thee.

LESSON 31.

PSALM CIII.

MIN. *Bless the* LORD, *O my soul:*
PEO. And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
2 *Bless the* LORD, *O my soul,*
And forget not all his benefits:
3 *Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;*
Who healeth all thy diseases;
4 *Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;*
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;
5 *Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;*
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
6 *The* LORD *executeth righteousness*
And judgment for all that are oppressed.
7 *He made known his ways unto Moses,*
His acts unto the children of Israel.
8 *The* LORD *is merciful and gracious,*
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
9 *He will not always chide:*
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 *He hath not dealt with us after our sins;*
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
11 *For as the heaven is high above the earth,*
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
12 *As far as the east is from the west,*
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
13 *Like as a father pitieth his children,*
So the LORD pitieth them that fear him.
14 *For he knoweth our frame;*
He remembereth that we are dust.
15 *As for man, his days are as grass:*
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
16 *For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;*
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
17 *But the mercy of the* LORD *is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,*
And his righteousness unto children's children;
18 *To such as keep his covenant,*
And to those that remember his commandments to do them.
19 *The* LORD *hath prepared his throne in the heavens;*
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
20 *Bless the* LORD, *ye his angels, that excel in strength,*
That do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
21 *Bless ye the* LORD, *all ye his hosts;*
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
22 *Bless the* LORD, *all his works, in all places of his dominion:*
Bless the LORD, O my soul.

LESSON 32.

PSALM CIV.

MIN. *Bless the* LORD, *O my soul. O* LORD *my God, thou art very great;*
PEO. Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
2 *Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:*
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
3 *Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:*
Who maketh the clouds his chariot:
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
4 *Who maketh his angels spirits;*
His ministers a flaming fire:

5 *Who laid the foundations of the earth,*
That it should not be removed for ever.
6 *Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment:*
The waters stood above the mountains.
7 *At thy rebuke they fled;*
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.
8 *They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys,*
Unto the place which thou hast founded for them.
9 *Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;*
That they turn not again to cover the earth.
10 *He sendeth the springs into the valleys,*
Which run among the hills.
11 *They give drink to every beast of the field:*
The wild asses quench their thirst.
12 *By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,*
Which sing among the branches.
13 *He watereth the hills from his chambers:*
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
14 *He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,*
And herb for the service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth;
15 And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
16 *The trees of the* LORD *are full of sap;*
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
17 *Where the birds make their nests:*
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
18 *The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats;*
And the rocks for the conies.
19 *He appointed the moon for seasons:*
The sun knoweth his going down.
20 *Thou makest darkness, and it is night:*
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
21 *The young lions roar after their prey,*
And seek their meat from God.
22 *The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together,*
And lay them down in their dens.
23 *Man goeth forth unto his work*
And to his labor until the evening.

24 *O* Lord, *how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them*
The earth is full of thy riches. [*all:*
25 *So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable,*
Both small and great beasts.
26 *There go the ships:*
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.
27 *These wait all upon thee;*
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
28 *That thou givest them they gather:*
Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.
29 *Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled:*
Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.
30 *Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created:*
And thou renewest the face of the earth.
31 *The glory of the* Lord *shall endure forever:*
The Lord shall rejoice in his works.
32 *He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth:*
He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
33 *I will sing unto the* Lord *as long as I live:*
I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.
34 *My meditation of him shall be sweet:*
I will be glad in the Lord.
35 *Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth,*
And let the wicked be no more.
Bless thou the Lord, *O my soul.*
Praise ye the Lord.

LESSON 33.

Psalm CV.

Min. *Oh give thanks unto the* Lord*; call upon his name;*
Peo. Make known his deeds among the people.
2 *Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him:*
Talk ye of all his wondrous works.
3 *Glory ye in his holy name:*
Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.
4 *Seek the* Lord, *and his strength:*
Seek his face evermore.
5 *Remember his marvellous works that he hath done:*
His wonders, and the judgments of his mouth;

6 *O ye seed of Abraham his servant,*
Ye children of Jacob his chosen.
7 *He is the* LORD *our God:*
His judgments are in all the earth.
8 *He hath remembered his covenant for ever,*
The word which he commanded to a thousand generations.
9 *Which covenant he made with Abraham,*
And his oath unto Isaac;
10 *And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law,*
And to Israel for an everlasting covenant:
11 *Saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan,*
The lot of your inheritance:
12 *When they were but a few men in number;*
Yea, very few, and strangers in it.
13 *When they went from one nation to another,*
From one kingdom to another people;
14 *He suffered no man to do them wrong:*
Yea, he reproved kings for their sakes;
15 *Saying, Touch not mine anointed,*
And do my prophets no harm.
16 *Moreover he called for a famine upon the land:*
He brake the whole staff of bread.
17 *He sent a man before them,*
Even Joseph, who was sold for a servant:
18 *Whose feet they hurt with fetters:*
He was laid in iron,
19 *Until the time that his word came:*
The word of the LORD tried him.
20 *The king sent and loosed him:*
Even the ruler of the people, and let him go free.
21 *He made him lord of his house,*
And ruler of all his substance:
22 *To bind his princes at his pleasure;*
And teach his senators wisdom.
23 *Israel also came into Egypt;*
And Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham.
24 *And he increased his people greatly;*
And made them stronger than their enemies.
25 *He turned their heart to hate his people,*
To deal subtilely with his servants.

26 *He sent Moses, his servant;*
And Aaron whom he had chosen.
27 *They shewed his signs among them,*
And wonders in the land of Ham.
28 *He sent darkness, and made it dark;*
And they rebelled not against his word.
29 *He turned their waters into blood,*
And slew their fish.
30 *Their land brought forth frogs in abundance,*
In the chambers of their kings.
31 *He spake, and there came divers sorts of flies,*
And lice in all their coasts.
32 *He gave them hail for rain,*
And flaming fire in their land.
33 *He smote their vines also, and their fig trees;*
And brake the trees of their coasts.
34 *He spake, and the locusts came,*
And caterpillars, and that without number,
35 *And did eat up all the herbs in their land,*
And devoured the fruit of their ground,
36 *He smote also all the firstborn in their land,*
The chief of all their strength.
37 *He brought them forth also with silver and gold:*
And there was not one feeble person among their tribes.
38 *Egypt was glad when they departed:*
For the fear of them fell upon them.
39 *He spread a cloud for a covering;*
And fire to give light in the night.
40 *The people asked, and he brought quails,*
And satisfied them with the bread of heaven.
41 *He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out;*
They ran in the dry places like a river.
42 *For he remembered his holy promise,*
And Abraham, his servant.
43 *And brought forth his people with joy,*
And his chosen with gladness:
44 *And gave them the lands of the heathen:*
And they inherited the labor of the people;
45 *That they might observe his statutes,*
And keep his laws.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 34.

Psalm CVII.

Min. *Oh give thanks unto the* Lord, *for he is good;*
Peo. For his mercy endureth for ever.
2 *Let the redeemed of the* Lord *say so,*
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;
3 *And gathered them out of the lands,*
From the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.
4 *They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way;*
They found no city to dwell in.
5 *Hungry and thirsty,*
Their soul fainted in them,
6 *Then they cried unto the* Lord *in their trouble,*
And he delivered them out of their distresses.
7 *And he led them forth by the right way,*
That they might go to a city of habitation.
8 *Oh that men would praise the* Lord *for his goodness,*
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
9 *For he satisfieth the longing soul,*
And filleth the hungry soul with goodness.
10 *Such as sit in darkness and the shadow of death,*
Being bound in affliction and iron;
11 *Because they rebelled against the words of God,*
And contemned the counsel of the Most High:
12 *Therefore he brought down their heart with labor;*
They fell down, and there was none to help.
13 *Then they cried unto the* Lord *in their trouble,*
And he saved them out of their distresses.
14 *He brought them out of darkness, and the shadow of death,*
And brake their bands in sunder.
15 *Oh that men would praise the* Lord *for his goodness,*
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
16 *For he hath broken the gates of brass,*
And cut the bars of iron in sunder.
17 *Fools, because of their transgression,*
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.
18 *Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat;*
And they draw near unto the gates of death.

19 *Then they cry unto the* LORD *in their trouble,*
And he saveth them out of their distresses.
20 *He sent his word, and healed them,*
And delivered them from their destructions.
21 *Oh that men would praise the* LORD *for his goodness,*
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
22 *And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving,*
And declare his works with rejoicing.
23 *They that go down to the sea in ships,*
That do business in great waters;
24 *These see the works of the* LORD,
And his wonders in the deep.
25 *For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,*
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
26 *They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths;*
Their soul is melted because of trouble.
27 *They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,*
And are at their wit's end.
28 *Then they cry unto the* LORD *in their trouble,*
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.
29 *He maketh the storm a calm,*
So that the waves thereof are still.
30 *Then are they glad because they be quiet;*
So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.
31 *Oh that men would praise the* LORD *for his goodness,*
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
32 *Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people,*
And praise him in the assembly of the elders.
33 *He turneth rivers into a wilderness,*
And the water-springs into dry ground;
34 *A fruitful land into barrenness,*
For the wickedness of them that dwell therein.
35 *He turneth the wilderness into a standing water,*
And the dry ground into water-springs.
36 *And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,*
That they may prepare a city for habitation;
37 *And sow the fields, and plant vineyards,*
Which may yield fruits of increase.
38 *He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly;*
And suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

39 *Again, they are minished and brought low,*
Through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.
40 *He poureth contempt upon princes,*
And causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way
41 *Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction,*
And maketh him families like a flock.
42 *The righteous shall see it, and rejoice:*
And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.
43 *Whoso is wise, and will observe these things,*
Even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the LORD.

LESSON 35.

PSALM CXI.

MIN. *Praise ye the* LORD. *I will praise the* LORD *with my whole heart,*
PEO. In the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.
2 *The works of the* LORD *are great,*
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
3 *His work is honorable and glorious:*
And his righteousness endureth forever.
4 *He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:*
The LORD is gracious and full of compassion.
5 *He hath given meat unto them that fear him:*
He will ever be mindful of his covenant.
6 *He hath showed his people the power of his works,*
That he may give them the heritage of the heathen.
7 *The works of his hands are verity and judgment;*
All his commandments are sure.
8 *They stand fast for ever and ever,*
And are done in truth and uprightness.
9 { *He sent redemption unto his people:*
{ *He hath commanded his covenant for ever:*
Holy and reverend is his name.
10 *The fear of the* LORD *is the beginning of wisdom:*
A good understanding have all they that do his commandments:
HIS PRAISE ENDURETH FOREVER.

Psalm CXII.

Min. *Praise ye the* Lord. *Blessed is the man that feareth the* Lord,
Peo. That delighteth greatly in his commandments.
2 *His seed shall be mighty upon earth:*
The generation of the upright shall be blessed.
3 *Wealth and riches shall be in his house:*
And his righteousness endureth for ever.
4 *Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness:*
He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.
5 *A good man sheweth favor, and lendeth;*
He will guide his affairs with discretion.
6 *Surely he shall not be moved for ever:*
The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.
7 *He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:*
His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.
8 *His heart is established, he shall not be afraid,*
Until he see his desire upon his enemies.
9 { *He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor:*
His righteousness endureth for ever;
His horn shall be exalted with honor.
10 { *The wicked shall see it, and be grieved:*
He shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away:
The desire of the wicked shall perish.

Psalm CXIII.

Min. *Praise ye the* Lord. *Praise, O ye servants of the* Lord,
Peo. Praise the name of the Lord.
2 *Blessed be the name of the* Lord,
From this time forth and for evermore.
3 *From the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same,*
The Lord's name is to be praised.
4 *The* Lord *is high above all nations,*
And his glory above the heavens.
5 *Who is like unto the* Lord *our God,*
Who dwelleth on high,
6 *Who humbleth himself to behold*
The things that are in heaven, and in the earth!
7 *He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,*
And lifteth the needy out of the dunghill,

8 *That he may set him with princes,*
Even with the princes of his people.
9 *He maketh the barren woman to keep house,*
And to be a joyful mother of children.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 36.

PSALM CXVI.

MIN. *When Israel went out of Egypt,*
PEO. The house of Jacob from a people of strange language,
2 *Judah was his sanctuary,*
And Israel his dominion.
3 *The sea saw it, and fled:*
Jordan was driven back.
4 *The mountains skipped like rams,*
And the little hills like lambs,
5 *What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?*
Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?
6 *Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams;*
And ye little hills, like lambs?
7 *Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the* LORD,
At the presence of the God of Jacob;
8 *Which turned the rock into a standing water,*
The flint into a fountain of waters.

PSALM CXV.

MIN. *Not unto us, O* LORD, *not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,*
PEO. For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.
2 *Wherefore should the heathen say,*
Where is now their God?
3 *But our God is in the heavens:*
He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.
4 *Their idols are silver and gold,*
The work of men's hands.
5 *They have mouths, but they speak not:*
Eyes have they, but they see not:
6 *They have ears, but they hear not:*
Noses have they, but they smell not:
7 *They have hands, but they handle not:*
Feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their [throat.

8 *They that make them are like unto them;*
So is every one that trusteth in them.
9 *O Israel, trust thou in the* LORD:
He is their help and their shield.
10 *O house of Aaron, trust in the* LORD:
He is their help and their shield.
11 *Ye that fear the* LORD, *trust in the* LORD:
He is their help and their shield.
12 { *The* LORD *hath been mindful of us: he will bless us;*
He will bless the house of Israel;
He will bless the house of Aaron;
13 *He will bless them that fear the* LORD,
Both small and great.
14 *The* LORD *shall increase you more and more,*
You and your children.
15 *Ye are blessed of the* LORD
Which made heaven and earth.
16 *The heaven, even the heavens, are the* LORD'S:
But the earth hath he given to the children of men.
17 *The dead praise not the* LORD,
Neither any that go down into silence.
18 *But we will bless the* LORD,
From this time forth, and for evermore.
PRAISE THE LORD.

LESSON 37.

PSALM CXVIII.

MIN. *Oh give thanks unto the* LORD; *for he is good:*
PEO. Because his mercy endureth for ever.
2 *Let Israel now say,*
That his mercy endureth for ever.
3 *Let the house of Aaron now say,*
That his mercy endureth for ever.
4 *Let them now that fear the* LORD *say,*
That his mercy endureth for ever.
5 *I called upon the* LORD *in distress:*
The LORD answered me, and set me in a large place.
6 *The* LORD *is on my side; I will not fear:*
What can man do unto me?

7 *The* LORD *taketh my part with them that help me:*
Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.
8 *It is better to trust in the* LORD
Than to put confidence in man.
9 *It is better to trust in the* LORD
Than to put confidence in princes.
10 *All nations compassed me about:*
But in the name of the LORD will I destroy them.
11 *They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about:*
But in the name of the LORD I will destroy them.
12 { *They compassed me about like bees;*
They are quenched as the fire of thorns:
For in the name of the LORD I will destroy them.
13 *Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall:*
But the LORD helped me.
14 *The* LORD *is my strength and song,*
And is become my salvation.
15 *The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous:*
The right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.
16 *The right hand of the* LORD *is exalted:*
The right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.
17 *I shall not die, but live,*
And declare the works of the LORD.
18 *The* LORD *hath chastened me sore:*
But he hath not given me over unto death.
19 *Open to me the gates of righteousness:*
I will go into them, and I will praise the **LORD**:
20 *This gate of the* LORD,
Into which the righteous shall enter.
21 *I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me,*
And art become my salvation.
22 *The stone which the builders refused*
Is become the head stone of the corner.
23 *This is the* LORD's *doing;*
It is marvellous in our eyes.
24 *This is the day which the* LORD *hath made;*
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
25 *Save now, I beseech thee, O* LORD:
O LORD, I beseech thee, send now propserity.

26 *Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the* Lord:
We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.
27 *God is the* Lord, *which hath shewed us light:*
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.
28 *Thou art my God, and I will praise thee:*
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.
29 *Oh give thanks unto the* Lord; *for he is good:*
For his mercy endureth for ever.

LESSON 38.

Psalm CXIX., 97–128.

Min. *Oh how I love thy law!*
Peo. It is my meditation all the day.
98 *Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies.*
For they are ever with me.
99 *I have more understanding than all my teachers:*
For thy testimonies are my meditation.
100 *I understand more than the ancients,*
Because I keep thy precepts.
101 *I have refrained my feet from every evil way,*
That I might keep thy word.
102 *I have not departed from thy judgments;*
For thou hast taught me.
103 *How sweet are thy words unto my taste:*
Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.
104 *Through thy precepts I get understanding:*
Therefore I hate every false way.
105 *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,*
And a light unto my path.
106 *I have sworn, and I will perform it,*
That I will keep thy righteous judgments.
107 *I am afflicted very much:*
Quicken me, O Lord, according unto thy word.
108 *Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O* Lord,
And teach me thy judgments.
109 *My soul is continually in my hand:*
Yet do I not forget thy law.
110 *The wicked have laid a snare for me:*
Yet I erred not from thy precepts.

111 *Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever:*
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.
112 I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes
Alway, even unto the end.
113 *I hate vain thoughts:*
But thy law do I love.
114 *Thou art my hiding place and my shield:*
I hope in thy word.
115 *Depart from me, ye evil doers:*
For I will keep the commandments of my God.
116 *Uphold me according unto thy word, that I may live:*
And let me be not ashamed of my hope.
117 *Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe:*
And I will have respect unto thy statutes continually.
118 *Thou hast trodden down all them that err from thy statutes:*
For their deceit is falsehood.
119 *Thou puttest away all the wicked of the earth like dross:*
Therefore I love thy testimonies.
120 *My flesh trembleth for fear of thee;*
And I am afraid of thy judgments.
121 *I have done judgment and justice:*
Leave me not to mine oppressors.
122 *Be surety for thy servant for good:*
Let not the proud oppress me.
123 *Mine eyes fail for thy salvation,*
And for the word of thy righteousness.
124 *Deal with thy servant according unto thy mercy,*
And teach me thy statutes.
125 *I am thy servant; give me understanding,*
That I may know thy testimonies.
126 *It is time for thee,* LORD, *to work:*
For they have made void thy law.
127 *Therefore I love thy commandments*
Above gold; yea, above fine gold.
128 *Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right;*
And I hate every false way.

LESSON 39.

Psalm CXIX.

129 Min. *Thy testimonies are wonderful:*
Peo. Therefore doth my soul keep them.
130 *The entrance of thy words giveth light;*
It giveth understanding unto the simple.
131 *I opened my mouth, and panted:*
For I longed for thy commandments.
132 *Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me,*
As thou usest to do unto those that love thy name.
133 *Order my steps in thy word:*
And let not any iniquity have dominion over me.
134 *Deliver me from the oppression of man:*
So will I keep thy precepts.
135 *Make thy face to shine upon thy servant;*
And teach me thy statutes.
136 *Rivers of waters run down mine eyes,*
Because they keep not thy law.
137 *Righteous art thou, O* Lord,
And upright are thy judgments.
138 *Thy testimonies that thou hast commanded are righteous*
And very faithful.
139 *My zeal hath consumed me,*
Because mine enemies have forgotten thy words.
140 *Thy word is very pure:*
Therefore thy servant loveth it.
141 *I am small and despised:*
Yet do not I forget thy precepts.
142 *Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness,*
And thy law is the truth.
143 *Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me:*
Yet thy commandments are my delights.
144 *The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting;*
Give me understanding, and I shall live.
145 *I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O* Lord;
I will keep thy statutes.
146 *I cried unto thee; save me,*
And I shall keep thy testimonies.

147 *I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried:*
I hoped in thy word.
148 *Mine eyes prevent the night watches,*
That I might meditate in thy word.
149 *Hear my voice, according unto thy loving-kindness:*
O LORD, quicken me according to thy judgment.
150 *They draw nigh that follow after mischief:*
They are far from thy law.
151 *Thou art near, O* LORD;
And all thy commandments are truth.
152 *Concerning thy testimonies, I have known of old*
That thou hast founded them for ever.
153 *Consider mine affliction, and deliver me:*
For I do not forget thy law.
154 *Plead my cause, and deliver me:*
Quicken me according to thy word.
155 *Salvation is far from the wicked:*
For they seek not thy statutes.
156 *Great are thy tender mercies, O* LORD:
Quicken me according to thy judgments.
157 *Many are my persecutors and mine enemies;*
Yet do I not decline from thy testimonies.
158 *I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved,*
Because they kept not thy word.
159 *Consider how I love thy precepts:*
Quicken me, O LORD, according to thy loving-kindness.
160 *Thy word is true from the beginning:*
And every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.

LESSON 40.

PSALM CXXI.

MIN. *I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,*
PEO. From whence cometh my help.
2 *My help cometh from the* LORD,
Which made heaven and earth.
3 *He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:*
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4 *Behold, he that keepeth Israel*
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 *The* LORD *is thy keeper:*
The LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6 *The sun shall not smite thee by day,*
Nor the moon by night.
7 *The* LORD *shall preserve thee from all evil:*
He shall preserve thy soul.
8 *The* LORD *shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,*
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM CXXII.

MIN. *I was glad when they said unto me,*
PEO. Let us go into the house of the LORD.
2 *Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.*
3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:
4 *Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the* LORD, [LORD.
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the
5 *For there are set thrones of judgment,*
The thrones of the house of David.
6 *Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:*
They shall prosper that love thee.
7 *Peace be within thy walls,*
And prosperity within thy palaces.
8 *For my brethren and companions' sakes,*
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
9 *Because of the house of the* LORD *our God,*
I will seek thy good.

PSALM CXXIII.

MIN. *Unto thee I lift up mine eyes,*
PEO. O thou that dwellest in the heavens.
2 *Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters,*
And as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress;
So our eyes wait upon the LORD *our God,*
Until that he have mercy upon us.
3 *Have mercy upon us, O* LORD, *have mercy upon us:*
For we are exceedingly filled with contempt.
4 *Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease,*
And with the contempt of the proud.

Psalm CXXV.

Min *They that trust in the* Lord *shall be as Mount Zion,*
Peo. Which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.
2 *As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,*
So the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.
3 *For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;*
Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.
4 *Do good, O* Lord, *unto those that be good,*
And to them that are upright in their hearts.
5 *As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,*
The Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.
But peace shall be upon Israel.

LESSON 41.

Psalm CXXXIII.

Min. *Behold, how good and how pleasant it is*
Peo. For brethren to dwell together in unity.
2 { *It is like the precious ointment upon the head,*
{ *That ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard:*
That went down to the skirts of his garments;
3 *As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion:*
For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

Psalm CXXXIV.

Min. *Behold, bless ye the* Lord, *all ye servants of the* Lord,
Peo. Which by night stand in the house of the Lord.
2 *Lift up your hands in the sanctuary,*
And bless the Lord.
3 *The* Lord *that made heaven and earth,*
Bless thee out of Zion.

Psalm CXXXV.

Min. *Praise ye the* Lord. *Praise ye the name of the* Lord;
Peo. Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord.
2 *Ye that stand in the house of the* Lord,
In the courts of the house of our God,

3 *Praise the* LORD ; *for the* LORD *is good;*
Sing praises unto his name ; for it is pleasant.
4 *For the* LORD *hath chosen Jacob unto himself,*
And Israel for his peculiar treasure.
5 *For I know that the* LORD *is great,*
And that our LORD is above all gods.
6 *Whatsoever the* LORD *pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth,*
In the seas, and all deep places.
7 { *He causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth;*
He maketh lightnings for the rain;
He bringeth the wind out of his treasuries.
8 *Who smote the firstborn of Egypt,*
Both of man and beast.
9 *Who sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egypt*
Upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants.
10 *Who smote great nations, and slew mighty kings;*
11 { Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan,
And all the kingdoms of Canaan :
12 *And gave their land for a heritage,*
A heritage unto Israel his people.
13 *Thy name, O* LORD, *endureth for ever;*
And thy memorial, O LORD, throughout all generations
14 *For the* LORD *will judge his people,*
And he will repent himself concerning his servants.
15 *The idols of the heathen are silver and gold,*
The work of man's hands.
16 *They have mouths, but they speak not;*
Eyes have they, but they see not ;
17 *They have ears, but they hear not;*
Neither is there any breath in their mouths.
18 *They that make them are like unto them:*
So is every one that trusteth in them.
19 *Bless the* LORD, *O house of Israel:*
Bless the LORD, O house of Aaron :
20 *Bless the* LORD, *O house of Levi;*
Ye that fear the LORD, bless the LORD.
21 *Blessed be the* LORD *out of Zion,*
Which dwelleth at Jerusalem.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 42.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

Min. *I will praise thee with my whole heart:*
Peo. Before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.
2 *I will worship toward thy holy temple,*
And praise thy name,
For thy loving-kindness and for thy truth:
For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.
3 *In the day when I cried thou answeredst me,*
And strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.
4 *All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O* Lord,
When they hear the words of thy mouth.
5 *Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the* Lord:
For great is the glory of the Lord.
6 *Though the* Lord *be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly:*
But the proud he knoweth afar off.
7 *Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.*
Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies,
And thy right hand shall save me.
8 *The* Lord *will perfect that which concerneth me:*
Thy mercy, O Lord, *endureth for ever:*
Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Psalm CXXXIX.

Min. *O* Lord, *thou hast searched me, and known me.*
2 *Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising;*
Peo. Thou understandest my thought afar off.
3 *Thou compassest my path and my lying down,*
And art acquainted with all my ways.
4 *For there is not a word in my tongue,*
But lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.
5 *Thou hast beset me behind and before,*
And laid thine hand upon me.
6 *Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;*
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
7 *Whither shall I go from thy spirit?*
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
8 *If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:*
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

9 *If I take the wings of the morning,*
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
10 *Even there shall thy hand lead me,*
And thy right hand shall hold me.
11 *If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;*
Even the night shall be light about me.
12 { *Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;*
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
13 *For thou hast possessed my reins:*
Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
14 *I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:*
Marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.
15 *My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret,*
And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.
16 { *Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect;*
And in thy book all my members were written,
Which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.
17 *How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!*
How great is the sum of them!
18 *If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:*
When I awake, I am still with thee.
19 *Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God!*
Depart from me, therefore, ye bloody men.
20 *For they speak against thee wickedly,*
And thine enemies take thy name in vain.
21 *Do not I hate them, O* Lord, *that hate thee?*
And am I not grieved with those that rise up against thee?
22 *I hate them with perfect hatred:*
I count them mine enemies.
23 *Search me, O God, and know my heart:*
Try me, and know my thoughts:
24 *And see if there be any wicked way in me,*
And lead me in the way everlasting.

LESSON 43.

Psalm CXLIV.

Min. *Blessed be the* Lord *my strength,*
Peo. Which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.
2 *My goodness, and my fortress;*
My high tower, and my deliverer;
My shield, and he in whom I trust;
Who subdueth my people under me.
3 Lord, *what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him!*
Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!
4 *Man is like to vanity:*
His days are as a shadow that passeth away.
5 *Bow thy heavens, O* Lord, *and come down:*
Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.
6 *Cast forth lightning, and scatter them:*
Shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.
7 *Send thine hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of great waters,*
From the hand of strange children;
8 *Whose mouth speaketh vanity,*
And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.
9 *I will sing a new song unto thee, O God:*
Upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.
10 *It is he that giveth salvation unto kings:*
Who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.
11 { *Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children,*
Whose mouth speaketh vanity,
And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood:
12 *That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth;*
That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace;
13 *That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store;*
That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets:
14 *That our oxen may be strong to labor; that there be no breaking in, nor going out:*
That there be no complaining in our streets.
15 *Happy is that people, that is in such a case:*
Yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

Psalm CXLV.

Min. *I will exalt thee, my God, O king;*
Peo. And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
2 *Every day will I bless thee;*
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
3 *Great is the* Lord, *and greatly to be praised;*
And his greatness is unsearchable.
4 *One generation shall praise thy works to another,*
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
5 *I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty,*
And of thy wondrous works.
6 *And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts:*
And I will declare thy greatness.
7 *They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness,*
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
8 *The* Lord *is gracious, and full of compassion;*
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
9 *The* Lord *is good to all:*
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
10 *All thy works shall praise thee, O* Lord;
And thy saints shall bless thee.
11 *They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,*
And talk of thy power;
12 *To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,*
And the glorious majesty of his kingdom.
13 *Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,*
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
14 *The* Lord *upholdeth all that fall,*
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
15 *The eyes of all wait upon thee;*
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
16 *Thou openest thine hand,*
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
17 *The* Lord *is righteous in all his ways,*
And holy in all his works.
18 *The* Lord *is nigh unto all them that call upon him,*
To all that call upon him in truth.
19 *He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him,*
He will also hear their cry, and will save them.

20 *The* LORD *preserveth all them that love him:*
But all the wicked will he destroy.
21 *My mouth shall speak the praise of the* LORD:
And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

LESSON 44.

PSALM CXLVI.

MIN. *Praise ye the* LORD.
PEO. Praise the LORD, O my soul.
2 *While I live will I praise the* LORD:
I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.
3 *Put not your trust in princes,*
Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.
4 *His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;*
In that very day his thoughts perish.
5 *Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,*
Whose hope is in the LORD his God:
6 *Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is:*
Which keepeth truth for ever:
7 *Which executeth judgment for the oppressed:*
Which giveth food to the hungry.
The LORD *looseth the prisoners:*
8 The LORD openeth the eyes of the blind:
The LORD *raiseth them that are bowed down:*
The LORD loveth the righteous:
9 *The* LORD *preserveth the strangers: he relieveth the fatherless and the widow:*
But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
10 *The* LORD *shall reign forever,*
Even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVII.

MIN, *Praise ye the* LORD: *for it is good to sing praises unto our God;*
PEO. For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.
2 *The* LORD *doth build up Jerusalem:*
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
3 *He healeth the broken in heart,*
And bindeth up their wounds.

4 *He telleth the number of the stars;*
He calleth them all by their names.
5 *Great is our* LORD, *and of great power:*
His understanding is infinite.
6 *The* LORD *lifteth up the meek:*
He casteth the wicked down to the ground.
7 *Sing unto the* LORD *with thanksgiving;*
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God.
8 *Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,*
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
9 *He giveth to the beast his food,*
And to the young ravens which cry.
10 *He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:*
He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.
11 *The* LORD *taketh pleasure in them that fear him,*
In those that hope in his mercy.
12 *Praise the* LORD, *O Jerusalem;*
Praise thy God, O Zion.
13 *For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;*
He hath blessed thy children within thee.
14 *He maketh peace in thy borders,*
And filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
15 *He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth:*
His word runneth very swiftly.
16 *He giveth snow like wool:*
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.
17 *He casteth forth his ice like morsels:*
Who can stand before his cold?
18 *He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:*
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
19 *He sheweth his word unto Jacob,*
His statutes and his judgments unto Israel.
20 *He hath not dealt so with any nation:*
And as for his judgments, they have not known them.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 45.

Psalm CXLVIII.

Min. *Praise ye the* Lord. *Praise ye the* Lord *from the heavens:*
Peo. Praise him in the heights.
2 *Praise ye him, all his angels:*
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
3 *Praise ye him, sun and moon:*
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
4 *Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,*
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
5 *Let them praise the name of the* Lord:
For he commanded, and they were created.
6 *He hath also stablished them for ever and ever:*
He hath made a decree which shall not pass.
7 *Praise the* Lord *from the earth,*
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
8 *Fire, and hail; snow, and vapor;*
Stormy wind fulfilling his word:
9 *Mountains, and all hills;*
Fruitful trees, and all cedars:
10 *Beasts, and all cattle;*
Creeping things, and flying fowl:
11 *Kings of the earth, and all people;*
Princes, and all judges of the earth:
12 *Both young men, and maidens:*
Old men, and children:
13 *Let them praise the name of the* Lord: *for his name alone is excellent;*
His glory is above the earth and heaven.
14 *He exalteth the horn of his people,*
The praise of all his saints;
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.
Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm CXLIX.

Min. *Praise ye the* Lord. *Sing unto the* Lord *a new song,*
Peo. And his praise in the congregation of saints.
2 *Let Israel rejoice in him that made him:*
Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 *Let them praise him in the dance:*
Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.
4 *For the* LORD *taketh pleasure in his people:*
He will beautify the meek with salvation.
5 *Let the saints be joyful in glory:*
Let them sing aloud upon their beds.
6 *Let the high praises of God be in their mouth,*
And a two-edged sword in their hand;
7 *To execute vengeance upon the heathen,*
And punishments upon the people;
8 *To bind their kings with chains,*
And their nobles with fetters of iron;
9 *To execute upon them the judgment written:*
This honor have all his saints.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CL.

MIN. *Praise ye the* LORD. *Praise God in his sanctuary:*
PEO. Praise him in the firmament of his power.
2 *Praise him for his mighty acts:*
Praise him according to his excellent greatness.
3 *Praise him with the sound of the trumpet.*
Praise him with the psaltery and harp.
4 *Praise him with the timbrel and dance:*
Praise him with stringed instruments and organs
5 *Praise him upon the loud cymbals:*
Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
6 *Let everything that hath breath praise the* LORD.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

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